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WILLIAM HENRY WISHARD-

A DOCTOR of the OLD SCHOOL

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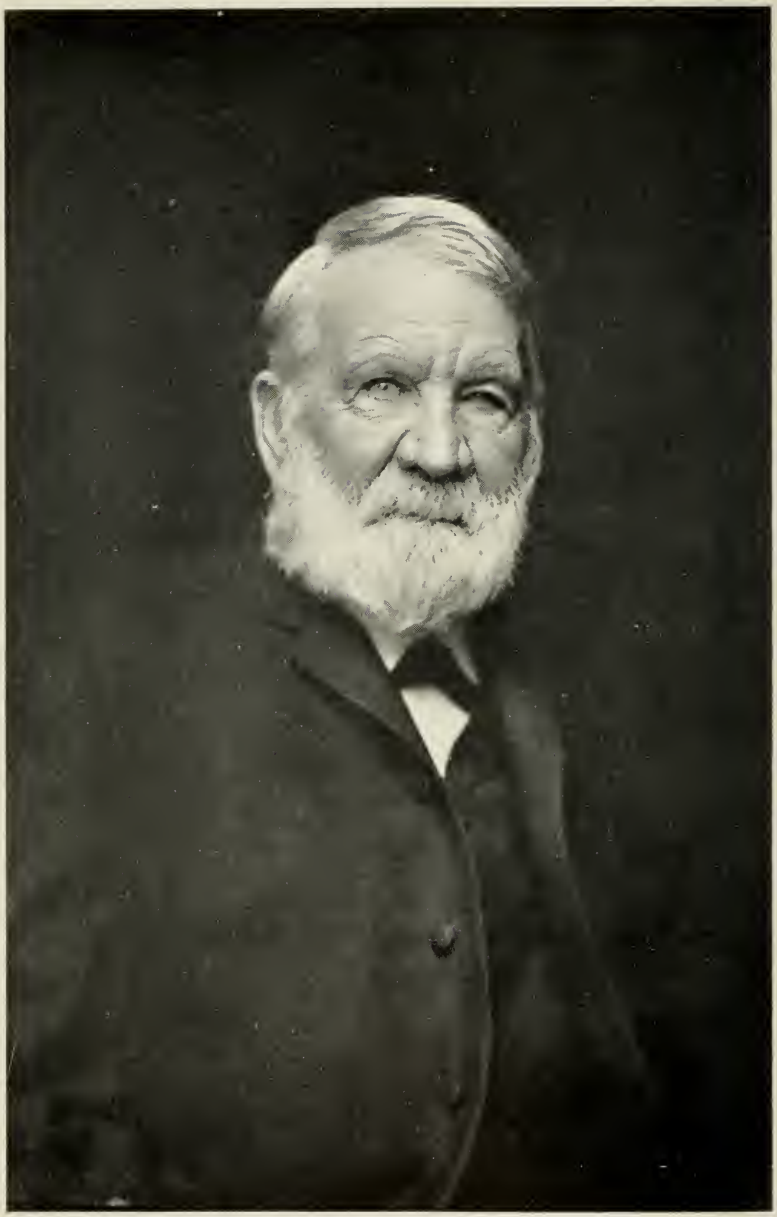

Wm. H. Wiskard

WILLIAM HENRY WISHARD

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

By His Daughter

ELIZABETH MORELAND WISHARD

WITH MEMORIAL SERVICES; HIS HISTORICAL
ADDRESSES AND PAPERS, AND BRIEF
HISTORY OF HIS WIFE'S
ANCESTRY

PRINTED FOR RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

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By
ELIZABETH MORELAND WISHARD

The Hollenbeck Press Indianapolis

This Sketch

OF HER SON IS GRATEFULLY AND
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
MY GRANDMOTHER

AGNES OLIVER WISHARD

WHOSE BEAUTY OF CHARACTER, FAITH AND
COURAGE HAVE BEEN MOULDING INFLU-
ENCES IN THE LIVES OF MANY
WHO NEVER SAW HER

"He was a man: take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

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FOREWORD

GENEROUS and loving tributes have been paid to the memory of my father by those who honored him when he dwelt among us, and his character has been estimated from many view-points. His life was an open book; read by all who knew him. In a nature so candid and frank as his, there was never anything obscure or hidden.

During the latter years of his life, when the physical limitations of increasing age denied him daily contact with the world, which had been his delight and opportunity far beyond the length of time usually allotted to one, it was my rare privilege to be his constant companion and to witness his wonderful personality revealed in new and interesting ways, as can only be seen in the seclusion of the home: an experience which makes it difficult to write in moderation.

It is claimed that the blind have an intuition, or sense of perception, not possessed by the seeing, and often surprise their friends by discernments and revelations that have gone by unobserved by their associates. May it not be then that the hackneyed phrase, "love is blind," has another and perhaps truer interpretation than the one usually applied to it? Through the eyes of love one can penetrate the richer depths of character and see evidences of nobility and goodness in those who are the objects of affection that are not apparent to the casual observer, or to those who see one under the stress of an active life.

It was through a vision of love that I beheld my father's daily life and listened to his conversation, though I am very certain an unprejudiced witness could only testify to the genuineness and sincerity of his words and meditations, acceptable, as I am confident they were, in the sight of Him whom

he humbly and trustingly followed without a thought that any word or act of his would ever be deemed worthy of permanent record. I would ask for no surer evidence of the power of Christian faith to uphold and sustain than that which crowned his closing days.

Liberal and noble as were his public ministrations, they were not so exceptional as the man himself. Comparatively few are called out to occupy conspicuous positions, or rise to distinction as heroes or martyrs, but there is surely a place in history for those who fill their allotted places in the quiet walks of life with credit and fidelity; in a word those who glorify the commonplace, or as Ruskin has put it, "The lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of—far less heard of—who are yet doing most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done."

So, for the pleasure of kindred and friends, who, by their gracious thoughtfulness, unstintingly added to the joy and peace of his last years, and for the profit and inspiration of coming generations, who may inherit the priceless legacy of his untarnished name, I have lifted the curtain that they may see him as he lived before those who knew and loved him best, keenly conscious of my inability to do justice to the portrayal, but with a desire to depict that life in keeping with the modesty and simplicity that marked the daily living, believing that in the years to come it will teach its God-fearing lessons of uprightness and true living as it has in the past, and though "being dead, he yet speaketh".

I have members of my family to thank who have assisted me by furnishing data and helpful suggestions. I would acknowledge my special indebtedness to the foresight of my aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Stagg McGuire, who, as the oldest child in her father's family, spent the first nineteen years of her life in Kentucky, and through personal contact with her grand-parents

learned the salient events in their history, which she preserved, and without which it would have been impossible for me to have perpetuated what I have concerning my mother's ancestry, seeking, as I have, in this intimate touch, in some measure to reflect the conditions of life under which they and my father's progenitors met life in the wilderness of a new country, whose protection they sought, and with intrepidity and heroism dauntlessly overcame the handicap placed upon them by toil and privations in establishing homes for themselves and their children.

The lives of my parents were so interwoven, and are so inseparably enshrined in memory, that it is impossible to write of one without including the other. They were so harmoniously blended in desire and purpose that a review of my father's life would be incomplete with only a minor reference to her who was the mainspring of his happiness, and to whose influence he never ceased to pay homage and tribute.

In the twilight of life, the music of the wedding bells still echoed in his heart, and the hallowed memories of more than three score years with her, in whom he found his strongest human support, "encircled him as a rainbow" until they were re-united on her birthday, December ninth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, by the same hand that had sundered their lives for more than eleven years.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven-years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

William Henry Wishard

HIS FOREFATHERS

THE founder of the American branch of the Scottish family to which my father belonged emigrated to this country in 1774 from Ireland, where he had gone from his native land, Scotland. William Wishard was born in 1729 and was descended from the family of Wishart that established in Forfarshire, Scotland, what is known as the House of Pitarrow. The name has been traced to Robert Guiscard, son of Tancrede de Hauteville, of Normandy, a warrior, born in 1015, who lived to the age of seventy years. He was one of nine or ten brothers who founded the kingdom of Sicily, and Sicilian kings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were known by the name of Guiscard. It is said he "sacked the Eternal City in one of his campaigns and imprisoned the Holy Father, and Gibbon ascribed to him and his family the honor of paving the way for the Crusaders." Robert was the first one of his family to adopt a surname, as it was during his career that the practice of giving surnames came into use. They were generally chosen according to one's occupation, and a man would be designated as "John, the smith," or "William, the weaver." The Christian name was the only one recognized by law in the early days of England, and surnames were merely words of description to identify one person from another bearing the same Christian name. It was not until the reign of Henry First (1100-1135) that the "Statute of Names" was passed by parliament. The statute provided that not only the name of the individual should be inserted in a suit or indictment, but

his estate or degree, his calling or business, and the town or district in which he resided. By reason of this custom and the legal requirements, many persons who had not chosen surnames were known by their place of residence or occupation. Thus "James, the barber," became "James Barber," and "John of Wessyngton" became "John Wessyngton," or "John Washington."

Guiscard was a Norman-French adjective meaning shrewd or cunning, or perhaps better defined by the old Scotch adjective canny. Literally translated it means "wise-heart," derived from two root words, "Guis," crafty or wise, and "card," meaning heart. The Norman "G" was pronounced somewhat like "W," and Robert was known as Robert Guiscard or Wiscard.

Family tradition says that descendants of Robert went to England with William the Conqueror and for distinguished services at the battle of Hastings, 1066, received large grants of land in Buckinghamshire. In the reign of Henry Third (1216-1272) John Wychard is mentioned as a landowner in Buckinghamshire. Contemporary with him were Baldwin Wyschard or Wistchart in Shropshire; Nicholas Wychard, in Warwickshire; Hugh Wischard in Essex and William Wischard in Bucks.

It was rare indeed to find one who could more than write his name, as learning was confined almost exclusively in that period to the priests. Names were spelled phonetically and varied according to the location in which the owner lived; thus the name was Anglicized from Guiscard to Wischard.

The first member of the family in Scotland of whom any record is given is John Wischard, who obtained lands there and during the reign of Alexander Second (1214-1249) was sheriff of the Mearns of Kincardinshire. As John spelled his name according to the English fashion, it is evident that

the first emigrant must have gone to Scotland shortly before his tenure of office. He was the father of William, who, while serving as Archdeacon of St. Andrews, was in 1256 appointed Chancellor of Scotland and afterward consecrated Bishop of Glasgow. William was the first one to spell his name Wishart, the form that has ever since obtained in Scotland, giving an illustration as it does, of an Anglicized Norman name being Scotticized. The letter "d" is practically an unknown ending in the Scottish language and where that terminal was used in English words it was changed to "t."

History records not a few of the family who served in conspicuous positions in church and state in Scotland. When Robert the Bruce asserted his right to the Scottish throne in 1306, Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, supplied from his own wardrobe the robes in which King Robert appeared at his coronation, the regalia of the latter having been removed to London. His opposition to the domination of the English was shown when he used the timber Edward First granted for the steeple of the cathedral and out of it constructed instruments of war for besieging the King's garrison at his castle; and, "though a churchman, he assumed the coat of mail and performed military duties in the field." His body rests in the crypt of the Glasgow cathedral.

George Wishart, who in 1662 became Bishop of Edinburgh, is buried in the chapel of Holyrood Palace.

Sir John Wishart, the eldest son of the sheriff of the Mearns, was knighted by Alexander Second, and from his brother Adam, who secured lands in the county of Forfar, descended the House of Wishart of Logie. Another branch was known as the House of Brechin.

The "first of his House styled of Pitarrow" was Sir John "the fifth baron of certain lands in Kincardinshire" and his son, Sir John, Second of Pitarrow, in 1434, went in the suite

of Princess Margaret to France, when she became the bride of the Dauphin, afterward Louis Eleventh.

It was a descendant of the House of Pitarrow, James, who married as his second wife, Elizabeth Learmont of Fife, and they were the parents of George Wishart, born in 1513, who at the age of thirty-three suffered martyrdom. While a student in Germany and France, whither he had gone to pursue studies to prepare for the clerical profession, to which he had been consecrated, he embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. For promulgating his new faith he was persecuted and banished from his native land, during which time he studied at Cambridge. After his return to Scotland he was tried and condemned to imprisonment in the bottle dungeon and to be burned at the stake in St. Andrews by the order of Cardinal Beaton. Wishart's most signal service and that which doubtless brought the greatest fruition was as the teacher of John Knox. His biographer, Dr. Charles Rogers, says "Though neither the first nor last of those who suffered, George Wishart rendered to the cause of the Reformation in Scotland real and important service. Through his instrumentality John Knox was led to exchange the retired life of a private tutor for that of a public teacher of the protestant doctrines. Though his ministry was of short duration, he lived at a time when men, who resisted prevailing error, accomplished within a few months, the work of a generation.

"Apart from the powers of his public teaching, and excellence of his private virtues, he, as a martyr, holds a place on the roll of the illustrious. He died to assert his testimony against sacerdotal arrogance and priestly corruption, which are the curse of nations. In his blood the Scottish church took root, and so long as his countrymen cherish Protestantism and love liberty, his memory will be fragrant." The first English translation of the confession of faith of the churches of

Switzerland, known as the Helvetian confession, was made by George Wishart.

While preaching in Dundee, Wishart saw an assassin concealing a knife. At the close of the service he gently chided him, but allowed no one to injure the man, and "on the coast before the castle of St. Andrews he kissed the executioner before he applied the torch to the fagots that consumed his mortal frame".

The example of fidelity to faith, so heroically enacted by George, the martyr, was soon followed by others of the family who asserted their independence of priestly authority. Two members in succeeding years served as principal of the university of Edinburgh, while three are known to have been chosen moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church of Scotland. Another became lord of the admiralty, commanded a fleet in the Mediterranean and was knighted by Queen Anne.

During the reign of James First of England, who as James Sixth of Scotland had inherited the English throne in 1603 through his cousin once removed, Queen Elizabeth, an exodus to Ireland from Scotland took place. Ireland was inhabited only by the aboriginal Irish who were an ignorant, uncurbed class of people. The lands of Ulster were rich and fertile and James desired to colonize them with English and Scottish people, the latter to go from lowlands, as the highlanders were then too near akin to the aboriginal Irish to be desirable colonists.

James instituted the hereditary order of baronetcy between that of baron and knight, and upon each of the colonists, commonly known as "undertakers," he conferred the title of baronet. A large number of the colonists were Scotsmen. Sir John Wishart of Pitarrow, son of a half-brother of George, the martyr, becoming involved in 1615, sold the estate to his

younger brother, James, and going to Ireland, became an undertaker for 3,000 acres escheated lands. For him it may have been simply a land speculation, and he and his family may have never lived in Ulster, which was populated very largely by English and Scottish colonists who intermarried and for generations have in no sense considered themselves Irish.

There was a great gulf of social inequality between "undertakers" families and those of the native Irish, as there was a wide separation in religious belief and education. The descendants of the colonists have been known since the early days of Ulster colonization as Ulster Scots, the term Scotch-Irish in many instances being one of geographical location rather than racial distinction.

It was to that part of Ireland our common progenitor, William Wishart, as he then spelled his surname, emigrated from Scotland, where the spirit of religious oppression had not entirely been obliterated, and which he told his children he desired to escape. He may also have wished to become a land owner. His romance with Susannah Lytle (or Little as the name was frequently spelled, Lytle being the Scotch pronunciation), a daughter of a Scottish laird, whose wife was Lady Jane Stuart, changed the course of his life. Parental opposition made it desirable for them to seek a home elsewhere, and, following the lead of many Ulsterites, William decided to try his fortunes in the new country across the sea. One son who bore his father's name was born in Ireland in 1772, and with his small family William took passage on a sailing vessel that required six months to cross the Atlantic. They landed in Philadelphia in the summer of 1774 and settled near that city on what was then called "The Waters of Brandywine". William had two brothers, Mannis, who came to this country and settled in Pennsylvania, and Abram, who was lost at sea. Samuel, Annis, the first daughter, and Jane, were born while

· Arms of Wishart of Pittarrow ·

· Lyon Register ·

their parents, William and Susannah, lived near Philadelphia. It was while living near that city that William enlisted in the Revolutionary army, and his war record shows that he served as sergeant in Capt. Wendel Ivey's company, Col. John Proctor's battalion, of Westmoreland county. He was commissioned ensign May 5, 1779, in Capt. William Guthrie's company of Westmoreland county militia, and served on the frontier of western Pennsylvania during that and the following years of the war. At its close he removed from near Philadelphia to the old Red Stone Fort in western Pennsylvania. Other children born in Pennsylvania were Abram, Henry, Nancy, Elizabeth, Joseph, Susannah, Ellis and John. It was in the autumn of 1794, when the latter was an infant, that his father, like many of the colonists who had fought to win American independence, caught the "western fever" and decided to try his fortune in the vast and unknown regions that lay south of the Ohio river. He built a flatboat and with his family floated down the Monongahela river to the Ohio and thence to Kentucky, settling near Blue Licks in what was then Bourbon county, but after the division of that county the eastern half, in which he lived, became Nicholas county, with Carlisle as the county seat. In December of that year James, the youngest son, was born, but his mother survived his birth only a few weeks, and died January 16, 1795, age forty-two years. She was twenty-four years younger than her husband, which doubtless explains the opposition of her parents to her marriage, and was described to her grandchildren as a large woman with marked individuality and decision of character. Four years later William married Elizabeth Furlow Rhodes, a widow, who bore him two sons, Andrew and Robert. He was the father of fifteen children and died May 31, 1814, when almost eighty-five years of age, of apoplexy. He remained active during his last years and on the day of his

death walked over a part of his farm, seemingly with little fatigue; returning to the house he was stricken and died very soon. He was a man of considerable education, who had read much for one who lived in the period he did, was firm in his adherence to the religious faith of the Scots and could not be swayed from his convictions, a true and loyal son of the Caledonians; a man of medium height and heavily built.

The innate Scotch tendencies have been shown in the various branches of the family, widely scattered as they have been in America, by the bestowal of ancestral names upon children, although they knew little, if anything at all, about their forefathers across the waters.

At the time William purchased land after going to Kentucky men known as "land sharks" were active using every opportunity to defraud the pioneers of their right to the land they had purchased. Through an error of the clerk in transcribing his name to the court records the last letter of his name was changed from "t" to "d." To avoid complications, which might have involved litigation, William is said to have signed his name to the legal document in keeping with the mistake, in order to escape the clutches of the rapacious land agents who were preying upon the early settlers. He thus legalized that form of spelling for himself and his posterity, which was doubtless the only course he could pursue and not subject himself to the technicalities of the law, which perhaps might have resulted in the loss of his land. He spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and "t" and "d" being dentals, they were easily confused by one not familiar with his foreign speech.

The dishonesty of land agents often placed the pioneers at their mercy. Before purchasing the land which finally became his homestead, William had contracted for another tract and was about to close the deal when a stranger appeared and called him aside, urging him not to take it, explaining that

the title was bad and that more than one purchaser had been compelled to forfeit his right to ownership. So convincingly did he state the situation that William at once rejected the offer and made another selection, but not until he had inquired of the stranger what had prompted his intervention. Immediately the man inquired his name, and on being told replied that he was sure he recognized him as he entered the office of the land agent. Then followed a review of events that was of interest to both. The young man, whose name was Myers, had crossed the mountains of Pennsylvania when a lad with his parents, who were emigrating to Kentucky, and frequently stopped at the cabins of the widely-separated settlers when circumstances did not demand their camping out. When the Myers family reached the Wishart cabin in Pennsylvania, their store of provisions, which had been depleted by Indians, was replenished by their new-found friends, who also gave them the sheltering care of their home while they and their horses rested for the long journey before them. The boy, now a young man, had not forgotten the benefactor of his father's family, and when the time came for him to reciprocate the kindness he was not found wanting. Many years later, when my father was visiting the scenes of his childhood in Kentucky, he called at the Myers home, to find the son had died, and his mother, a very aged woman with her mind almost gone, was sitting on the floor playing with the toys of her grandchildren, and so childlike had she become that when the stranger entered she seemed oblivious to his presence. When her grandson, with whom she was living, attempted to make her understand who he was she gave no sign of recognition, but when father recalled the sojourn which she and her family made at his grandfather's home in Pennsylvania, so many years before, the memories it recalled aroused her and the mental clouds that enveloped her were so cleared that

with remarkable accuracy she related the events of that journey, but on other topics her mind was a blank.

My father's father, John Wishard, was the twelfth child of William and Susannah, and was born June 23, 1792, near Old Redstone Fort, Pennsylvania, and was two years old when his parents emigrated to Kentucky. He was married to Agnes Henderson Oliver, April 18, 1815, by Rev. James Blair, and for more than ten years they lived near Carlisle. My grandmother was a native of Kentucky and was born October 1, 1792. Her parents, John and Martha Henderson Oliver, had come from Virginia, of which state they were both natives. John Oliver was an associate of Daniel Boone and a farmer, but possessed of great mechanical skill, and assisted in building the blockhouse of the old fort at Lexington in which his oldest child, Margaret, was born. At an early age my grandmother was left an orphan and until her marriage made her home with her sister Margaret, who was the wife of her future husband's brother, Samuel Wishard. The Oliver family was of English descent.

If an intense and sacred devotion to a mother's memory is an index of her personality, Grandmother Wishard was doubtless all she was pictured to be by her children, a woman who combined rare amiableness with strength of character and unwavering Christian faith, of whom it was said that she was "a woman of unusual equanimity, prudence and economy." It was the delight of her sons and daughters when together, or talking about her to their children, to dwell upon her gentle influence with all who came in touch with her and her conscientiousness in the fulfilment of duty.

One of her sons beautifully delineated her character in the following sketch which he left of her, written in 1897: "At eight years of age she crossed over from the last century to this one. At the age of twenty-two she was married to a man of her own age and station. They had been lovers from

childhood. Her husband was not a Christian, though an upright man of integrity. After ten or twelve years of toil they decided to migrate to the new state of Indiana, and with their little family and such worldly goods as they had accumulated, the journey through the wilderness was undertaken. It was for many days through dense forests, almost without roads, through swamps and across streams swollen with rains, until on October 10, 1825, they entered the little log cabin, ten miles south of the then small town of Indianapolis. It was a region of immense forests, of concentrated malaria, and all conceivable frontier discomforts. The largest privation was the utter destitution of religious privileges and educational advantages.

"The great and good woman was the only praying soul in that new frontier home. There were only two or three more in the neighborhood then, and they were distant from each other. Toil and sickness were the lot of those early settlers. With the growing community, the extreme hardships and the lack of gospel privileges, irreligion grew apace. The wife and mother quietly endured and in silent places prayed. Her family cares multiplied, toil and sickness among the people made large demands. They were met with a patience, an endurance, a heroism that never was surpassed on the battlefield.

"At length the long night began to break into the dawning day. A small Presbyterian church was organized in her own house. Her husband stood with her and took the vows of service which had long been accepted by her. Seven children were baptized. Two had grown to adult age and were left to decide the responsible question for themselves. Two had gone before. It was a great day for that Christian woman. The scenes of that quiet Sabbath morning are very fresh in memory today. The beloved old minister and his wife, whose tremulous voices used to utter the sweet melodies of old 'Mear' and 'Dundee,' have passed away, but their voices are still heard as we turn our ear to the bygones.

"The heroine had now lived to see her husband become the priest of the household, walking before God; she had lived to see nearly all of her children in the kingdom; they have all since followed.

"Without learning, she was educated by the Great Teacher. Without the refinement which high social position brings, she was sufficiently cultured to appear before the King of Kings. Under the heavy burdens of frontier life she never complained. With much to awaken anxiety and grieve her pure soul, she was the incarnation of Christian patience. Surrounded by the coarseness and trials of a godless neighborhood, her life grew more and more beautiful. With the good cheer of an abiding faith she met all the crosses and losses that lay in her pathway.

"She was at length nearing the end of her journey. For sixty days she waited for the scenes beyond, while disease was taking down the tabernacle in which her lovely soul had dwelt. In the calm of each new morning, when for a time freed from the bodily anguish of the night, she would listen to the precious word of God read at her bedside, then rise away from earth on the petitions that were offered. Nearing the end, she reached forth her emaciated hand and asked for the Book which had builded her life, and was now her great solace. Pressing it to her bosom, she exclaimed: 'Blessed Book.' Then opening it out, she spread it upon her face, as if to take it all into her soul. Asked if she ever thought of meeting Isaiah, David or Paul, she replied with a radiant smile and with tears of joy, 'Oh, yes, I shall see them,' and she has seen them and been with them now almost fifty years. Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband praised her also. He once said of her that in all the years of their married life she never spoke an unkind word to him."

The writer, my uncle, Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., in further describing his early home, said, "We heard the names of Pres-

byterian ministers in those days. At that distance and unseen, they were awe-inspiring personages. Memory recalls at least two visits in our neighborhood of these reverend divines. The residuum of that remembrance is today a grave personage, a solemn voice, a long prayer and white necktie. The sermons were undoubtedly weighty, but somehow they did not touch the fabric of the young life that had come to be impressed. Worst of all, one or two of those early visitants could not sing. The hymn was read and a pause followed, almost interminable in length, but no response came. If the minister had called for 'Old Dan Tucker' all the boys could have given him a chorus. But he did not know that tune, and we did not know any other, and consequently the praise went at cross-purposes."

The minister whose coming brought such joy and comfort to my grandmother was the Rev. John Todd, one of the early preachers of central Indiana. He was familiarly known as "Parson Todd," and has been described as one whose "politeness was of the old Virginia type; gentle, loving and earnest; standing on the verge of the other world." His influence ever lingered with the children of the family, reminding them as he did of what they fancied the old prophets looked like. The church which he organized in the cabin home of my grandparents was called Mt. Pleasant church, located one mile south of Glenn's Valley, on the site of the cemetery that bears that name.

The only time my grandfather, who was colonel of the Fifty-seventh Indiana state militia, was called out for war duty was at the time of the Indian uprising known in history as the Black Hawk war. It was on that expedition that he first saw Chicago, and so unpromising did it look to him that when he returned he said he would not have exchanged the fine horse he rode for all of Fort Dearborn.

The facilities for transportation were so meager and the

household effects so limited in number that the pioneers did not bring much with them to their new home. My grandfather was discussing his move from Kentucky once with a son when the latter inquired of him what he brought with him, and with a smile and a merry twinkle of his eye he replied: "A wife worth her weight in gold and five as worthless children as ever afflicted any poor man." He had an inexhaustible fund of humor and enjoyed jesting even at his own expense.

In Pleasant Valley cemetery, four miles north of Carlisle, near the site of the old Kentucky home, rest the bodies of his parents, whose graves were unmarked when my grandfather left for Indiana. When circumstances permitted he went to Bloomington, Ind., where he obtained "tombstones," as they were then designated, having also ordered them for the graves of his wife's parents and the children in both families, and taking all of them, eight in number, he drove to Kentucky, accompanied by my father, then a lad, and erected them, where they still stand as monuments to his filial love as well as to their memory.

Self-reliance and independence in thought and action were outstanding features in Grandfather Wishard's character. He was guided by the loftiest ideals of honor and integrity, direct and straightforward in his dealings with his fellow men. One of the historians of Johnson county, in writing of him, said: "Colonel Wishard was a man of great physical vigor and activity, and equal mental activity. None contributed more to build up and make this new country than Colonel Wishard. He was always on hand at log rollings and house raisings. He was kindhearted and was at the bedside of the sick and dying. If any were in distress and needed assistance they had only to make it known to receive it."

When about twenty years of age he was hewing a log with a broad-axe that slipped and struck a severe blow on his knee

John Wishard

Agnes Oliver Wishard

that presaged the loss of the leg. The illness which followed baffled the skill of the local physician and he sent for a noted surgeon who lived fifty miles distant. The latter advised amputation, for which preparations were begun, but the doctors had not reckoned with their patient. He not only protested, but positively refused to yield to their decision. The reason for his resistance was given when, during his last illness, he was relating the incident to one of my brothers. After the surgeon made an examination he and the attending physician withdrew. "They parleyed a while," he continued, "came back, and the surgeon began to unwrap his kit and get a table ready. I thought I knew what they were up to, for I had thought the question all over, so I asked them what they were going to do. They replied they would have to amputate my leg. I said to them, 'Gentlemen, you will not take that leg off so long as I have one leg to stand on and two hands to fight with.'" "Were you not afraid to place your opinion against that of the surgeon you mention, who was well known in his day?" his listener asked. "Well," he replied, "I am eighty-six years old and that leg has served me a good purpose and it seems after all these years that my opinion was not far wrong." Taking his cane and pointing to the oil portrait of his wife which hung above his bed, he said, in a tone that betokened the devotion of his love and the pathos of his feelings, "William, I was then engaged to your grandmother, and how could I ask her to marry me if I had only one leg?" Perhaps his determination to achieve the desire of his heart had more weight in his decision to win the victory without the aid of surgery than the thought of the suffering, great as it would have been, for anaesthetics were still an unknown panacea.

An unusual occurrence at the funeral of my grandfather was the spontaneous tribute of an old friend, Mr. George Noble, a brother of Noah Noble, a former governor of Indi-

ana, who, at the close of the service, arose. Addressing the pastor, the Rev. Ambrose Dunn, who was in charge, calmly, but with evident feeling, he briefly pronounced the following eulogy as recalled by one who heard it: "Mr. Dunn and friends, I can not allow the occasion to pass without paying a word of tribute to the character of Colonel Wishard, who was my lifelong friend and neighbor. Today as I stand by his coffin and realize his life is at an end and try to recall my long acquaintance with him, I can truthfully say I never knew a more honest man nor a man for whom I have greater respect. When he made a promise he regarded it as an obligation which he must faithfully fulfil. He was a plain, straightforward man. I knew him well and had the deepest affection for him, and on this solemn occasion I am only stating a fact when I say I do not believe Colonel Wishard ever told a lie in his life." Funerals were not so formal then and memorial services were not so frequent as now when friends can speak in appreciation of those who are gone.

My grandmother died August 12, 1849, and her husband tarried after her twenty-nine years. He died September 8, 1878, in his eighty-seventh year.

Eleven children were born to them, William Henry, Martha, James Harvey, John Oliver, Andrew, Samuel Ellis, Joseph Milton, Margaret Ann, Robert Courtney, Thomas and Agnes Jane. The last three, with Andrew, died in early life, and James after he had reached his thirtieth year. The remaining six lived beyond three score and ten, their average age being eighty-six years. Four of them, my father, Martha, Samuel Ellis and Margaret Ann, celebrated their golden weddings.

HIS YOUTH

IT was on his father's farm near Carlisle, Ky., that William Henry Wishard was born, January 17, 1816. His parents, John Wishard and Agnes Oliver Wishard, were unwilling to rear their children amid the environments of slavery, and, deciding to move to Indiana, reached their new home in the wilds of the great forests the evening of October 25, 1825, ten miles south of Indianapolis, on the Bluff road, near Glenn's Valley.

An uncle of my father's, Andrew Wishard, came to Indiana in 1823 and entered land; later several families moved from Nicholas county to Indianapolis and vicinity, and sent back flattering accounts of their new location, both of which were determining factors in the decision that led my grandparents to emigrate to Indiana. In 1824 my grandfather secured the land upon which he settled, and the following spring came and planted corn, potatoes and other vegetables in order to have a crop ready for use when he would bring his family in the autumn. The first tract consisted of one hundred and sixty acres purchased from Moses F. Glenn, who, in 1821, entered it from the government for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, but the increase in value which he placed upon it led him to price it to my grandfather at a little more than two dollars per acre. A year later the latter paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for ten acres of cleared land, and subsequently entered three hundred and ninety-four acres of government land at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre.

Indiana had "come in free" when admitted to the union the year of father's birth. When it was a part of the French territory slavery was granted by royal decree. Some of the early settlers from the south had brought slaves with them, thus

bringing to bear influences that wrought mightily for the casting of it in the column of slave-holding states when the momentous question was settled and the victory for freedom was won by a small majority.

The necessities of a pioneer home, the labor required in building the log house, clearing the forests and preparing the virgin soil for cultivation, all tended to push the lad into service far beyond his years. The new home was typical of the times and fashioned after the ancestral log cabin of Kentucky, built in 1793 by my great-grandfather, with the required ladder that enabled the boys of the family to "climb to the loft" for sleeping.

Social, educational and religious privileges were few; indeed they could scarcely be said to exist at that time, for the families of the early settlers were widely scattered; but in due time the pioneers combined their forces and the log schoolhouse was erected. Subscriptions were taken for the small sums paid the teachers who "boarded round" among the families, each household contributing its share of hospitality in entertaining the schoolmaster an apportioned time, which was an accepted part of the salary. The birch in the hands of the teacher was an important instrument of training, and often the last and only resort in the inculcation of the rudiments of an education.

The summer's toil began early and ended late; therefore three months in the winter formed the period of time that could be given to the intellectual development of the future citizens, and the maturing boy, whose services were required in the field and elsewhere, had more than his share of privations, which sadly curtailed his opportunities in the schoolroom; but his ears were open and his mind alert, reaching out for greater things.

The conditions of primitive life in the woods of Johnson

county were similar to those found in all the pioneer districts of the middle west. The houses and other buildings were constructed of logs hewed from timber that was felled by the men and boys, and when a new building was to be erected all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood turned out to lend a helping hand for the "log-rolling" and subsequent "house-raising."

That co-operative plan of building, with the quilting-bees, corn-huskings, sugar-boilings and wool-shearings gave opportunity for the few social gatherings that the isolated households enjoyed, and meant work for the women as well as the men, the former assisting the hostesses in the preparation of the generous meals that fed the hungry workmen, who, after their appointed task was finished, still had sufficient vim and energy to engage in the sports of the day, such as wrestling matches, pitching horseshoes and other games that gave them pleasure. Social conditions were not so formal and artificial under provincial rule as they are today. The singing schools were important social features, when the treble, tenor and bass singers sat together according to their talents. The alto and baritone were then unknown and the "singing master" had only a tuning fork to aid him in "striking the key." When organs and melodions came into use later they were rejected by many churches as being instruments of the world that would mar the sacredness of divine worship. An old copy of the *Missouri Harmony,* with its odd square notes, was a keepsake of bygone days that father held dear, recalling as it did the pleasures of his early associations.

Clearing land was a laborious task and a slow one, too, for with only the efforts of father and sons it was not possible to clear a large tract of land during the winter months when there was leisure for such work. Dynamite and other explosives, with the modern stump-pullers, had not been heard of

as aids to the farmers. Markets were few and found only in the larger centers, so that the chief object of each farmer was to provide the essentials of life for his family, all of which he had to produce himself without the assistance of any of the implements that make farming easier and more profitable to the modern agriculturist.

The burdens laid upon the housewife were as heavy as those borne by her husband. He raised the sheep, but she had to card, spin and weave the flannels that supplied the family with warm clothing and bedding; also prepare the flax for the loom that wove the towels, bed and table linens, and all that was used for wearing apparel. The untiring home-maker had to cut and sew all the clothing that supplied her family, but in the long ago fashions lasted as long as the garments.

Shoes were made of leather that was tanned from the hides of cattle raised by the first settlers. School boys were not supposed to indulge in the luxury of wearing shoes until the snow came, and looked upon them as a special addition to their personal outfit that could only be worn in mid-winter and on certain occasions during milder seasons. The cost of having them made was a serious consideration as well as the work required in preparing the leather. The neighborhood shoemaker went from house to house to make the family shoes.

One Christmas the boys in my grandfather's family went skating on a nearby pond, but that year the shoemaker was late with his work and did not get shoes made for one of the sons, James, before the holiday season. The latter, not willing to be deprived of the frolic, accompanied his brothers, and, barefooted, would run and slide until his feet were so cold he would be compelled to sit down and vigorously rub them before he could again join in the sport. In their boyhood my brothers were granted the pleasure of going barefooted at their

play and work when circumstances were favorable. Perhaps it was the stories they had heard of the cold weather adventures of their father and uncles that led Albert to try an experiment that only the mind of a mischievous boy could invent. When the family was ready for Sunday-school one morning, mother discovered that he had taken the shoe blacking and thoroughly dyed his feet and legs, hoping thereby to deceive her and avoid the necessity of wearing his best shoes to church.

The smoke-house was an important adjunct to every cabin home and in it the meats that had been butchered by the men were cured by smoking; when fresh meat was desired a beef, hog or sheep would be killed and shared with the neighbors, who returned the favor when their time for slaughtering came. Wild game abounded in the forests and the rivers were full of fish. One of the popular ways of curing pork was to put it in strong brine and, having acquired an appetite for it in those days, father never lost his fondness for pickled pork.

The first wedding he ever attended was during his childhood days in Indiana, when the cabin in which it was celebrated was so crowded with guests that the smoke-house had to be reserved for the bride's dressing-room, and from it she and the bridegroom emerged for the ceremony. In the pressure of the throng father was pushed to a unique position of advantage where he had the opportunity of facing the bridal party by crouching down, and, boylike, peering between the legs of Squire Henry Brinton, the officiating magistrate, whose brief ceremony, reverent as it was, so impressed him that he could ever afterward repeat it verbatim. A clergyman was not near at hand and the services of a justice of the peace were called into action; but with his inborn love of the spiritual, the youthful witness felt that the ceremony was lacking in the dignity and propriety that should mark such an

event. He had thought of it as a religious rite and ordinance, and often wondered, as he had heard his parents tell of their marriage, what a wedding would be like; hence he was wildly excited when the opportunity came for him to see what had previously been such a mystery to him. It was characteristic of the boy to reason for himself and reach his own conclusions.

Wild fruits and berries grew in abundance and supplied the tables of the pioneers. I have heard father say that the finest peaches he ever ate grew in the swamps of White River near his boyhood home, but it was not until after my parents had been married several years that the art of fruit canning came into use. A neighbor, who was a guest at their table, was greatly surprised and interested when mother served him with peaches, which were the first he had ever eaten that had been canned. After she had answered his questions and explained to him the process by which she had preserved them in such a palatable state, he eagerly asked, "Won't you put up a bar'l of them for me, Harriet?" The demands of her own household were too exacting to permit of any such friendly assistance, ready and glad as she always was to render any favor within her power, but a request so out of the ordinary as that had to be denied.

Father's first trip to Indianapolis was made the week after his father's family arrived in Johnson county, and great was his disappointment to find it little more than an overgrown settlement, with only a few hundred inhabitants. On the journey from Kentucky he had passed through Cincinnati, which was then taking on the proportions of a good-sized town, and he had pictured the capital of his adopted state to be of like dimensions, or as he expressed it, "I had expected to see something fine, which I have lived to see, but which was not here then." His father was in need of hinges, nails and other ac-

NOAH NOBLE,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF INDIANA AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE MILITIA THEREOF.

TO ALL WHO MAY SEE THESE PRESENTS—*GREETING*:

WHEREAS, It has been certified to me by the proper authority, That John Wishard has been duly elected to the office of Captain of Infantry in the 57th Regiment of the Militia of said state.

THEREFORE KNOW YE, That in the name and by the authority of the said state, I do hereby commission him the said John Wishard Captain of Infantry in the said Regiment to serve from the date hereof, during his good behaviour, or until he shall arrive at the age of sixty years.

DONE AT INDIANAPOLIS, the 9th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty two, the 16th of the state, and of the Independence of the United States the 57th.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto placed my signature, and caused to be affixed the seal of the state, the day and year aforesaid.

BY THE GOVERNOR,
James Morrison
SECRETARY OF STATE.

N. Noble

MILITARY COMMISSION

cessories required in building, and a neighbor who was coming to Indianapolis offered to act as father's guide and, as so often proved to be the case, the boy was thus forced to the front to perform services that today would be considered quite beyond the capacity of a child nine years old.

As the riders stopped at Pogue's run, where the union station now stands, father inquired of his escort how soon they would reach Indianapolis, to which he replied, "We will soon be in sight of the town."

In a newspaper interview he portrayed Indianapolis in its infancy as he saw it that day. "When we got to about where the Belt railroad now crosses South Meridian street, the man I was riding with said we would soon reach the town. It was nearly an hour's ride from there, and not a single house south of Pogue's run. There were only four houses in Meridian street between Pogue's run and Washington street. I looked around for a metropolis. First, there was a small frame house on the east side of the street, near the small stream, occupied by Morris Morris, father of Gen. Thomas A. Morris; then there was a one-room log house on the west side occupied by Hiram Brown, a lawyer. A log house on the east side was occupied by a widow, whose name I have forgotten, and one on the northwest corner of Meridian and Maryland streets was occupied by a colored woman who took in washing. Finally, there was a little log cabin on the southwest corner of Meridian and Washington streets where the new Ayres building is going up. This was occupied as a grocery by Jerry Collins, who sold whisky, gingerbread and root beer. There was not another building in Meridian street south of Washington. There were a good many stumps standing in the street, especially down toward the run.

"Along Washington street there were no houses on the south side up to Nowland's boarding-house, nearly a half

square east of Meridian. On the northwest corner of Meridian and Washington streets there was a little shanty occupied as a doctor's office, and about the middle of the square, on the north side of Washington street, was Hawkins' tavern, nearly opposite Huggins' tavern, which stood where the New York store is now. The Circle had no improvements whatever. It was mostly cleared along Washington street between the court house and Kentucky avenue, with a few houses as far north as Market street. I suppose there were six or seven hundred people here."

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had been neighbors of the Wishard family in Kentucky and their new home in Indianapolis was always open to their old friends with the hospitality that was a conspicuous feature of pioneer life. On one of his later trips to Indianapolis father had the misfortune to fall from the horse he was riding, while fording a stream not far from the boundaries of the village, and he at once sought the kindly ministrations of Mrs. Morris, who gave him clothes in exchange for those he wore, which were frozen stiff by the time he reached her home.

In an interview published in the *Indianapolis Sun,* January 17, 1906, the day father reached his four score and ten, he stated that there were only four houses between his father's house and Indianapolis, a distance of nine miles. In telling of his new home when his father's family reached it, he said, "Everything was wilderness and in these dense forests could be found bear, panther, wolves and, in fact, all manner of wild beasts. I remember the first night we were there very distinctly. We were serenaded all during the night by a wolf chorus, and I can tell you it was not the most pleasant music I ever heard. Many and many times we have gone to sleep and waked up to the howl of the wolf. Then, too, the trees teemed with birds of every description. From the bald eagle and the

hawk down to the humming-bird they were all there, and their songs helped to make the forest lovely early in the morning when we would get up to continue the work left over from the day before. * * * In those days there was but little schooling to be had. Nearly every one was compelled to clear ground and work on the farm. There was one schoolmaster who taught both winter and summer but the rest taught for a few months in the year when not much could be done on the land. To learn the alphabet the scholars pasted their A B C's on a paddle. Frequently it was the case that the paddle would be used by a family for years and years. Little was taught beyond reading, writing and ciphering. In the southwestern part of Johnson county the first man to teach was Emanuel G. Glimpse.

"Henry Alcorn was another early teacher. Alcorn was a tall, thin man and was possessed of a pair of buckskin breeches. One day he came to school in the rain, and as the breeches had been badly tanned, the water soaked into them. He sat and taught for a longer time than usual, but finally essayed to get up. He was unable to stir. The leather had hardened after the softening by the rain and was like a board. In his sitting position it had hardened to fit the posture. He said, 'Children, bring me a bucket of water to soften these breeches. I can't get up.' "

Keenness of perception and quick decision were characteristics that manifested themselves early in the life of the energetic lad. An incident that occurred when he was still in his teens illustrates those attributes. Adjoining the land which Grandfather Wishard had purchased was another tract which he coveted for his own, but bank accounts were not numbered among the meager possessions of pioneers. Having business reasons for making a trip to Kentucky, he told his family that while there he would collect money that was due him on the

last payment for the land he had sold in Nicholas county and on his return purchase the land that would enlarge the new farm. The wants of the pioneers were few and in keeping with the limited circulation of coin.

The Bluff road was the thoroughfare for those who traveled northward from the region of Martinsville and as far south as Vincennes. While Grandfather Wishard never "kept tavern," as many of the leading pioneers did, such service often being forced upon them as the necessities of the traveling public demanded some place where accommodations could be found, his house was a convenient stopping place and one where an open door was always found. One cold wintry evening while Grandfather was away, two men knocked at the cabin door about sunset and asked permission to stay all night. They had journeyed from near Bloomington, Ind., and after the evening meal, when the family had gathered round the big fireplace, the strangers incidentally told why they were going to Indianapolis. They had heard of the forty acres that joined the Wishard farm and the land office where they could enter it was their objective point. The attentive, wide-awake boy heard all the conversation, but did not betray the plans of the head of the household for procuring the same, though he was secretly working out his own scheme.

After the guests had retired for the night he and his mother held a conference under some difficulties, for the partitions of the cabin home were not conducive to private interviews, but unmistakable sounds assured the anxious listeners that the ears of the weary travelers were closed to all whisperings. The mother then confided her fears to her son, who surprised her by saying, "I am going to Indianapolis tonight and enter that land myself," and further explained that he would hasten over to Squire Glenn's, for whom Glenn's Valley was named, an old Kentucky friend, and ask him to advance the money

necessary for the purchase, until the return of his father. Squire Glenn proved his faith in the boy by giving him the required sum.

There was not much rest for the mother and her self-reliant, dependable son that night, for not long after the midnight hour the brave, fearless boy mounted the family horse and started upon his cold, stormy ride. With the money tucked under his linsey-woolsey jacket, his head and ears protected by a coon skin cap, and his hands ensconced in a pair of mittens, knit by the industrious mother, the trip could hardly be looked upon as an inviting excursion, but the welfare of the family and their future interests were not to be overlooked and neglected when courage and endurance could be commanded as they were in William Henry, the full name by which his mother always lovingly called him. The Bluff road which he traversed was little more than a path through the woods, with mud and numberless stumps to be encountered. The Three Notch road, running parallel with it, received its name from the notches that were made in the trees to designate the path to be followed.

Indianapolis was reached before daylight, but there was no fire where the cold, hungry boy could warm himself; instead he had to walk the streets, slapping his hands to excite the circulation of the blood, and await the arrival of the land agent at his office, to which an early riser in the village had directed the prospective landholder. When the agent reported for duty the deal was quickly consummated and, with the papers proving his right of ownership, the boy started for home. At the threshold of the office he passed the men whose plans he had so cleverly frustrated. They gave him a look of recognition, but he hastened on without an explanation as to his presence in the capital at that unseemly hour. Great was the rejoicing when he reached home, and the mother and younger children

gathered around him to hear the recital of his hurried ride and examine the warrant for the land which had been made out in his name and later transferred by deed to his father.

After hearing the story of that heroic midnight ride, as told by different members of the family which benefited thereby, I could better understand why my parents had permitted one of their boys to go six miles on horseback for the mail one summer when the scarcity of help on the farm upon which the family was then living demanded the services of children as well as men, owing to the heavy draught upon labor made by the civil war. Three months before he was five years old, my brother George began making the daily trip, and when for any reason he had occasion to alight or slipped off the back of old Dragon, the trusty family horse, he would have to lead him until he met some one who could assist him in mounting.

Father's earliest remembrance of his native place in Kentucky was associated with an accident which might have ended disastrously for him had it not been for the timely appearance of his mother. His father's home was located near the hilltops that overlook Licking river, a stream that is fed by springs that abound in that region. From one of the springs came the drinking water which supplied the family, and, prompted by a child's desire for investigation, the toddling feet followed the path that led to the favorite spring; when his mother, concerned by his absence, started out to find the youngster, she discovered he had fallen into the pool of water and was unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation.

It was on the moving journey from Kentucky to Indiana when he met with his first loss, one that to his childish mind was no trifling affair, and which made a lasting impression upon his mind, for it meant parting with what he considered his first valuable possession, a horn. The night before reach-

ing the new home in Johnson county the family camped east of the Three Notch road about one mile south of where Fairview M. E. church is now located. After going a considerable distance on the last day's travel, the forgotten horn was missed; the wagons were then stopped and their occupants waited while the sympathetic father went back with his sorrowing boy to find the lost treasure, only to discover that some passerby had appropriated it to his own use, and it was never restored to its rightful owner.

The boys and girls of that time were not showered with toys and gifts to the prodigal extent children are today, when, too often, the latter are so surfeited with them that their sense of appreciation is dulled and what was intended to give them pleasure becomes a bore. The simplicity of their surroundings, and the mode of life under which pioneer children grew up, gave them a full appreciation of their few possessions and privileges for recreation and diversion, but they were character building days for the boys and girls.

The first patent for matches in the United States was not granted until 1836, hence they were not included in the household equipment of the Wishard family when it reached the site of the new home, and not being near any neighbor from whom they could secure coals, they had to "strike the flint" that lighted their first camp fire in Johnson county. Previous to the invention of matches a hard variety of quartz, known as flint, was used for producing fire. The flint was struck repeatedly against a piece of steel and small sparks of fire produced by the friction. As these atoms were emitted they would fall into a very dry mass commonly called "tinder," an inflammable kindling which would instantly ignite. The fireplace furnished the cooking facilities for each family, which made it easy to keep a bed of coals on hand at all seasons of the year and when the fire completely died out, as it sometimes

did in the summer, the nearest neighbor was called upon for a helping of coals to start another. When coals were not obtainable, recourse was made to the flint.

The duty of going to mill was a service that often fell to the lot of the eldest son. Sometimes it meant a trip to the mills at Indianapolis; again the distance was greater, when he would go to one located near where Shelbyville now stands, as he occasionally had to do. Two days were required for the trip of thirty miles, with the privilege of sleeping on the sacks of grain at night and taking his own basket of provisions. At one time the corn meal was not ground until late in the afternoon, which required riding part of the night through the dense forest that was infested with wolves. On that particular night the lone rider, then a boy of twelve years, found it necessary to tie the halter strap by which he was leading an extra horse that had been taken to carry a part of the corn, securely fasten the meal bags that they might not become displaced, and allow the horse to find its own way home. While he rode rapidly through the woods he was closely followed by a pack of wolves, which he said at times seemed almost to overtake him, but he reached home unharmed and found his mother, uneasy for his safety, sitting up watching for his return. It was not until some time after that experience that he told his mother about it, fearing she would forbid him going to the mill alone, a pleasure he did not wish to be denied. The gift of initiative always enabled the boy, inured by toil and exposure, to devise some plan that would surmount the obstacles that faced him. He waited not for uncommon opportunities or events, but improved every chance that came his way.

One of the mementoes of his childhood which father treasured throughout life was a letter written to him and his eldest sister by "Parson Todd" in a neat, clear penmanship that not only expressed his scholarly attainments, but is interesting as

Joseph Milton Wishard John Oliver Wishard
Samuel Ellis Wishard William Henry Wishard

showing how faithfully the ministers of that period sought to instruct and indoctrinate the youth in the fundamentals of belief and practice in the Christian life. After laying before them very plainly their privilege in uniting with the church, he adds, "There can be no discharge from the obligation. God has laid it upon you. We have no command to bring you forcibly into the church, but we would be guilty not to press this law of God upon you. If we faithfully discharge our duty here we shall deliver our own souls; but if you refuse, the guilt of rejection will be yours. When persons act on their own responsibility in coming under the bonds of the covenant it is not necessary that they should tarry until they shall have become adepts in Christian doctrine, but as soon as they shall have enjoyed such means of instruction as to believe the Scriptures to be a divine revelation, themselves to be sinners, liable to fall a sacrifice to the divine justice for their sins, and that they are invited and commanded to come to Christ, through whom alone they can be saved; when they know this and are sincerely willing to forsake sin and take Christ's yoke upon them, they may come with assurance of acceptance, and they must not refuse, as they can not without great guilt. A person may be a believer, when he knows as yet but the elements of Christian doctrine. These things I submit to your serious examination. I hope you will ask divine counsel and act agreeably to what you may consider your duty. May the Lord direct you. You will receive this as tendered from a sense of duty and with the sincerest regards to your interest in time and eternity."

The itinerant preacher was the only one who ministered to the first settlers. When one was coming into the neighborhood, messages were sent broadcast and people would walk or ride horseback long distances to the cabin which was opened for the service. In the warm weather open air meetings were

held in groves which had been partly cleared; the families took their dinners and a sermon was given in the morning and another in the afternoon. Some of the preachers are said to have discoursed from two to three hours twice a day, but that was not a weekly event in each neighborhood.

The "circuit riders," as many of the preachers were called, would often find other duties than proclaiming the gospel awaiting them. Expectant lovers were longing for the marriage ceremony and sermons were to be preached for those who had died when a minister was not at hand to give the comforting word to the bereaved. A beloved pastor from another state was sometimes sent for to "preach the funeral" of a dear one, long after the burial had occurred. Dr. Thomas Cleland once came to render such service at the Hopewell church to the memory of one who had belonged to his church in Kentucky. It sometimes happened, when a long time elapsed between the visits of the itinerant preachers, that the successor of a lost husband or wife was privileged to listen as the virtues of the predecessor were extolled.

Customs were the outgrowth of conditions and must be contemplated from that standpoint. A newcomer in Indianapolis in that day, Mr. Calvin Fletcher, wrote to his home in the east that he had found in Indiana "a much more enlightened set of people than any other I have seen in a western country."

CHOOSING A PROFESSION

WHEN the inspiration for a life calling came and took definite shape, father realized that the time had not come for him to announce his decision; but he steadfastly worked on, faithful to his parents and the duties that devolved upon him as the oldest son in a growing family, meanwhile secretly cherishing his ambition.

The misfortunes of an old doctor called his attention to the value and possibilities of the medical profession. The neighborhood physician had been brought to penury by a series of calamities and found himself financially unable to procure medicines and thereby continue his profession. One day while plowing in the field, Grandfather Wishard was accosted by Doctor Rust, who requested him to buy the medicines he needed. Grandfather's generosity was proverbial, and those who knew him can readily understand why the doctor chose him as the one to whom he could go for assistance. He was an "easy mark" when it came to extending favors, and that one, like many others, was cheerfully granted. At the end of the season the note was paid, Doctor Rust had provided himself with additional drugs and saved several hundred dollars, if not a proportionate number of lives.

Father was a silent listener to that suggestive dialogue between his father and the suppliant who had gone to him in his hour of great need. In view of the doctor's experience and the substantial results of his efforts, he reasoned that capital invested in one's brain was the safest and most profitable, and could be turned to good account when other resources failed. His resolve that when he became master of himself he would study medicine was characteristic of his philosophy of life. He was never satisfied with the present; always reaching out

for something better, but with a deep respect and affectionate veneration for the past and its sacred associations.

When, to him, the momentous time arrived that he should make known his conviction to become a physician, he made bold to announce his purpose to his father. One of my uncles, referring to the surprise his father manifested when the news of father's decision was imparted to him, jocularly remarked that "if he had proposed to enter an airship for a voyage to the moon, his proposition would have been received with hardly less credulity." In Grandfather Wishard's estimation it was the wild dream of a visionary youth. He and all of his brothers had been tillers of the soil, the calling that offered them the greatest possibilities, and about the only means of livelihood open to the pioneers who blazed the way for an increasing population, and he thought to give up farming for a new and untried arena was deserting a certainty for an uncertainty, and a good farmer would be spoiled to make a poor doctor. It would also mean the loss of a vigorous, stalwart young man from the laboring interests of the farm, and the risk was too hazardous.

It was a bold and fearless spirit that had the temerity to break away from the traditions of his immediate forefathers and strike out for himself, which also meant facing the derision of his companions, which met him at every turn, after his vaulting ambition had become known; but with courage undaunted he heroically persevered and would not be turned aside from the course toward which he had set his face. He heard the inner voice calling him to a wider scope of action and he followed it. The law of heredity had asserted itself, for numbered among his ancestry in Scotland were those who had filled positions of honor in various professions.

Without a college training, or even the equivalent of a high school education, with the jeers of his young friends, and the

pronounced judgment of his father leveled against his own, he did not falter, but rather was incited with greater determination to prove that he was no idle dreamer. Dr. A. W. Brayton, in writing of father, once said, "He never went to school outside of a log schoolhouse. He had for teachers only a good father and mother, a backwoods farm and the Holy Scripture."

The blessing of an analytical mind, despite the handicap placed upon him by limited opportunities for an education, proved to be his guiding star. He had a deep-seated longing to make the most of his life, to which he held with tenacity that would not brook defeat.

It was not until father had passed his twenty-second birthday that his long-cherished aspirations crystallized, and he was finally launched toward the medical goal. He remained on the farm giving his father the benefit of his services a year after he was legally at liberty to follow his own inclinations, and during that time served as a day laborer on the canal, that was in process of construction nearby, and gave his wages to his father to aid in the support of a large family, a training school for future strength and power. His sense of duty and obligation was early manifested, when he exemplified the axiom that "no man liveth unto himself." Whatever blessings came to him he wanted to share with others. When he withdrew from the parental roof his interest in the younger members of the household suffered no abatement. In later years a brother, writing of his own preparation for life, said, "From the lips of the elder brother came the suggestion of the work of the ministry."

It was February 28, 1838, that father entered the office of Dr. Benjamin S. Noble, of Greenwood, as a student of medicine. Though not a graduate of a medical college, Doctor Noble, who was a brother of ex-Governor Noble of Indiana,

had attended a course of lectures at Cincinnati, and was a man of practical judgment, with a library, somewhat limited, but fairly standard for the times. Very few of the physicians of that day were graduates in medicine, particularly those living in the country, and some never had the advantages of even one course of study in a medical college. In describing the circumstances and restrictions under which he commenced his professional studies, father once said: "When I began the study of medicine I did not have a luxurious library to work in, with its easy chairs, brilliant lights, and its walls lined with well-filled book cases. I did most of my reading in the woods, and my studies did not include a very large number of books. They consisted of Thompson's Practice of Medicine, Chapman's Therapeutics, Chashaw's Physiology, Dewees on Obstetrics and Diseases of Children, Pancoast-Wistar's Anatomy and a work on chemistry, all of which were my preceptor's books. I later purchased Eberly's Practice, his Materia Medica and his book on Diseases of Children." The difficulties he encountered in securing a skeleton, whereby he could better pursue his studies in anatomy, a venture which almost brought him within the grip of the law, are humorously described in his paper, "Medical Retrospect of Fifty Years," read at the fortieth anniversary of the Indiana State Medical Society.

Doctor Noble had an extensive practice with no competition at close range. The nearest physicians were at Franklin on the south, Mooresville on the west, Indianapolis on the north and Shelbyville on the east. With such a wide professional region to cover it was not strange that after a year of diligent study he had his office student accompany him, when making calls, in order to observe his diagnoses and treatment of patients. In critical cases father was frequently left to care for them and thus he was of necessity pushed to positions of responsibility. Combining his intelligent observation with

careful study, his progress was rapid, despite the barriers that confronted him when he began his professional career. He possessed qualities that could overcome such limitations. His indomitable will would not surrender to discouragement, and his splendid, robust constitution could endure the exposure and fatigue that were then an inseparable part of the life of a country doctor. Though intellectually untutored, he possessed the ability to master his work, and his natural aptitude in grasping scientific facts, and their application, gave stimulus to his unyielding resolution.

Father lived in Doctor Noble's home while under his preceptorship and always retained a deep affection for him and his family. For the privileges and comforts he received as a member of the family he paid one hundred dollars in addition to duties he performed in assisting his instructor. He ever gratefully remembered the friends who assisted him in his early struggles, and rejoiced that his father soon acknowledged the wisdom of his choice and encouraged him in his efforts to accomplish the end toward which he was steadfastly working.

The method by which he combined the theoretical and practical in his student days, he explained as follows: "The second year I began riding with my preceptor and would go with him three or four days in the week, very often in the night, too, and see him make the physical examination in the different cases. When we left the house of each patient I would quiz him as to what he called the disease, what the pathological condition was, and what he expected to accomplish through the remedies he had prescribed, and he would explain to me in detail. On one of these trips we would visit perhaps a half-dozen patients, and then I would spend the following day reading about the diseases of the patients I had seen, and when I found Doctor Noble had varied from the teaching of the text-

books, in the medicines he had prescribed, I would ask him his reasons for doing so and would quote the authorities to him. He would then explain some physical weakness or idiosyncracy of that patient and why he had to vary the treatment advised in the textbooks. Doctor Noble was a very busy man and great demands were made upon him. In cases not critically ill he would send me, after he had made the first visit, with such medicines as he thought necessary. The last winter I was his student he became afflicted with rheumatism, and under his direction I practiced a good deal. I would visit the patients and report their condition to him and he instructed me how to treat them, so that I was really in practice four months before I went into partnership with him."

Recognizing the progress his student had made, Doctor Noble, after two years' study, offered him a partnership, agreeing to furnish the medicines and give him one-third of the total of their united labors, which the junior member considered a liberal arrangement. Accepting the proposition, father launched forth as a physician April 22, 1840, when his name was announced as a doctor of medicine, a title he bore with honor, fidelity and unselfish loyalty for more than seventy-three years, though it was several years before the way opened for him to attend a medical college.

Circumstances were soon to bring a change that would have an important bearing on his future. The territory covered by the new firm was expanding and it was decided that father should remove to a village known as The Bluffs, near White river in Morgan county, ten miles southwest of Greenwood, in order more evenly to distribute their services, though he hesitated to go alone so far from his partner and assume professional cares without his oversight; but, with many apprehensions and misgivings, he established himself in the hamlet which overlooked White river, July 10, 1840. Just below the

Martha Wishard Jennings

Margaret Wishard Noble

site of that small village, which has all but disappeared from the map, lay rich valley lands, fertilized by decaying vegetation that in those days, before ditching carried away the stagnant water, proved fertile soil for the production of malaria germs, which were wafted, through the mosquitoes, to the inhabitants far and near.

Hence, the young doctor found himself a busy man from the first day he established an office by himself without having to go through that agonizing period of waiting for patients, which is so often the dread of the young physician as he announces to the public that he is ready to relieve the aches and pains of those who will trust their lives in his hands. When recalling the incidents of those first engrossing weeks and months at The Bluffs, his face would brighten with a smile as if he still felt the thrilling sensations of relief that were his when he realized that he had made no mistake in his dash into the professional world, and that there was one place, at least, where his ministrations were needed. He, too, fell a victim to the malaria that was prostrating so many, and frequently traveled day and night when he should have been in bed, the object of attentions he was bestowing upon others.

Returning home one evening exhausted and in the throes of a hard chill, he went to bed, too sick to continue on his rounds. Early the next morning he heard a voice inquiring for him, and recognized it as that of Captain Richey, whom he had known in Kentucky. He listened to the message given to him, to the effect that the doctor was not able to go and see his son, about whom the father was much concerned. Duty always triumphed over feelings with father, and from his standpoint duty to himself was the last consideration.

Against the protests of all about him, even the messenger who had come for him, he arose and insisted upon going to see the sick boy, although he was so weak he had to be supported

as he stepped on a chair to mount his horse, a very different process from his usual manner of quickly springing on to the back of the animal and galloping off.

Appreciating the sacrifice that had been made for his son, the good friend of his boyhood walked by father's side, leading the horse of the friend who did not fail him when he was needed. When Captain Richey's home was reached he let down the bars of the fence and led the horse that carried the sick rider up to the door. Before the patient was examined the doctor had to lie down and rest from the weariness and exhaustion of his ride. A number of times during the distressing epidemic of malaria which he encountered the first year of his practice, father would get down from his horse and lie on the wet ground under the trees to "cool off" from the fever that followed the chills. At other times he would ride in the hard rain, grateful for the feeling of comfort and relief it brought to him. During another epidemic, that covered a period of three months or more, he had the opportunity of remaining in bed but one night. His only rest would come when he would go home to exchange his tired horse for another and lie down for a brief nap. He frequently went to sleep in the saddle, and once awakened to find the horse standing by the gate of a patient in front of the house he sometimes visited. In later years when telling of those strenuous experiences he remarked, with the same spirit of pluck which enabled him to endure them, "It is a wonder I did not kill myself, but I was determined to win or die in the saddle." The ardor and energy of youth lent romance to everyday drudgery.

Harriet Newell Wishard

HIS MARRIAGE

A FAVORITE expression of father's when reasoning about any results that were different from what he had wished they might be, was, "There is a providence in all things." His fervent Christian faith was as immovable as human conviction can be; so firmly fixed and unchangeable that he had an abiding belief that God overrules the mistakes of His children for their good when they are willing to be directed by Him. So he felt there was a divine ordering in the events that led him to his new field of endeavor, contrary to his own desires. He could always see the silver lining in the clouds of his disappointments.

He had not been at The Bluffs long until he met the young woman who became my mother. He was fond of adverting to that event in his life, especially after the shadows of the evening of life grew longer and he sat alone without the comforting presence of her, who, for more than sixty-one years, adorned his home with her sweet womanly dignity, and smoothed the rough places they encountered by her cheerful sympathy and wise co-operation. When he alluded to that affair of the heart his face would be radiant with an illumination that bespoke the tenderness of the memories that surged upon him as he would smile, and then quaintly add, "I never wanted to get over it." The picture of their first meeting was never erased from his memory. He met the one, who, in a few months, became his bride, on the village common. It was the custom then for people to speak to all they passed on the street or road, a habit that father never entirely outgrew, and when the young lady met the stranger on the path she gave him the usual greeting and passed on, but the impression she made was far-reaching in its consequences and sealed her fate.

The year 1840 was one of significant events for the young physician, for he had not only achieved the great desire of his life and was established in his chosen profession, but just before its close he married Harriet Newell Moreland, and thus was continued a courtship that lasted far beyond the prophecies of those who witnessed the marriage ceremony and felt that the frail looking girl whom he had wedded would not long be spared to bless his life. Mother preceded father a few months to the place where they were to begin their long journey of life together. She had gone there, following the death of her mother in Indianapolis, to be with her oldest sister, Mrs. Elizabeth McGuire, to whose table father was welcomed, as the boarding accommodations of the small town were limited. A room connected with his office provided him with sleeping quarters. Little wonder then that the ardent young lover was not content to prolong the wooing days, but wished to establish his own home, presided over by her whom he was wont to speak of as "the only girl I ever loved," and his love for her never waned.

The wedding took place one month after the engagement, a fact their children took pleasure in twitting them about as denoting lack of proper consideration for an undertaking so momentous, though we recognized that results had fully warranted what, otherwise, might have seemed undue haste. Propinquity had given them an opportunity to fathom character and disposition, which satisfied them that delay would be of no advantage. The village tailor was not equipped for filling emergency orders; therefore, in addition to hastily preparing her trousseau, to which her sisters lent a helping hand, the bride-elect made the bridegroom's waistcoat in order to facilitate the preparation of his wardrobe. One of her dresses that outlived the deterioration of many years attested the neat,

painstaking needlework which made that particular waistcoat a treasure that ever lingered in the sweet recollections of the one who wore it.

A bit of advice that father was prone to give young men who were contemplating matrimony was, "Remember, the girl you choose for a wife is not only to sit opposite you at your table, but will become the mother of your children, and to her you must entrust their training."

The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's sister at The Bluffs at ten o'clock Wednesday morning, December 17, 1840. The Rev. Philip Sydney Cleland, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Greenwood, was the officiating minister. When the congratulations had been extended, the happy pair started for the bridegroom's home, attended by the company of friends who had witnessed the ceremony. The important social function that signalized a wedding in the primitive days of the Hoosier state was known as the "infare." Friends far and near were invited to that old-fashioned reception. The engraver's art had not yet produced formal invitations, but the lessened duties of farm life during the winter gave the patriarchal head of the household ample time to go from house to house extending an invitation to every family, children as well as adults, and judging from the reports of that festive occasion, given by those who were present, he in no way neglected his opportunity. The pioneer home was taxed to its utmost capacity and for days before the wedding the diligent, assiduous mother, assisted by her daughters and others, was busy preparing the wedding feast, for which her husband had literally obeyed the Bible injunction and gone out into the "highways and hedges" to invite his neighbors. His first-born had left the parental roof, and was out in the world to make a place and home for himself and the event

was too auspicious to be passed by without appropriate observance. The proverbial latchstring hung out at all times for all who wished to lift it at Grandfather Wishard's home. It was not an imagery of speech, as the phrase is now used, but a heavy leather thong that lifted the wooden latch of the pioneer batten door and during the day hung on the outside. At night it was pulled in to protect the family from intruders who, in the frontier days, too often proved to be Indians.

A trip to Indianapolis for a short visit over Sunday, where the young bride could see the friends of her girlhood days, completed the wedding journey. While there another social function was given for them at the home of Colonel James Blake. The house in which they were thus honored was the last log structure, typical of early Indianapolis, to disappear, remaining as it did many years after others about it had been demolished. Mrs. Blake came to it a bride from her home in Baltimore and never lived in any house but that one, in which she died in 1887.

Colonel Blake came to Indianapolis in 1821 and, ten years later, returned east for his bride, who had in her outfit the first piano that was brought to Indianapolis. Their new home was not completed when they arrived and they accepted an invitation to be guests in the home of my mother's parents until theirs was ready for occupancy. Colonel Blake was an elder in the church of which Grandfather Moreland was pastor, and when the latter died it was his close friend who became his daughter's guardian. He frequently spoke of the respect shown to him by father, who asked his approval of his marriage to the girl whose interests he had watched over with such loving fidelity, although she was then of legal age. In telling of the visits she made to the Blake home, which in the earlier days of its existence was in the country, mother would describe how it had to be reached by following the trail that

led through pastures and cornfields to shorten the distance, which then seemed interminable, from her father's home at the southeast corner of North Meridian and New York streets. The Blake home was located on the northwest corner of North Capitol avenue and North street.

The name of Col. James Blake is inseparably linked with the beginnings of every movement that had to do with the religious and civic upbuilding of early Indianapolis. In his "History of Indianapolis," Sulgrove said of him: "His history for fifty years was the history of Indianapolis, and no citizen has ever been more closely identified with the rise and progress of the city and its philanthropic and benevolent institutions than he." Oliver H. Smith, in "Early Indiana Trials and Sketches," commended him in these words: "Indiana has received into her bosom few such men as James Blake."

Mother was also a native of Kentucky, coming to Indiana with her parents three years later than her husband. A noticeable parallel marked the location of residence of my grandfathers. They were both born near Brownsville, Pa., within a mile of each other; in early manhood they lived in adjoining counties in Kentucky and located only ten miles apart when coming to Indiana, but the restrictions placed upon travel and communication in those days hindered an acquaintance.

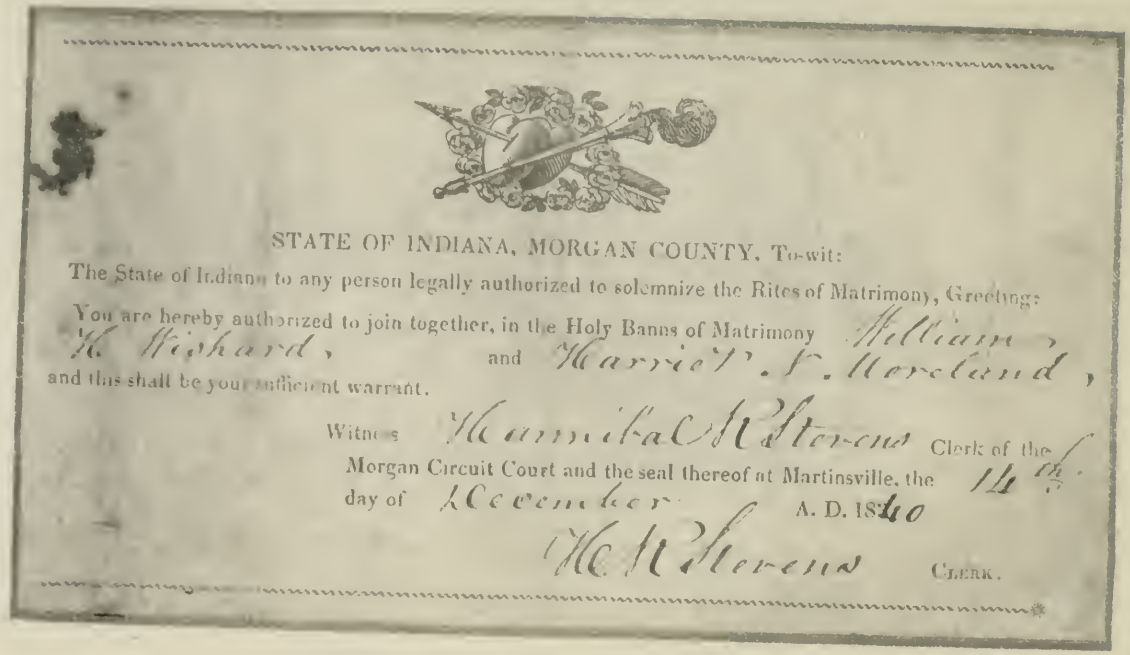
The first stories I ever remember to have heard at my mother's knee were about the brave, gifted young woman for whom she was named, Harriet Newell, who at nineteen years of age sailed forth on what was then an unknown and untried mission. She and Mrs. Adoniram Judson were the first women who left their native land to go as foreign missionaries, when in 1813, they, with their husbands, formed part of the initial band of volunteers, representing different churches, that sought to invade the darkness of heathendom in India. Though

Harriet Newell lived less than two years after leaving her native land, her name has become imperishable and the love she so courageously expressed in that heroic step has found a ready response in the hearts of thousands of women who have since gone not only to India but into every country where the cry of oppressed womanhood has called them. My grandparents had read of Harriet Newell, and so great had become their admiration for her lovely character and unusual spirituality that when their daughter was born they bestowed her name upon the child.

While living in Indianapolis during her young womanhood, mother went to Kentucky for a prolonged visit with relatives. During her absence an intimate friend of hers decided to hasten her marriage, but would not name the wedding day until she knew when mother would return, desiring her to act as bridesmaid; but as she could not make the trip home without an escort, and not wishing to delay the event, the bridegroom-elect journeyed to Kentucky, leading an extra horse, and together they hurriedly traveled back, the last day riding from early morn until almost midnight, making brief stops only for their meals.

The first few months following my parents' marriage were spent at The Bluffs in the home of the sister where the wedding occurred. In the spring of 1841 it was deemed best, for professional reasons, to move to the village of Waverly, a short distance south of The Bluffs, and there was established the home that for seventy-three years continued a place of rest and happiness for those who were blessed by its sheltering care; where a welcome of friendship and hospitality was never withheld to any who wished to accept the comforts it offered. The weary and worn found in it a refuge as well.

It was a modest home, to be sure, that the young doctor and his bride first occupied, but the love that bound their lives to-



STATE OF INDIANA, MORGAN COUNTY, To-wit:

The State of Indiana to any person legally authorized to solemnize the Rites of Matrimony, Greeting:

You are hereby authorized to join together, in the Holy Banns of Matrimony William H. Richard, and Harriet N. F. Moreland, and this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Witness Hannibal M Stevens Clerk of the Morgan Circuit Court and the seal thereof at Martinsville, the 14th day of December A. D. 1840

H. M Stevens Clerk.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSE

gether permeated and ruled it throughout the many years of its existence. A brother of father's, Dr. Samuel E. Wishard, who was present at the wedding, and frequently a much-loved guest in the home, whose cheery presence always radiated joy and sunshine, in writing of that home said: "In William's home undeviating kindness reigned. He was happily married. It could scarcely be conceived that husband and wife better suited to each other could be brought together. In the sixty-one years of their journeying together it is not known there was ever a jar or discordant note." Lovingly do their children bear witness to the truthfulness of that statement, and this grateful pen would further testify that not one of them ever heard a conversation between their parents that could not have been uttered anywhere, so far as the spirit that actuated them was concerned. When they differed in opinion they did it without being disagreeable, and with kindly recognition of the right of the other to have individual views. Their married life was ideal in its beauty and devotion to each other, marred only by the sorrows that more firmly welded the perfect union of hearts and purpose. I never remember father coming into the house and not seeing mother but he would go to seek her. Finding her occupied he would go to his papers or books, satisfied if only a glance revealed her presence. The consciousness of her nearness contented him, but without that assurance he was restless and uneasy.

The gentleness and adaptability that enabled her amiably to share the lot of a struggling young doctor, and readily and cheerfully co-operate with him, finding her greatest joy in furthering his interests, were the elements that so largely contributed toward her success in making for him the home, about which he could have said:

> "It is just a bit of Heaven,
> That I could not describe if I tried."

She understood the essential qualities that must enter into the construction of a happy home, and to the accomplishment of that end she consecrated her time and talents, or as another put it, "she was emphatically a Christian home-maker and her door was open, her table spread and her welcome cordial to all of God's servants and all the needy to whom she could extend sympathy and help." Indeed it is not stating it too strongly to say that she made her home a sort of ministerial caravansary.

The first housekeeping outfit was not large, and today would be looked upon by a young housekeeper as wholly inadequate to her needs, but where furniture and other equipment were lacking, love and contentment supplied the vacancies, and husband and wife harmoniously worked together in the establishment of God's greatest social center, a Christian home. The almost impassable roads in the winter and spring made it difficult to get to Indianapolis for supplies, and to provide the china and kitchen utensils necessary, father had to go on horseback, returning with the purchases, for which he paid six dollars, in sacks thrown over the back of the horse he rode. Hospitality was manifested at the inauguration of that home when two guests sat down to the first meal prepared by the young housewife, who did not have to reckon with the high cost of living problems that perplex the housekeepers in these strenuous war times, for she paid only two cents per dozen for eggs.

The characteristics that stand out most prominently as I recall my mother in the days when the multiplicity of cares of her home and large family devolved upon her, were her inexhaustible patience and serenity of temperament under all circumstances, nerve-racking as they must have been at times, with not only her own boys and girls to make the house lively, and at times somewhat frolicsome, but also their friends, whom

they were always at liberty to have join them in their pleasures. She could arise to any emergency with complete self-control. A daughter-in-law spoke truly of her when she said, "Mother will never have to answer for words idly spoken." It was said of her by one who had been a guest in the home for a prolonged period that "she was the most nearly perfect example of patience and calmness I ever saw."

She ministered not only to her own, a word which, according to her generous method of multiplication, was susceptible of expansion that included relatives and many others, but before trained nurses came upon the scene of action to render their beneficent services she frequently went with her husband and supplemented his attentions by her own in relieving those who were afflicted. I have heard father say that it was not an infrequent occurrence to have the messenger who came for him bring a request for his wife to accompany him, if she could, so well did the anxious watchers at the bedside know that her entrance into the sickroom would allay their fears as well as bring greater comfort to the stricken ones. Her greatest joy seemed always to come from serving others.

During the civil war she was foremost in uniting the women of the Glenn's Valley neighborhood into an organization that sent aid to the men at the front. For many years she was a faithful teacher in the Sunday-school. Her impaired health forbade an active participation in the missionary and other enterprises of the church which are of more recent development, but she was present at the meetings whenever possible and never withheld her sympathetic interest and material assistance. That her efforts were appreciated, circumscribed as they necessarily were, was touchingly revealed in the service held in memory of her by the missionary society to which she belonged.

The spirit of endurance that seemed an inseparable part of

her nature, notwithstanding her fragile constitution, stood her well in hand during the fatal illness, when not only her family but attending physicians marveled at her fortitude. The nurses who assisted in caring for her during that long, and at times exceedingly painful illness of almost five years, spoke of her as the most patient sufferer they had ever known. One who had come in close touch with her preceding those years of invalidism wrote, after her life service had ended, "During these years in which I have been privileged to know her the gentle beauty of her loving Christian spirit and disposition shone out more and more from her face and was manifested in the very tones of her voice." Another, in writing of her, said, "She always wore a look of sweet patience and high resolve such as mark the faces of saints and heroes."

The memories of that home that are cherished by those for whom the parents unselfishly labored are very tender. I fear sometimes their children were inclined to think their views of life and conduct a little too rigid for our pleasure, but firmly and gently would they reason with us that they were guided in their course by what they believed to be best for us, and they wanted us to see the wisdom of their decisions and thereby strengthen their position in the church and society by standing with them in upholding the essential principles of life, in which they had declared their belief, and which we knew they were conscientiously attempting to live up to. Their standards were always high, and when they reached a conclusion that governed their actions they never retreated so long as they believed it to be the right one. They were swayed by Christian motives that were the logical outgrowth of their consecration to their Lord and Master, and were of one accord in living "unspotted from the world" while being a vital part of it. Many times we were reminded by our mother that our father was an elder in the church and that our deportment should become the chil-

dren of one occupying such a position. Ready to yield in non-essentials, she never surrendered when principle was involved.

It was written of her, after her spirit had taken its upward flight and been freed from the bondage of the flesh, by one who had intimately known her many years as pastor and friend, that "her influence was as unusual in its breadth and uplift as her spirit was sweet."

THE BUSY YEARS

"It were easier to turn the sun from his course than thee from the paths of virtue."

THE little home my parents had established in Waverly was soon to be transplanted. Not long after its founding father decided he would prefer to locate in the community where he had spent his youth and early manhood. A doctor's location did not depend upon a clientele in a sparsely-settled community, and distance was no barrier to professional calls, as the weary man could testify after a long ride in the rain, heat or cold, whichever it might be. Accordingly, father and mother removed to the old home, occupying the house built by my grandfather, Col. John Wishard, when he first came to Indiana, he having erected a more modern and commodious structure on another part of his farm. It was there the first child, John Moreland, was born; but he was given to his parents only a few days.

Meanwhile Doctor Noble's practice had been enlarging as the population grew and he felt the necessity of having his partner with him; therefore he offered father a full partnership, which was accepted, and he returned to Greenwood. For ten years that relationship remained unbroken. Other babies came to brighten the lives of the father and mother, who grieved for their first born, but they, too, did not tarry long and the childless home became a lonely spot to the disappointed occupants. Rachel Agnes, Martha and Mary Ellis were the names bestowed upon the three little girls whose memory ever remained fragrant with their father and mother, who enjoyed relating the incidents of childhood that are dear to the hearts of all parents. Agnes was four and one-half years old

when she was stricken and suddenly died, but in that brief time she gave evidence of a disposition of singular sweetness, strength of mind and character seldom found in one of her age. One night when father was away mother became alarmingly ill, and with remarkable presence of mind and all absence of fear, Agnes walked nearly half a mile, alone, at two o'clock in the morning to summon a neighbor to come to mother's assistance.

At another time she was overheard discussing the unseen things of eternity with a workman on the place, disclosing more than a childish interpretation or fancy about such mysteries. She concluded by interrogating with him the unanswerable question, "Do you think when I go to heaven Mrs. God will ask me to have a chair?" It was not long until her angelic spirit was called to the place prepared for her by the Friend of little children.

The long-coveted opportunity at last came for father to gratify his desire to attend a course of medical lectures when he went to Cincinnati, the medical center of the west at that time, and matriculated in the Medical College of Ohio for the college year which opened in November, 1845, remaining throughout the entire session. That experience made him eager for greater knowledge, but circumstances did not permit another prolonged absence from home until the winter of 1848-49, which he spent in LaPorte, where the first Medical College of Indiana was located. According to the history of that college, as given in "Medical History of Indiana" by Dr. G. W. H. Kemper, it was organized in 1842, and its first course of lectures was delivered in the spring of that year, making it one of the first medical colleges in the northwest. The class of 1849, with which father was graduated, consisted of thirty members, and ninety-three students matriculated that year,

though at one time there were one hundred and four students enrolled. Many of the graduates became prominent practitioners in Indiana, among whom were Doctor Lomax, of Marion; Doctor Baker, of Stockwell, and Doctor Evarts, for some years superintendent of the Central Hospital for the Insane.

Students were in attendance from a wide area, including the states of New York and Mississippi, which bespeaks the high rank it occupied in medical circles. Doctor Knapp, professor of materia medica, gave the commencement address to the class of 1847. "Now all the world knows," he said, "that the theories and doctrines in pathology and therapeutics are changing, improving, advancing under the light of investigation. I would be very sorry to entertain now the pathological notions of malarious fevers that were taught me in Jefferson College, much as I venerate my alma mater; and it would be a source of great and lasting regret with me to have taught you as I was taught, or as the books teach, the therapeutic precepts to govern the practitioner in the treatment. I might say the same of other forms of disease." Continuing, he added: "But, gentlemen, under the light of observation and experience afforded your teachers in western practice, in the treatment of our endemic diseases, you will go forth from this school of medicine with a pathology and therapy that will avail you in the west like a magic wand, or as a brazen serpent did Moses in the Israelitish camp. Western people have already seen the eastern bred physician succumb to the superior skill of the graduates of this college, and the opinion that the students must graduate at LaPorte, in order to practice successfully in the northwest, is becoming prevalent now."

Doctor Knapp's laudatory statements regarding the position the LaPorte college held in his estimation indicate the rivalry that then existed among medical colleges.

Judge John B. Niles, professor of chemistry, was the only member of the faculty who was not a physician, but the concluding sentences of the address he gave to the class of 1849 reveal his clear conception of the high calling upon which the young men were entering. "Intelligent physicians must occupy a high place in this new order of things. Then, gentlemen of the graduating class, go forth from the slavery of mammon or of lust 'in the liberty of the sons of God, to do your work of love.' By seeking truth for the good of life you will become allied to all the good and true, and to the great author of goodness and truth Himself. May His spirit animate and His blessing crown your lives."

It was the same year of his graduation, 1849, that father was present at the organization of the Indiana State Medical Society, of which he was president at the fortieth anniversary and was also the last survivor of the eighty-four charter members.

Letters that have survived the ravages of time reveal a sprightly correspondence between father and his cousin, Sue Courtney Evans, of Ripley, Ohio. "Don't you feel as if you are nearly out of the world away off there in the farthest corner of Indiana?" was her way of expressing the sympathy she felt for him in what seemed to her such an unending distance separating him from his home and loved ones when he was studying at LaPorte.

A few years after their marriage my parents made a visit to Kentucky on horseback to see the numerous relatives that constituted the different branches of the McGohon family, and returned via Ripley, where an aunt of father's lived, Mrs. Jane Courtney, a sister of Grandfather Wishard. It was the day of the extreme full dress skirts, and a conference of the women in one of the homes was held during that visit to weigh the important question as to whether or not one of the dress skirts of

the aforesaid Sue was of sufficient proportions to meet the requirements then demanded by fashion. Sue was planning a journey to Cincinnati, and as the skirt had only thirteen full widths her cautious mother was inclined to think it was scarcely as modest an attire as she wished her daughter to appear in, especially as she would have to walk the gang plank that led from the wharf to the boat, about which there would be a crowd of bystanders gazing upon the passengers as they landed.

The letters sent from LaPorte to the wife at home breathe a spirit of tender solicitude for her welfare and divulge the loneliness the parting brought to the writer of them, as the following one illustrates: "December 5, 1848. This morning I received your letter and through the mercies of a kind providence I am spared to write you in the enjoyment of good health and spirits, so far as relates to the prosecution of my medical studies, but I can not help feeling great anxiety about you and our only child (referring to Mary). I shall be uneasy until I hear from you again, which I hope will be this week. My mind is made up never to leave you so long again while we are spared to live on earth, and that we may be permitted to live long to enjoy each other's society, and united above to enjoy the bliss of heaven, and there to meet those gone before, who are near and dear to us, shall ever be my prayer."

The postage on each letter then was twenty-five cents. Envelopes had not been introduced and the last page of the letter was left blank and so folded as to give room for the address and fastened together with sealing wax.

The restrictions of the lecture room were a trying change from the open free life of the country and could not but tell upon the health and spirits of one so vigorous physically as the student who was applying himself sedulously to his work. December 12 he wrote: "I have not been as well as usual and

I attribute it to the close confinement, which does not agree with me after living an active life, but I am more than willing to endure it for the good that I may get. When I think of the many miles that lie between us, it almost gives me the blues. I sometimes think I have had discouraging circumstances and disadvantages to labor under, but 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' but to him who will persevere and never turn back. Though I have had to pass through hard places, with scarcely a sunbeam in view at times, it has ever been my purpose to accomplish the end for which I am aiming, and I never regret that I made medicine my choice. Time wags on, and ten weeks from tomorrow the session closes and then I will move south as far as Greenwood with all the velocity possible. I know you will meet me at Indianapolis."

On Christmas day he writes, after expressions of gratitude to God for the mercies bestowed upon him, which pervade every letter: "I feel quite comfortable in every respect except one, and that is that I have not heard from you in a long time." The delay and uncertainty of the mails, which went by stage coach, is explained farther on. "There is much irregularity in the mails; that which came in this morning brought none south of Logansport. Reports say the roads are very bad south of that town, heavy rains and high waters, while we are having the finest snows that I have ever seen. This is a beautiful day, the sun is shining very bright and sleighs are running, all glee and commotion, with no lectures today. I am spending Christmas in my room transcribing my paper with such corrections as I hope will make me pass. All the candidates for the degree of M. D. must report tomorrow, and as I am on the list it behooves me to keep moving. You know the old maxim says 'make hay while the sun shines,' but it is the hardest thing imaginable for me to keep my mind on medical subjects. It will wander back to home and all its endearing asso-

ciations, and I think of you and our beloved child. I fear I see the worst side of the picture, for I am always fearing one of you may be sick. I know it is wrong, for you are in the hands of a kind Providence; but when the hour of affliction comes we wish to be present, and there could hardly be a greater trial to me than to know you are sick and I could not have the privilege of standing by your side and ministering to your wants. There are not a few who would extend to you the necessary aid, and you would not suffer for attention, but after all it would not satisfy me not to be present myself."

In writing of the professors he referred to one of whom he often spoke in after years with love and admiration. "Doctor Deming was in my room this evening; he calls to see me every three or four days and is one of the finest gentlemen I ever knew; he is idolized by his class."

Father did not forget the horse that had served him so faithfully on many of his long and lonely rides and sent a message about him to a brother: "Tell John to take good care of old Jack, for he has been my intimate companion and fellow sufferer for the last few years." "Write often and long letters," he adds elsewhere.

That the ambitious young doctor continued to devote himself diligently to the supreme object before him is shown in a letter written as the year drew to a close: "December 30, 1848. You can form no idea of how anxious I am to see you and our little girl. I am homesick in truth, but I endeavor not to let it interfere with my studies. I am pulling every oar for a safe voyage over the Rubicon, which I hope to cross February 22, which is the day for conferring the degrees. The prospect of the prize at the end of the race spurs me with increased energy. I know you are not looking on as an idle spectator, but feel a deep and abiding interest in my success, for my interests are your interests, and my happiness is

yours. Be assured I am not leaving a stone unturned. I am glad you attended to that land, for I had forgotten about it. The truth is my mind has not been running on houses and lands, but degrees." January 4, 1849: "I rejoice that at present I am quite well, better than at any time since I came here. Six feet and a half of snow have fallen since I came to La-Porte, more than I have ever seen in one winter. My thesis must be ready in a few days. I hope soon to accomplish the end for which I am laboring, and then I will 'take the wings of the morning and fly' to you. Eight weeks from tonight I will be at home. Tell our dear child I will soon return to her." The last letter extant telling of that winter "away off there in the farthest corner of Indiana" is dated January 25, 1849, and concludes: "Write often until February 12. We close our labor here four weeks from today. The time will soon pass by and then I will be found traveling." The ride from La-Porte to Indianapolis was described by father as one of the hardest he ever experienced. The stage coach to Logansport was delayed, and without any time for rest upon arrival at that point, he immediately transferred to the one starting for Indianapolis, which was so crowded that the only available seat was on top of the stage with the driver, where he rode all through the night, exposed to rain and cold, but he wanted to "be found traveling" toward home and the waiting wife and little girl. With such compensations in store, the discomforts of fatigue and exposure could not restrain one of his intense eagerness and tremendous endurance. In subsequent years, as the mail facilities improved, he never failed to send a daily letter home when he was traveling alone.

These excerpts reveal the harmonious mingling of love for those who claimed the first place in his life and the obligation he felt devolved upon him to better equip himself for his profession. With the well-earned diploma the busy doctor was

soon at home, ministering to those who needed his services, but still craving opportunity for better preparation. Consequently he returned to the Medical College of Ohio for the winter of 1850-51, but that time he did not leave the wife behind, for the home was too empty for her to be left alone. The voice of little Mary, which had been such sweet music to the ears of her devoted parents, was silenced forever. Children subsequently born were William Niles, Albert Willard, George Whitefield, Harriet Jane and Elizabeth Moreland.

Following his third course of medical lectures, father returned home and was soon again in the full swing of his professional duties. A business trip took him to Pittsburg a few years later, when he was commissioned to make purchases at Madison, which was then the main source of commercial supplies in Indiana. Explaining his inability to execute an errand for one of his brothers he wrote: "Tell John there was not a sugar kettle in Madison and will not be for days, as navigation has been obstructed. I spent the night with Thomas Noble. He is very pleasantly situated and doing well." (Dr. Thomas B. Noble, of Greenwood, then a medical student attending Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, who afterward became his brother-in-law.) That letter expresses the same solicitude and assurances of concern for the wife and baby upon whom the father's name had been bestowed, and closed by saying, "Take good care of our boy."

It was after his return from the second course of lectures in Cincinnati that father first administered an anaesthetic, the use of which had just been introduced in the Ohio Medical College, and the method of painless surgery had made a profound impression upon all who had witnessed its demonstration by Dr. Reuben Muzzy, the professor of surgery. The first patient to whom father gave an anaesthetic was a young man who had fallen from a load of hay and dislocated his

Little Mary With Her Mother

shoulder. He was a large man and powerfully built. The dislocation occurred several hours before father reached him, and he found the swelling made it impossible to reduce it without great torture. The opportunity had now come for him to prove the efficacy of the new discovery in his own practice, and after explaining the effect of it to the patient and how it would enable the muscles to relax and the shoulder to be replaced without discomfort, he returned to Greenwood for the soothing balm, not willing to jeopardize it in the hands of others. The chloroform had become such an object of interest to the populace that to prevent its loss, through inquisitiveness and evaporation, he had tightly corked the bottle that contained it and put it beyond the reach of all. To him it was still an experiment, and not wishing to endanger his family, he had safely hidden it in the woodshed. Accompanied by another physician, he returned to the suffering man to find that the news of the approaching test had spread through the neighborhood and an assembly of curious people surrounded the house. Indeed, the occasion had resolved itself into a clinic of considerable size. But opposition had to be met, for the wife and mother of the patient had heard of the anaesthetic and refused to have it used.

The situation demanded drastic measures, for no one but the attending physician had witnessed its power to relieve and he had to stand unsupported in defending his position. After considerable parleying, which failed to convince the opposing women, the doctor had to become master of the situation.

Turning to the young man he asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one last January," he replied.

"As you are of legal age, you can make your choice; do you want to take chloroform or not?" he was asked.

"I do," was his answer.

Turning to the excited women, the doctor said, "This man

is of age and has decided this question for himself; you have nothing further to say about it. Will you please leave the room?"

Others had to forcibly eject them. After the dislocation was reduced and the shoulder bandaged, they were again admitted and found the patient in the maudlin, confused state that often follows anaesthesia. The women thought he had become mentally deranged and his mother, falling on the floor by the patient, where he had been placed for the operation, wept and threw her arms around him and upbraided father by exclaiming, "Oh! you have destroyed my son's reason by giving him that stuff."

Just then the patient was coming to his senses, as the answer he gave indicated that at least for the time being he was more rational than his mother. "It is no such thing; you are crazier than I am."

Still agitated and hysterical, she cried out, "How do you feel, my son?"

"In a perfect blaze of glory," he rapturously proclaimed.

Prejudice was conquered, and the doctor no longer had to overcome resistance when an anaesthetic was demanded, for its virtue had become established.

The inexpressible anguish and torture suffered by patients who had to be strapped to the operating table before submitting to the surgeon's knife is vividly set forth by Dr. P. H. Jameson in an interview in the *Indianapolis Star*. In narrating the incident of a case he and father were called to see, when they met for the first time in 1847, and had to amputate a boy's leg, he said, "I never will forget that time. Surgery in those days, before the use of chloroform in operations, was not what it is today. The boy whom Doctor Wishard and I had been called to operate on was about ten years old. His injury was due to the falling in of an embankment ad-

jacent to the excavation for the old Madison railroad. He had been playing near the embankment and when it caved in the bones of his ankle were crushed. The amputation of the leg was a terrible ordeal, and I will never forget the screams of the lad as we cut through the flesh. No chloroform was used. All that we gave to deaden the pain was a dose of laudanum. This had little effect, and it took several men to hold the boy while we performed the operation. He was held as though he was in a vise, and all he could do was scream at the top of his voice. The operation, though, was successful, and later I saw the boy on the streets of Indianapolis. After that I saw Doctor Wishard frequently. It was the beginning of a friendship which continued through life."

In his "Historical Sketch of Medicine and Medical Men in the Early Days of Johnson County," Dr. R. W. Terhune graphically describes the superstitions which often baffled the physicians of that epoch and curbed them in the accomplishment of the results they sought. He mentions an incident in which father figured as the principal actor, and one I have heard him recall with still a twinge of remorse that he had so misled a guileless woman. It must be remembered that many of the new settlers whom the doctors were called to attend had brought with them the superstitions they had absorbed from the colored people of the south, and when beyond the reach of physicians had recourse only to the old-fashioned home remedies, which were generally prescribed by women; but let us not forget that New England had its day of sorceries and witchcraft. I will let Doctor Terhune tell how father won the unsuspecting woman to belief in the curative agencies he administered.

"An amusing instance of the ignorance of the times in the use of domestic remedies was experienced by Dr. W. H. Wishard when a young man. One day he chanced to be in

the country, calling upon a patient, when a neighbor woman came in with a small child which was comely and interesting, with the exception that its head was a mass of festering ulcers, covered with the horrible incrustations of scald-head. Its hair was matted and disheveled and was still further befouled by a liberal application of some oily substance that had been applied for curative purposes, but that was evidently utterly powerless to effect a cure. Doctor Wishard became interested in the poor afflicted creature and asked the mother what was the matter with her child. She informed him, and he asked her what remedy she was using. She told him that she was using goose grease. She said that she had used it for quite a while, as it was the best remedy to be had for such diseases, but that it seemed to be of no avail in this case. The doctor looked very grave and said that perhaps the goose had not been killed in the right time of the moon. The woman said, with some little hesitation, that she thought it had been killed at the proper time. The doctor then said, 'Are you sure it was a goose? Perhaps you killed a gander by mistake?' The woman, with a worried look upon her face, said she didn't know that made any difference. The doctor suggested that it might, at any rate that something had been lacking in the art of preparation of this oil so that it was entirely inert; that this case was very severe and other remedies would be required. To this the woman readily assented, and from that time the poor child had the best of treatment. A doctor, who while yet young, has the rare ease of temperament that can thus humor the whims of an ignorant woman, and yet treat the case with scientific exactness, is blessed by the gods indeed, and is predestined to high success."

Father was intensely patriotic. When the civil war called him to the front he gave his services to his country with the same loyalty and devotion to duty that marked every act of

his life. In the paper which he prepared for the Indianapolis Medical Society, entitled "Some Personal Army Experiences," and included in this volume, he told of the experiences which brought him in intimate touch with Governor Morton, for whom he had profound admiration and affection, and spoke of him as "a great man who loved humanity." In a letter to mother dated "May 12, 1862, Pope's Division, Fifty-ninth Indiana Regiment, on the road to Corinth," he gave a glimpse of the battle-field: "The regiment started out yesterday morning and lay out all night. I slept soundly. I attended the funeral of one of the Iowa Second Cavalry who was killed in the battle Friday. If you will not be alarmed I will just say I was in the thickest of it, where shot and shell fell like hail. It can be seen and felt, but never described. Before this you have read particulars of the battle. The way I got into it was accidental—'done a purpose.' I was in Buell's division, in the center of the army, with the Seventieth Indiana regiment, and had promised Colonel Alexander, of the Fifty-ninth, the Gosport regiment, that if he and his men got into the fight I would be with them. Thursday night there were signal guns fired by Pope's left flank. Friday morning I started for the Fifty-ninth, but when I got near the camp I was informed that they were in advance and on the extreme left. I had not gone any distance until the artillery commenced, and before I got within a half mile of the field, shells from the rebel guns fell all around me. I hurried on to get to the regiment, for it was no time to stand and look on. I came to the right of the field and had to cross it in a southern direction to the Fifty-ninth, and you may depend upon my word that the explosion of shells, the shouts of combatants, the charging of cavalry and the firing of musketry was the most exciting performance that I ever witnessed. I passed nearly across the field before I discovered that there was not an Indiana regiment on it. The

infantry was from Illinois and Wisconsin and the cavalry from Iowa, so I had to return over the same ground and the fight in full blast, but it was soon finished. I do not think it lasted over two hours. All of Pope's Advance, some thirty thousand, with sixty pieces of artillery, were drawn up on our rear for a general field fight. My curiosity is more than satisfied and I think I shall not be in any other fight, as it is not the place of the doctor to put himself in danger unnecessarily. I do not think we will get to Corinth for some days; we move slowly, and fortify as we go, skirmishing every day, and take many prisoners." More than a year later when again in the South he wrote: "Camp in rear of Vicksburg, July 1, 1863. I should like to be able to spend the Fourth with you, but it is impossible. I am compelled to remain, as on that day we expect an artillery fight such as has never been known on the continent of America. I wish I could describe to you all I have witnessed tonight. Since dark I have been nearly a mile from our camp to visit our quartermaster, and on my return I thought of home and its quiet scenes compared with what I see about me. The moon is just rising; the whole country is enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust; camp-fires are on every hill and in every hollow for miles around. The incessant roar of cannon and the constant crack of muskets from our sharpshooters keep up such a din and confusion as are rarely heard. I talked with some rebel deserters today who came out last night. They told me the rebel generals say they will have to surrender, but we will not celebrate the Fourth in Vicksburg. Our men are working day and night to have our heavy cannon in position to open fire that morning. Many poor fellows will take their last look at this green earth that day."

On the morning of July 4, 1863, father obtained a pass from his friend, Adjutant-General Rawlins, who was General Grant's chief of staff, and whose tent adjoined that of his

chief. The ticket permitted him to pass all guards, and to enter the city of Vicksburg with the first of the United States soldiers. He did not wear his uniform and was not recognized as a northern soldier. While walking along a side street, before many of the solders had passed into the city, he met a southerner with his arms full of natural leaf tobacco, which he was liberally distributing, and offered father a generous portion with the remark, "Take all you want. I don't want them —— Yankees to get none."

After the surrender at Vicksburg a confederate soldier approached him with the salutation, "I want to shake the hand of a man who bears a charmed life." "Why do you say that?" father inquired, to which the man replied, "I have deliberately shot at you every morning during these past days as I have seen you walking over the ridge to your field hospital by the short cut, but could never hit you." "That explains why I have heard so many bullets whizzing past my ears," was father's rejoinder. As a surgeon he dressed in white, and each morning his duties took him to the military hospital which he could reach from his regimental headquarters by crossing an exposed area, or make a detour of half a mile. He took the short cut, and therefore was easy to sight by the sharpshooters who had improved their opportunity to aim at him.

A war souvenir found among his papers is a copy of the *Vicksburg Daily Citizen,* with the following explanation under the title, "Set up for print, July 2, 1863, before the surrender to Grant, and issued by his order July 4, 1863." It is printed on wall paper, eleven by seventeen inches. An explanatory statement adds a note of cheer for the northern soldiers, some of whom, as war prisoners of the confederacy, had set the type. "Two days bring about a great change. The banners of the Union float over Vicksburg. This is the last wall-paper *Citizen* and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them."

The war items were all favorable to the cause espoused by the south. The following indicates the drift of them: "The Yanks outside of our city are considerably on the sick list. Fever, dysentery and disgust are their companions and Grant their master. The boys are deserting daily and are crossing the river in the region of Warrenton, cursing Grant and abolitionists generally." On the side of that unwarranted announcement appears father's penciled denial, "Not so!" He was too loyal a Unionist to allow such false statements to go by unchallenged.

I once inquired of father his reason for not uniting with the church and making a public profession of his faith until he was twenty-seven years of age, in view of the fact that he was reared in a Christian home by a mother of exceptional piety. He replied that it was simply putting off what he knew to be his duty, and from that attitude he never failed to warn others not to make the mistake he did, but early in life to take what he deemed a vital and necessary step. The influence of a Christian wife supplemented that of a devout mother, and as father's duties as a physician took him to the bedside of the dying and into the homes of sorrow, he began to realize that other obligations than healing the body rested upon him. It was his privilege to give comfort and to point the way of life to darkened souls, but how could he act in a post so sacred when he had not publicly declared his allegiance to his Heavenly Father? I doubt not he had long been "reconciled to God," but he was slow to make known that fact. He united with the Presbyterian church at Greenwood January 1, 1843.

It was a distinguishing trait with him to do whole-heartedly whatever he undertook; so he buckled on the harness of church activities and went to work with zeal and enthusiasm. A pastor of his was wont to say there was no need of having the form of government of the church at hand to refer to at a

meeting of the session when father was present, so conversant was he with the rules of government that he could quote whatever authority was necessary. He could not only give a reason for his faith, but could tell how that faith was interpreted and accepted by his church. He early familiarized himself with its doctrines and government and believed they should be adhered to. He had little sympathy with controversy, or the man who disagreed with the teachings of his own denomination and remained within its fold; rather he felt he should withdraw and not permit himself to become a disturbing element.

He loved his church; he cherished its precepts and doctrines; he honored its history, and, like Henry Ward Beecher, believed in its purifying qualities. The latter, in defending the tenets of Calvinism, once said: "They tell us Calvinism plies men with hammer and chisel. It does," he replied, "and the result is monumental marble; white marble, to endure forever, and has no equal in intensifying to the last degree ideas of moral excellence and purity." If creed influences character, father was a striking example of the strengthening qualities of the one adhered to.

He had a capacity for remembering dates, and one he never forgot was May 25, 1845, the day he was ordained a ruling elder in the church, an office he held continuously during the remainder of his life, though the last years he was unable more than to occupy nominally the position, but the Seventh Presbyterian church, of which he was a member, retained him on its list of elders in recognition of his many years of unremitting service, a courtesy and honor he gratefully accepted.

Evidences of his early activity in church affairs remain and attest his fidelity in many directions. In the published history of the Greenwood church father's name appears as a member of the building committee for the third house of worship,

erected by the congregation in 1852. In the historical reminiscences which he gave at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of that church, in which he had served as elder and Sunday-school superintendent many years, the keen interest he had in all its activities is manifested. The story of his identification with that church is not complete without reference to his friendship for the Rev. P. S. Cleland, who was the pastor while he was a member of it, and whom, I am sure, he loved as he never loved any other friend, big as was his heart, open and responsive to friendship. The reasons for his deep affection for Mr. Cleland are partly told in his own language when he returned to participate in the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate. In addressing him he said, "Your father united my wife's father and mother in marriage, you married us and baptized all of our children and have preached the funerals of those who are dead. I was hopefully converted under your ministry and you baptized and received me into the fold of Christ." It may be added that Dr. Thomas Cleland, father of the Rev. P. S. Cleland, baptized all the children in Grandfather Moreland's family. To the very last the elder cherished fond memories of his pastor, to whom he often tenderly referred. Such a warm and enduring tie of friendship is rarely found.

In the rôle of elder, father was drawn into the larger responsibilities of the church. His appointment as a commissioner to the New School General Assembly, which met in Philadelphia in May, 1846, gave him the opportunity for his first trip east. The journey was not made then in eighteen hours from Indianapolis to Philadelphia in a Pullman, as it is today. The various modes by which he traveled and the changes required consumed about two weeks. From Greenwood he drove south to Columbus, Ind., which was then the northern terminus of the railroad that was threading its way

from Madison to Indianapolis. At Madison he took an Ohio river boat to Pittsburg, and from there went on the Monongahela river by what was known as "slack-water navigation" as far as boats could go and met the stage that went over the Allegheny mountains to Huntingdon, Pa., at which point he took the railroad for Philadelphia. At the place he was assigned for entertainment he met and spent much time with a young minister whose brother, Grover Cleveland, in subsequent years became president of the United States. More than twenty years later, when again attending a meeting of the General Assembly, father was walking with several friends and before them was a similar group, one of whom stepped aside and waited until father approached; extending his hand he cordially exclaimed, "I recognized that hearty laugh of yours." Looking into his face, he saw his comrade of the Philadelphia meeting, the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. Another interesting man whom he came to know at that first Assembly was the Rev. Horace Bushnell, the blind city missionary of Cincinnati, whose son, Horace Bushnell, Jr., afterward became his pastor at Southport.

From Philadelphia he went by rail to Baltimore and thence by stage to Washington, and at the White House met the president, James K. Polk. John Quincy Adams, ex-president, was then a member of the lower house of congress, and he heard him speak from the floor and later was introduced to him. Of the famous men who were members of the senate at that time, and during a later visit father made to the capitol, he listened to Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, also Daniel Webster, of whom it has been said he was "unquestionably the most majestic specimen of manhood that ever trod this continent."

Previous to the General Assembly of 1846, that body had met triennially, but at that session an overture recommending

annual meetings was sent down to the Presbyteries for approval, and at an adjourned meeting held in Cincinnati in 1847, where father again represented his Presbytery, an affirmative vote was received from the Presbyteries, but not until 1849 did the change go into effect. It was his privilege to be again a member of the highest court of his church at a history-making meeting. He sat as a commissioner in the New School Assembly which met in New York in 1869, simultaneously with the Old School Assembly, when each body voted to overture its Presbyteries to sanction a union, and both adjourned to meet in Pittsburg in November of the same year to receive the decision of their Presbyteries. Only one New School Presbytery and three Old School Presbyteries voted negatively and the union was cemented in an impressive service, when the commissioners from each Assembly walked in single file, and at the church chosen for the reunion, joined hands and entered. As the lines converged, the Old School commissioner who joined father was Judge Ayres, of Fort Wayne, Ind. As they entered the church the following hymn was being sung:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

The sentiment expressed by the last line provoked a smile from all the participants and the question which naturally came to their minds was, who were the ransomed sinners? Father always referred to those ecclesiastical nuptials as one of the happiest events of his life. There was no more joyful heart in the throng than his, when "the Old and New grasping each other, and amidst welcomes, thanksgivings, and tears,

they locked arms and stood together in their reformed relations. The moderator called on Mr. Robert Carter, ruling elder from New York, to offer prayer. This he did with great unction, and in hearty sympathy with the occasion the great Assembly melted together at the throne of grace."

Of the messages sent to mother during his absence while attending the Philadelphia Assembly in 1846, one letter remains, which was written on the boat en route to Pittsburg, in which he said, "We have been detained four hours repairing the wheel, which was injured by drift. We will reach Marietta before ten o'clock tonight and Pittsburg tomorrow evening. We have a pleasant company on board, a fine lot of ministers and elders, Mr. Nice, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dixon and family, Mr. Bushnell of Cincinnati, Doctor Breckenridge of Louisville, and others from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois. I have met several old friends of your father. Doctor Allen and I will go to Washington, Mr. Nice and Judge Stephenson will go via the canal. You know my failing and I feel it growing upon me—that is, to be writing, so you may begin calling at the postoffice. The boat is running now and it is quite a struggle for me to write. Judge Stephenson is at my elbow discussing slavery."

Father was a commissioner to the General Assembly which met in Portland, Ore., in 1892, and was accompanied on the trip by my mother, after they had celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. The last time he served in the capacity of commissioner was at the Assembly held at Winona Lake, Ind., in 1905, the sixth one he officially attended. Fifty-nine years had bridged the time from the first Assembly he attended to the last one, in which he sat with his youngest son, who represented the Minneapolis Presbytery, and both assisted in the administration of the opening communion.

Father was a passenger on the first train that ever entered

Indianapolis. It occurred in 1847, seventeen years after his father-in-law had predicted that "the railroad would reach Indianapolis in less than twenty years." It was the Madison and Indianapolis railroad. He boarded the train at Greenwood and made the return trip from Indianapolis as far as his home town, occupying a seat with Henry Ward Beecher, the most distinguished preacher who ever occupied an Indianapolis pulpit and of whom President Lincoln said, "The most marvelous thing about Mr. Beecher is his inexhaustible fertility." Mr. Beecher was then leaving the Second Presbyterian church, to begin his long pastorate in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, New York. He carried with him, securely wrapped, an oil portrait of his illustrious father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, explaining that he wished it transferred without injury and therefore preferred taking it himself.

It is a far cry from that crude train, which gave many people their first view of a steam engine and train of coaches, to the present day, with the vestibule limited trains composed of luxurious Pullmans, and interurban lines that literally cobweb the state, as it were, connecting nearly every county seat with Indianapolis, which was the first city in the world to have a station where all interurban lines focus.

It is related of Judge Charles H. Test, one of Indiana's noted jurists of the early part of the nineteenth century, that when campaigning for congress in the beginning of his career he took occasion to inform his hearers of the superior advantages of steam as a propelling power, and added, "I tell you, fellow citizens, that in England they are now running the cars thirty miles an hour, and they will yet be run at a higher speed in America." The audience answered that prophecy with an incredulous ripple of laughter and one man, bolder than the rest, shrieked out, "Are you crazy, or do you think we are all fools? A man could not live a minute at that speed." The fol-

lowing election proved that the voters were not willing to trust so visionary a lawmaker as the judge, and his opponent won, of whom it has been said, he "had reason to wish the trains were then running, as it took him seventeen days on horseback to reach Washington."

At the close of the civil war father left the farm and removed to Southport, seven miles south of Indianapolis, where he could give his time, undisturbed by other interests, to his professional duties, and remained there for thirteen years.

Having been a stalwart Whig in politics he naturally became an adherent of the Republican party, not alone from inherited tendencies, but because he believed it to be the party that stood for the highest principles in government, and the one which was most potent in bringing an end to slavery, a cause in which he was actively earnest until its abolishment.

The long years of unremitting country practice had made inroads upon his naturally robust, sturdy constitution, and though he was in no sense a politician, or ambitious for political preferment, when the suggestion was made to him that he allow his name to go before his party, as a candidate for the office of coroner of Marion county, he felt that perhaps it would offer the opportunity he needed to lessen his activities and lead a more regular life.

The year 1876 was marked by one of the fiercest political contests ever waged in the United States. Indiana being a pivotal state, like New York, was a storm center of the struggle. Notwithstanding the fact that "Blue Jeans Williams," as ex-Governor Williams was commonly known, defeated Gen. Benjamin Harrison for governor, the republicans carried Marion county. Political methods in the Hoosier capital at that time were more questionable than now, open as they still are to amelioration, and the bitterness engendered by the civil war had not been entirely overcome. The greenback party

was at its height and Indianapolis was emerging from an overgrown county seat to an enterprising city of promising numbers. Conditions were favorable for the development of the political boss, but amid all that chaos and methods, which today would be severely condemned, father stood boldly against any taint of the ballot. His uprightness and moral stability no doubt had much to do in bringing about his nomination and added weight to the ticket. The *Indianapolis Journal* of Monday, March 13, 1876, in reporting the convention of the previous Saturday, for there was no Sunday edition of the paper in those days, said, "Doctor Wishard was declared the nominee and in response to repeated calls came forth and made decidedly the speech of the day. He said: 'Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention—I have stood while shot and shell hailed around me, but I never felt so nervous as I do now. (Laughter.) Then I faced enemies, and now friends. I thank you for the nomination and I will say to you, and all who are concerned in this matter, that I went in for this nomination in the interests of the republican party, and I said to every man, and to my opponents, that if they were nominated they would receive my hearty support, and a man is no man at all that will not merge his personal interest in the great cause. (Applause.) It is an old adage, Mr. President, and a true one, that "it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks." I am sixty years of age and never was a candidate before, but I will try to adapt myself to the circumstances the best I can. (Laughter and continued applause.) One word more and I will step off the stage, for I expect to see you in some other corners than this during the campaign. You see I am at the tail of the ticket. I hope so to deport myself during the canvass, and to so conduct my campaign, that if those who lead it don't look well to the interests of the party, the ides of October will say that you nominated a kangaroo ticket—its greatest strength

was in the tail.' The doctor's sally was received with shouts of applause and by unanimous consent he received three rousing cheers."

The *Indianapolis News* of March 11, 1876, spoke of him, editorially, as "known as a man of unspotted integrity." After serving two years he expected to retire from office and did not present his name for renomination. From the report of the republican convention held to nominate a county ticket the following is taken from the *Journal,* March 4, 1878: "The candidates for coroner were quite numerous, but on the second ballot Doctor Wishard, who now holds the position, and who was named by Doctor Woodburn, was nominated by a handsome vote.

"The nomination of Doctor Wishard was made without his knowledge or consent, and was a spontaneous tribute to the doctor's eminently satisfactory administration of the office." His election the following autumn gave him the second term, which ended his tenure of office, and the remaining years of his activity were given to the work of his profession.

Having cast his first political vote with the whig party in 1840, when it elected Gen. W. H. Harrison to the presidency, father was eligible to membership in the Tippecanoe club, an organization that was composed of veterans who had cast their first votes for President Harrison when he was a candidate in 1836 and 1840. The club was organized in 1876 to promote the election of Gen. Benjamin Harrison as governor, and received its name from the battle of Tippecanoe, which was fought by his grandfather in 1811. While there were enough survivors to hold the club together as an organization, father was an active participant in its affairs, and for some time served as president.

One of Indiana's statesmen whom he greatly admired and loved was the Hon. Richard W. Thompson, who served in

many public capacities, notably as secretary of the navy in President Hayes' cabinet. His funeral, which father attended, was held in Terre Haute, February 12, 1900. Arriving in time to attend the memorial service, held by the bar association of that city, he availed himself of the opportunity to listen to the eulogies made by Colonel Thompson's professional associates, but being recognized by the presiding officer he was called upon, and in the following tribute expressed the esteem in which he held his friend of many years, whose life had run along the same channels as his own, witnessing, as they both had, the early history-making period of Indiana:

"Mr. President, Gentlemen of the Bar—It does seem to me a little out of place to call on a doctor, but I will say a few words, though I can not expect to entertain after the eloquent words that have been spoken here today. I will only say that Colonel Thompson was my senior by six years, and I have known him since 1835, and intimately known him since 1840. In that great campaign of 1840 with such men as Jordan, James Madison, John Marshall, George Clark, Judah, McCarthy, Smith and Henry S. Lane, it was said by Henry Clay that in no other state in the northwest were there such orators as in Indiana, and Richard W. Thompson stood in the front ranks.

"I could enumerate several little anecdotes which occurred between us, but I will not take up your time. He was a rare public speaker, combining wit, eloquence and logic. There is not one man out of a hundred who is a public speaker who combines those traits as he did.

"He has done what few men have: he has grown old gracefully. In that respect he is like a benediction to all men. Then I can say another thing which can not always be said about public men—I am very sorry for it—throw upon his life a

searchlight and in private and public life there is not a spot nor a blemish; that of itself is a crown of glory to any man. We belonged to the same club, the old Tippecanoe club, organized in 1876. I am the only one of that club here today.

"Now we are going to lay away a great and good man who lived a life pure in public and private. All honor to his memory!"

"God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land, Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide a while to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor and sits in an evening of calm and holy undress. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not ascended saints."

AFTER FOUR SCORE AND TEN

THE "dead line of fifty" was not to be found on father's program of life. A remark illustrates his conception of the length of time a man's activities should continue. After his vision had become too dim for him to read the printed page, there was read to him an account of the death of a friend, to which he had listened with interest, and when it was finished he inquired, "How old was he?" and the answer "seventy-two" was given; "Just in the prime of life," he observed. Gauged by his own experience there was much truth in his rejoinder. "I may be antiquated, but not superannuated," was the way he was wont to define his position.

Several years after the death of his brother, John, he was talking with a nephew and inquired, "How old was your father when he died?" "Eighty-six," the nephew answered; to which father reflectively replied, "Oh, yes. I thought John died rather young."

Another incident illustrates his perseverance and unwillingness to forego any of the pleasure and satisfaction his professional duties brought him until compelled to do so by physical inability. On his seventy-fifth birthday he was urged to decline night calls, to which he replied, "I can't afford it." He was then told by one of his sons if he would compute the total of all night calls on a cash basis for the past year that he, the son, would give him a check for this amount and would hand him a similar one on each succeeding birthday during his life if he would omit night work. He straightened up and, with some scorn, replied, "I decline the offer. I do not practice medicine for the love of money. The patients who call me at night, in many instances, pay me very well, some pay little and some nothing at all, but they are my old friends and

patrons and they would not like it if I did not respond to their calls and I could not sleep well if I refused. I am going to continue night work as long as I am able." And he did, spending an entire night with an obstetrical case when past eighty-eight, in a family where he had served as physician for four generations.

It was not until after his eighty-eighth birthday that father yielded to the importunities of his family to relinquish his downtown office. The slower step and failing eyesight, the result of incipient cataract, made us apprehensive as to his safety. The first illness that marked the physical decline occurred not long before the date for the annual meeting of the Indianapolis Medical Society, when he was to give his address as the retiring president. In compliment to his advancing years the society voted to defer the meeting one week and assemble at his home, when he could give his farewell message and have the opportunity of meeting socially his professional friends, which had always been a source of great joy to him. Very opportunely the adjourned meeting came January 17, 1905, his eighty-ninth birthday, and was presided over by Dr. F. C. Heath, who, one year previous, had nominated father for the office of president which he had just vacated. It is the custom of the society not to have any meeting during the holiday week that closes the calendar year, but the power of habit was strong with father and he went on Tuesday night of that week, 1904, overlooking the fact that there was no meeting that particular night.

His mistake inspired Doctor Heath to write the following lines, in which he facetiously placed his name in nomination:

> You may have heard what did befall—
> Last week we did not meet at all.
> A friend of ours, from habit strong,
> Could do naught else but come along.

His Tuesday nights e'er found him here—
He found us gone. 'Twas very queer;
But such a virtue as to come
When all of us remained at home
Was due to habits such as make
Our friend the man that none forsake,
The man of virtue eminent—
And he should be our president.
So vote for Wishard, senior, men,
The man who through his life has been
Doctor of father, mother, son,
And father of doctors, more than one;
A man of years four score and eight,
That rest on him so light a weight
That he still seems right in his prime,
With heart so young—defying time.
May he live long, a hundred years;
Be free from pain and free from fears;
The friend of all who seek the right—
Give him unanimous vote tonight!

It was at the adjourned meeting following the close of his year's service as president that the medical society presented him with the parchment scroll that is beautifully embellished in color which unfortunately can not be reproduced in the original colors.

The January Bulletin of the society commented upon the meeting as follows:

"The Indianapolis Medical Society has been happy in its choice of officers, but none in the list was ever more universally loved than our retiring president, Dr. William H. Wishard. His kindly nature, wise counsels, broad charity, harmonizing influence, sympathetic disposition, fatherly interest and encouragement in the progress and welfare of us all have been an inspiration and a benediction. It has caused universal regret that sickness should have deprived us recently of his valued presence at the society, and that one so deserving of all the best in life should suffer pain. We earnestly hope

To one whom we all delight to honor

Greetings

on this his 89th birthday.

His has been a life of loving service to his fellowmen.

His faith in humanity has been an inspiration to all coming in contact with him.

Out of his daily life has emanated generosity, charity, good cheer and radiant optimism.

Constant in friendship, steadfast in the performance of duty, unswerving in loyalty to his belief in God and immortality--he has lived well.

In his chosen profession, he was the sympathetic friend, wise counsellor, and skillful physician.

This in token of our respect and love to

Dr. William H. Wishard

From

The Indianapolis Medical Society.

January 17th 1905.

Theodore Potter,
Secretary.

F. C. Heath,
President

and pray that he may be spared to bless us with his counsel and helpful companionship for many years.

"He has rendered such service by his life among us and as our revered president that we may, not unfittingly, address to him the words of Longfellow to his beloved teachers at Bowdoin:

> 'Honor and reverence and the good repute,
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto you, whom living, we salute.'"

Father was privileged to attend but one other meeting of the society, when again the date was the same as that of his birthday. It was his ninety-fifth milestone, when, after a full afternoon receiving friends who remembered the occasion and called to congratulate him, and entertaining a small circle for dinner, an invitation came from the president to go to the meeting; he responded with his old-time buoyancy and expressed his eager wish to accept. A heavy snow had fallen that day and the night was so stormy that a less courageous spirit would have faltered; but not he who had faced wind and many blizzards in the heyday of life. On entering the room he was invited to the platform when the president, Dr. A. C. Kimberlin, graciously handed him the gavel with the request that he preside over the deliberations of the meeting, which the *Indianapolis Medical Journal,* in telling of the meeting, said "he did with a good deal of vigor, putting motions and rendering decisions with apparent zest and pleasure." During the evening Dr. Theodore Potter presented the following resolution, which was unanimously passed by a rising vote, and to which father responded with evident feeling and gratitude:

Resolved, That the Indianapolis Medical Society hereby expresses its pleasure in the presence of Dr. William H. Wishard at this meeting, congratulates him and his family on his ninety-fifth birthday, and in respect and affection wishes him continued health and happiness.

On the day following, the annual midwinter meeting of the council of the Indiana State Medical Association occurred at the Columbia club, Indianapolis, and the following resolutions introduced by Dr. G. W. H. Kemper, of Muncie, were unanimously passed:

Whereas, Dr. William H. Wishard only yesterday, January 17, 1911, celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, and inasmuch

as Doctor Wishard was a member of our State Medical Convention in 1849, has been a member of the State Medical Society since 1850, and our State Medical Association since the change of name, and as he is the sole survivor of that band of noble physicians, eighty-four in number, who laid the foundation of our State Medical Association, and has always been loyal to our association, ethical at all times, a valuable contributor to our medical literature of the state, and now at this advanced age is a type of the old and new physician, and his character is, and always has been, so Christianlike and noble; therefore,

Resolved, That this council, now in session, extends its kind wishes, love and congratulations to Doctor Wishard, and that we express the hope for his good health, comfort, peace and joy during the remainder of his natural life.

It was in October of the previous year, 1910, that he was present at the annual meeting of the Indiana State Medical Association held in Indianapolis, when he was again taken unawares. He was invited to sit by the president, who chanced to be his never-failing friend, Doctor Heath, who, turning to him after the formal opening, requested that he extend the welcome on behalf of the local society to the more than six hundred doctors who were in attendance. The last message he received from his friends of the state association was only a few weeks before the earthly ministry ceased. The meeting was held at French Lick, October, 1913, from which point he received the following telegram: "The sixty-fourth annual session of the Indiana State Medical Association sends you, its only charter member, greetings and best wishes." He was ever grateful for all the consideration and deference shown to him by his medical and church friends, as well as all whose kindly attentions brought cheer and comfort.

Doctor Heath again gave evidence of his devotion to father in the tribute he paid him when he was asked to present an oil

portrait of him to the Indianapolis Medical Society, January 16, 1906, the night before father reached his ninetieth birthday. In doing so Doctor Heath said, in part:

"Born not to riches and idleness, but to a life of work and care, our beloved friend, Dr. William H. Wishard, the nestor of Indiana medicine, has achieved a success higher than that of worldly fame or princely riches—an enduring character—a career of usefulness to humanity, an influence for good among his fellowmen that knows no bounds of time or space.

"In his professional life of sixty-six years he has shirked no duty, but answered to the sufferer's call with little thought of self or ease or fee. He has gone about quietly doing good in the footsteps of the Great Physician.

> 'Such is our friend—formed on the good old plan—
> A true and brave and downright honest man!
> His daily prayer, far better understood
> In acts than words, is simply doing good.'

"In public life the same unselfishness appears.

"It is not strange that such a man should be honored by his associates in the great profession of medicine, for he alone has the distinction of having been president and charter member of the Indiana State Medical Association and the Indianapolis Medical Society, both of which organizations have at different times given other tokens of their esteem and veneration for his worth.

"These circumstances and the urgent pleading of prominent members of this society led his family to have his portrait painted by our artist townsman, T. C. Steele, and to bring it here to you tonight, not only as a tribute of love to him but as a mark of his attachment to us.

"This picture, as you see, has a casement which will forever prevent the entrance of dust—is that not typical of the strong

character that has kept his noble soul pure and stainless through his long and active life?

"Speaking for his family, and his younger friends here who have learned to feel as adopted sons at least, we present this picture to you, with just family pride in his life at home, in the profession and in the world at large, feeling that while his presence in the hearts of all is secure, it will be well and pleasing to have always looking down upon us that strong, kindly face, with its influence for peace, for virtue, and for hope."

Dr. John H. Oliver, as president, received the portrait on behalf of the society, speaking feelingly of his affection for father, who had been a lifelong friend and associate of his father.

It was a great deprivation to father when the infirmities of age denied him regular attendance upon the church services, which included the weekly prayer meeting, when, unless detained by professional duties he could not control, his seat was never vacant. This loss was largely compensated to him in the unusual privileges extended by the First Presbyterian church, which is equipped with an acousticon that has connection with the telephone. Thus science stepped in and supplemented the limitations of the flesh, and he was privileged to hear his dear friend of many years, Dr. M. L. Haines, and other preachers who occupied the pulpit from time to time, as well as prominent laymen and missionaries who came to speak on themes of general interest. Sitting in an easy chair, with his arm resting on the table that supported the telephone receiver, he was able to enjoy all the Sunday services, and whenever his strength permitted regularly "went to church," as he expressed it, morning and evening. The First church was the first one in Indianapolis to install the system whereby those whose lifelong habits were interrupted could enjoy, in the quiet of their own rooms, the services that in other days had

been their meat and drink. He was passionately fond of the old hymns and one of the modern innovations that especially gratified him was the Victrola. By means of it he listened almost daily to the melodies it reproduced, and so entranced would he become that he seemed lost to all his surroundings and would frequently attempt to raise his voice and join in the familiar strains.

He was strict in his observance of the Sabbath and illustrated his attitude on the subject by relating an incident that left a strong impression upon his mind. When a young man he made a trip by wagon to Iowa. The party he was touring with shared their camp for a few nights with another company of men, who, when Sunday came, declined to tarry, saying they could not afford to waste time and must push on. Father and his friends went to the nearest church, where they were cordially welcomed and invited to dine with members of the congregation. They had not pursued their journey very far the next day when they overtook the other men who had been detained by various mishaps and were so delayed they saw them no more. He and his friends completed their trip in safety, and he never forgot the lesson of obedience to divine law which that experience taught him. The same rules for the Sabbath were applied in the home. The piano was never opened unless to be used for sacred music.

Father did not belong to any lodges or fraternities, but was a loyal member of the Grand Army of the Republic and constant in his attendance upon the stated meetings of the George H. Chapman Post until failing health prevented him from going out evenings. He served many years as surgeon in chief and again as chaplain of that post.

Despite our earnest efforts to shield him from the calls of old friends, who had for years been his patients and were unwilling to relinquish his professional attentions, they would

occasionally come to the house for consultation or advice as to the selection of another physician or some line of treatment that had been prescribed. One day a stranger appeared at the door and inquired for father. After being ushered into his presence she expressed her desire to have him diagnose her trouble and prescribe, proffering the information that Dr. P. H. Jameson had been her physician for many years, but had grown so old she felt unwilling to longer trust herself in his care. Without betraying the joke he was enjoying at the expense of one of his best friends and old associates, he proceeded to give the desired relief, evidently to the satisfaction of the patient, for she continued coming until improved in health, never suspecting that her last medical adviser was nine years the senior of the one she had left because of her fears that age had in some measure incapacitated him for skilful treatment.

He was frequently sought after for old settlers' meetings and newspaper interviews by those who wished reminiscences that he could recall. He attended an old settlers' meeting at Broad Ripple after he had passed his ninety-second birthday. An announcement of the meeting had been read to him, but he knew nothing of the program. Remembering the day, he expressed a desire to attend. When he reached the picnic grounds the presiding officer saw him approaching and immediately came down and invited him to occupy a seat on the platform with other old citizens, men and women, not one of whom antedated father in years. It was not long until the chairman announced that the next feature of the program would be speeches on the "Customs of life of the early settlers," and, turning about, added, "Our first speaker will be Doctor Wishard," and so again he was taken by surprise, but with characteristic readiness he arose and spoke along the lines suggested to his mind by the topic. The day passed agreeably

to him and he entered into all its pleasures with the zest and enthusiasm of a school boy, renewing old friendships and living over again the days of yore so fraught with happy associations. After we started homeward he drew from his pocket a five-dollar gold piece, saying it was awarded to him by the judges for making the best speech on the subject assigned. He was not aware any such remuneration was to be given until the chairman of the committee of arrangements placed the coin in his hands just before our departure. It goes without saying that he appreciated the honor, but I think he was ever afterward doubtful as to his right of possession. He was not given to entering competitive races, and to win money as a prize was foreign to his moral code.

At one time when the apartment to which he was called to visit a patient was accessible only by a long flight of stairs he lost his footing as he attempted to descend and in the fall received painful bruises. Refusing the kind offers of friends to assist him home, he went to see another patient and when he finally returned he made no mention of the accident. The next morning the pain became so acute that he no longer could conceal it, and when a physician was summoned he discovered two broken ribs. By much persuasion he was induced to remain indoors, but only a few days.

When visiting in the home of my brother in Minneapolis in 1910, he one day sought the ease of a swinging porch chair, which he had been warned to avoid, with the result that the chair turned completely over and he alighted on his shoulder. After being assisted to the couch, and he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he placed his hand over his collar bone, suavely remarking, "I am afraid I have fractured a bone." An investigation confirmed his fears and for three weeks he was forced to lie in bed, but so complete was his recovery and the union of the broken bone, that he never suf-

fered any after effects or discomfort when using his shoulder.

A year previous to that experience he was stricken with what the attending physicians were apprehensive would prove to be complete paralysis. Orders were given that at the first sign of returning consciousness and ability to swallow, liquid nourishment should be given to him. The next morning the nurse, obedient to directions, gave him a cup of warm broth, which at first he accepted in an indifferent manner. When he had taken all of it he inquired, "What was that?" to which she jocularly replied, "Oh! just an eye-opener." "Now bring me a stomach filler," he retorted. His sense of humor and ready wit, which enabled him to see the ludicrous side of a situation, stood him well in hand in old age as it had during trying professional experiences. He enjoyed telling of the man who once asked him if he did not regret growing so old. "No indeed! there are men who would give all they possess to be assured they will live as long as I have," was his logical reply. He valued too highly the blessing of years to darken their close with idle regrets.

Life to him never lost its flavor. When he returned from a prolonged visit in Minneapolis he was speaking about it one day, telling of the pleasures he derived from it, but added, "I am glad to be home again, for I have a great deal to live for." To be able to relate oneself to life in that spirit at ninety-four obviously requires vigor that yields reluctantly to the unrelenting progress of physical decay.

A few weeks before he celebrated his ninetieth birthday, an event that was observed when relatives and friends gathered in celebration of the anniversary and messages from absent ones added to the pleasures of it, father attended a "homecoming day" of the Southport Presbyterian church, when former members from afar returned to join with the present ones in honoring the reunion. For half an hour he stood

and in a happy vein recounted many of the incidents of the days when he was identified with that church, speaking in grateful remembrance of those who had worked side by side with him as standard bearers.

Father enjoyed the unusual distinction of having personally known the twenty-seven governors of Indiana whose terms of office spanned his earthly pilgrimage. When a boy he was introduced to William Henry Harrison, the territorial governor. He was never averse to having it known that he was eleven months older than his adopted state. Governor Ralston, the last one of that number, honored him with a call when he was unable to leave his room. The conversation turned toward a discussion of father's impressions of the governor's predecessors, about whom the latter made inquiry. Later it centered upon church affairs and father was pleased to find that Governor Ralston had served as an elder. "I have observed," the latter remarked, "that a high grade Democratic speech comes nearer matching a good Presbyterian sermon than anything I can liken it to." The challenge was too great to be passed unanswered. "I have never been able to detect any resemblance," was father's good-natured response.

His reminiscences of the early governors were entertainingly related to a reporter and published in the *Indianapolis Star* of March 1, 1908. By way of introduction the reporter said, "There are men living in Indiana who enjoyed close and confidential relations with former governors of the state and whose personal recollections of the chief executives, with whom they were severally acquainted, are of absorbing interest. Doctor Wishard is a most remarkable man. He is in his 92d year and his mind is clear as a bell. His memory stretches back to Jonathan Jennings, the first governor of the State of Indiana, who was the chief executive from 1816 to 1822."

"I was a small child," said Doctor Wishard, "When Jona-

than Jennings stopped one night at my father's house on the Bluff road, south of Indianapolis. He was on an electioneering tour and I remember that he was a very genial old fellow. William Hendricks I knew as a man of great moral worth.

"I shall never forget James Brown Ray, who was acting governor from February 12 to December 11, 1825, and governor in his own right from 1825 to 1831. In those times the gubernatorial term was three years. Ray wore a queue and was an aristocrat of the first water. He had an idea of his own importance that often made him ridiculous, although he was a man of ability. While he was governor a young man was sentenced to be hanged for participating in the murder of some squaws in Madison county. The day of the execution came around and a large crowd assembled near Pendleton to witness his plunge into eternity. There were some extenuating circumstances and the governor had been giving serious thought to his duty in the premises.

"At 4 o'clock on the morning of the day when the young man was to pay the death penalty, Governor Ray called for his horse and put off on horseback to the place of hanging. He arrived just as the noose was being slipped over the victim's neck. He immediately called a halt, and, while the multitude waited breathlessly, he drew himself up to his full height and said: 'Young man, there are only two beings in the whole universe that can save you. One is God Almighty and the other is James Brown Ray, governor of Indiana. God Almighty is not present, but James Brown Ray is here. I therefore commute your sentence and commit you to the penitentiary for life.' That dramatic incident left an indelible impression upon the minds of all who witnessed it. Afterward Governor Ray pardoned the young culprit. The terrors of the scaffold unbalanced his mind, and, if I am not mistaken, he died in a madhouse.

Southport Presbyterian Church, 1860-1899

"I was well acquainted with Noah Noble, who was governor from 1831 to 1837. I knew him when he was receiver of the land office, prior to his election as governor. He was a tall, genial and hospitable man and possessed such a gift of magnetism that it was said he could win over the bitterest democrat by a shake of his hand. His popularity always gave him strength beyond that of his party. The Black Hawk war broke out in 1832 when he was governor. My father, John Wishard, was colonel of the Fifty-seventh Regiment of state militia. He was plowing and I was hoeing corn when a messenger arrived at our old home place bearing a message from the governor calling out troops. Father at once went to the different captains of his regiment and appointed a day when they should rally their men at Greenwood. When the day arrived father addressed them and announced that the governor expected him to raise a company of mounted riflemen from among the men of his regiment. He then ordered the fife and drum corps to start on a parade around the regiment and requested all who wanted to volunteer to fall in behind. He was the first to volunteer. He was elected captain. Samuel Herriott, a brother of Congressman Overstreet's grandmother, was elected second lieutenant. The company marched to Indianapolis and joined three other companies that had been recruited here. Father wore his military coat, but it was decided that uniforms would be a menace in fighting redskins. He thereupon discarded his bright-colored military clothes and borrowed a coat of Morris Morris, father of General Tom Morris. He left his own coat here and went to war in the borrowed coat.

"Governor Samuel Bigger was one of the purest men in morals that Indiana ever produced. He was a conservative man of unblemished character.

"I shall never forget my first meeting with James Whit-

comb. He was then a prosecuting attorney. He had been in Indianapolis on law business, and was en route to his home at Bloomington on horseback. His horse foundered, and he stopped at our house and borrowed a horse of father to continue the journey. He was a shrewd politician. He was a musician and an expert violin player. Governor Joseph A. Wright was a Methodist, and a mighty clever, genial soul. He was buried at Brooklyn, N. Y. Ashbel P. Willard was a brilliant man, but somewhat erratic.

"Henry S. Lane was a product of Carlisle, Ky., where I spent my early years, and I knew his family there. He had a brother at Carlisle who was a doctor and a sort of wag. In those days tight lacing was all the vogue among women. One of the good sisters laced so tight that she fainted in church. Dr. Lane, who happened to be in attendance at the service, was quick to detect the cause of the lady's discomfiture. While she lay unconscious he whipped out his jack-knife and cut her laces, which popped like a gun. In a short time she revived. Henry S. Lane was more sober minded than his brother and I doubt whether he ever had an equal as an electioneer."

"But few people," continued Doctor Wishard, "know what a debt of gratitude the world owes to David Wallace, who was governor of Indiana from 1837 to 1840. After retiring from the governorship he served two terms in Congress, and cast the deciding vote in favor of appropriating $30,000 to establish an experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Up to that time Prof. Morse had conducted a few experiments at distances of two or three hundred yards, but he was generally regarded as a dreamer and his invention as wholly impracticable. Wallace was criticised in the most severe terms for voting for the appropriation, and when he came before the people for re-election in 1846 he had to face

some lively music. His democratic opponent was William J. Brown. I heard several of Brown's speeches in that campaign. He assailed Wallace without mercy and held him up to public ridicule. It seems to me that I can hear his words of sarcasm yet. 'Our congressman,' he would say, with a peculiar drawl that cut like a knife, 'voted $30,000 of the people's money to please a Yankee and to help him to put up an e-lec-tro mag-net-ic tel-e-graph, or some such jaw-breaking apparatus as that.' Brown was elected and Wallace was driven out of Congress, simply because he had made it possible for the telegraph to become an established and practical invention. In that campaign Brown delivered one of his scathing speeches in Greenwood, where I was practicing medicine. He caught the crowd, and when I expressed the opinion to several of the bystanders that he was very much mistaken and that the telegraph was destined to become one of the very greatest inventions of the century, they laughed at me. I contented myself by assuring them that they would live to see their error."

Among the many cordial letters father received from time to time was one from Vice-President Marshall, then Governor of Indiana, in which he said:

"Permit me to congratulate you on your arrival at your ninety-fifth birthday. I think you have found the scriptural promise to be true: 'With long life will I satisfy thee.' I do not know what I would give, because such things are not purchasable, to be assured if, at the end of my life, I could have as many people say of me as I hear them saying of you: 'His has been a life filled full of good works, kindly thoughts and generous impulses.'

"It is hardly necessary for me to express the hope, which I know will be the truth, that at eventide it may be light with you."

In the interview of Dr. P. H. Jameson, previously referred to, he added, "Doctor Wishard held a wide acquaintance during his time with all the medical men of the state, and often we got together and talked over old times and discussed the lives of leaders of the profession with which we both had been acquainted. I remember one incident which showed how extensive this acquaintance was. It was when we were both getting quite old, Doctor Wishard near the ninetieth mile-stone, that a state medical society meeting was held at Richmond. Some lecture had occupied our time until late in the evening and it was almost midnight when I went to my room in the hotel. I had just got in bed when the clerk of the hostelry knocked on my door and said that his hotel was full and that he had a man there that would like to share my room. I told him that that would be all right, and great was my surprise when Doctor Wishard entered. It was a notable and odd reunion. It was then midnight or later, and we had neither had any sleep during the day, but we lay and talked until almost daylight. We discussed old acquaintances, mentioning scores of the leading practitioners who had held sway in the state during the preceding fifty years. Doctor Wishard was born in Kentucky, and in the early twenties his family removed to Indiana. His father, according to the statements of those who knew him, was as fine a specimen of the Kentucky pioneer as one could have wished to see. He was tall, stately and vigorous, and by all who knew him was spoken of as Colonel Wishard, having been a colonel in the state militia. Doctor Wishard's strong vigor was probably due as much to heredity as to anything else. His early days were spent in simple and careful living, but he came from a vigorous family, and this probably had much to do with his longevity."

The foregoing interview was held following a sudden illness of father's which it was believed would prove fatal.

However, he rallied in a surprisingly short time and survived Doctor Jameson more than three years.

In writing of him, Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, organizer of the American Medical Association, said: "Doctor Wishard is one of the oldest, most intelligent, useful and patriotic general practitioners of medicine in Indiana. Rendered strong and self-reliant by an abundance of physical labor in his youth without ample educational advantages in early life, and only the local or district schools as preparation for the study of medicine, he is in the best sense of the term a self-made man. While contributing but little to the pages of medical literature, he has for sixty-three years efficiently sustained the regular medical organizations, both state and national, and as a surgeon, especially during the siege of Vicksburg, his services were more than ordinarily efficient and valuable in the removal and care of the sick and wounded soldiers, many of whom he removed to northern hospitals. He is one of the pioneers, whose integrity, industry and efficiency have been his characteristics in every position he has been called upon to occupy."

In the address which father gave at the fiftieth anniversary of the Indiana State Medical Association, when referring to the changes that had taken place during the years that spanned his professional life and the many friends of his early days who were gone, he said, "I feel lonely. My only comfort is to make friends of today and try to keep up with the procession as best I can and cheer those who are in the advance column in this progressive age; to be satisfied with my lot and try to grow old contentedly."

How thoroughly and agreeably he fulfilled the longing to "grow old contentedly," none can testify better, perhaps, than she who daily witnessed the change when he was approaching the century mark, throwing off the armor of work with mind

alert, still yearning to be useful and have a share in the work of the world. To say that there was at first a ready surrender to the inevitable would scarcely be an accurate statement, for one with the habits of industry firmly fixed, and with ambition still burning within, to turn from a busy life to one of freedom from all responsibilities, without a twinge of regret, would require superhuman grace. Naturally he was slow to "settle down." Life was always full of serious interest to father and he wanted to be a co-worker in it; mere existence had no attractions for him, but, with remarkable adaptability, which surprised even those who could best fathom his nature, he adjusted himself to a life of freedom, but never idleness, until the weakness of age mercifully lessened the craving for activity.

When, because of approaching blindness, he could no longer gratify his insatiable thirst for reading he never wearied of listening to others, always evincing his grasp of the continuity of public questions by retaining their progress in his mind from day to day. He never failed to remember the day of the week when the church papers were due and with eagerness sought to hear what was being done for the advancement of the kingdom through the channels of the church he loved with rare devotion. He never gave a half-hearted service to anything, nor was there ever any doubt in the minds of others as to where he stood when moral questions were the issue. Contact with the world meant no weakening of his moral fiber. His deeply religious nature had many outlets and he was always bearing witness to his belief and hope. He carried about with him an inexhaustible faith which he radiated and which permeated every act and motive; indeed he seemed energized by it. His chief aim was to serve his Master and fellowmen, and he practiced medicine to pay his expenses, which at best were never large; his wants were

few and his tastes modest. To him his religious life was his vital existence, not a garb to be worn for effect or used in great emergencies. He accepted God's promises literally and fashioned his life accordingly. He lived in the realms of trust and obedience, which with his philosophy of life enabled him to rise above the sordid things of earth. His was no modern theology; he believed that "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," that faith which "builds a bridge from this world to the next one," was impregnable and intended for all time and not to be modified to accommodate succeeding generations. He never apologized for the supernatural in the Bible, but accepted it all with perfect assurance, believing that when his eyes would be opened to the glories of eternity all that which seemed impenetrable would be made clear. To him the promise, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," was sufficient for all the problems and mysteries of life. I never heard him give expression to the slightest doubt as to his Christian faith. His confidence in God and the final working out of His purposes with man was absolute. In the quiet that surrounded him in the days of his early Christian life, his faith took firm root. Religion goes deepest in silent places.

He told how as a little boy he would ride on the same horse with his mother to prayer meetings, held in the neighborhood cabins when there were no other religious services. Her example and conversation at such times left an impression that was never effaced.

As a stream is fed by hidden sources, so must his nature have sprung from ancestors whose strength and virility, restricted by their surroundings, bore fruitage in his life of broader development and expression. It may have been the bold, rugged and fearless spirit of his father, softened by the gentleness and sweetness of his mother's firm nature. I have

never seen a stronger example of fidelity to conviction and obligation than was to be found in my father. Potent must have been the influence of his parents, for that trait marked all their sons and daughters. When once persuaded that any line of action was right they were established and steadfast. They were blessed in the simplicity of life under which they grew into manhood and womanhood. Circumscribed as were their early opportunities, the reflex benefits are not to be undervalued. The formative period of their youth was singularly free from many distracting influences, and when they went out from the old home it was with upright habits so indoctrinated that they were never drawn from their moorings by the temptations they met; the waves of doubt never disturbed them and the allurements of the world never drew them aside from the higher purposes of life toward which they had set their goal.

It might be added in this connection that the strong attachment manifested by the youthful owner of the lost horn was a trait that stood out prominently in his character throughout life, not in any selfish way, for he was singularly free from any taint of that attribute, but clung with a peculiar tenderness to all the associations of his early days. As his life broadened and his horizon expanded he never grew away from the friends of his boyhood. He was a stranger to false pride and had disdain for the person who frowned upon an humble origin. He rejoiced in the larger life that brought greater opportunities for service, but revered the past. He believed that a good ancestry is a desirable inheritance and should be an incentive not only to live up to the standards set by one's forefathers, but to build better than they had built; but that in the final analysis the issue of character is with the individual. He kept fresh and strong the family ties, remote as well as near, and had a very profound respect and veneration for min-

isters and their holy office. As children in the home we never heard our parents discuss their pastors critically.

Father never lost his interest in young people; those who went to him for counsel were cheered and inspired with fresh courage and determination to press on with greater efforts. Hearing his name mentioned, a physician beyond the Rocky mountains gave expression to his gratitude for assistance in these words: "He is one of the noblest men I ever knew. No young physician ever came to him in perplexity or distress over a critical case who did not receive counsel and help. Day or night he was at the call of any acquaintance or stranger he could assist. Professional jealousy had no place in his creed."

The last time he spoke from the floor of the Indiana Synod, in 1902, his voice rang out with no uncertain sound in defense of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which was under discussion, pleading with his hearers to give it their cordial support. He deplored his own lack of opportunities in youth for the training which that society offers and said he looked upon the movement as God given in answer to the prayers of the churches for ages for the breaking down of denominational prejudice, and he hoped his own church would not hesitate to avail itself of the unusual advantages the society presents.

There was nothing trite about his remarks and illustrations; they were fresh and breezy, racy and to the point, but always tempered with good humor. One of his quaint sayings that was individual to say the least, was "more things than red hair run in families." He spoke knowingly, for his ancestor, William, the Scotsman, brought with him to this country a heavy shock of red hair along with his other Scotch tendencies, which, however, was one father did not inherit.

One who later became a devoted friend was first introduced to father on the street. After a brief conversation they

parted; as the new-found friend turned away he remarked to the one walking by his side, "Nature is a poor artist if he is not a good man; his face tells the story." He had deep, clear blue eyes with a penetrating keenness that fathomed the truth. He possessed that vivid personality and independence which come with perfect simplicity and lack of self-centeredness. He was original, always genial and delighted to mingle with friends, who meant more to him than places and circumstances. He was a stranger to no one and had a friendly salute for all. After the old home was vacated and we moved into a strange locality he missed the informal running in of the neighbors he knew so well and would sometimes ask, "Haven't we any neighbors?"

It must have been his love for the society of friends and for his work that made him indifferent to any of the diversions and recreations that less vigorous constitutions demand. Though he grew up in the midst of forests, and was familiar with all wild game, he never cared to fish or hunt; he felt that it was his mission to save life rather than take it. He never forgot a kindness and took pleasure in describing how his mother, who was early left an orphan, had been cared for by an old colored servant who had been freed, and toward whom he always manifested a personal feeling of gratitude for her faithfulness. The saving grace of his differences with others was that he cherished no animosity afterward, which was demonstrated once when a man whose conduct had called forth a righteous rebuke from father, later charged him with being opposed to him. Father quietly listened and then calmly replied, "No, my friend, I have no feeling of dislike for you; it is your habits I abominate."

He belonged to an age of which he was one of the last representatives. "I am living on borrowed time" was sometimes his comment when speaking of the many years that had been vouchsafed to him.

He could give a rationale of events with marvelous accuracy. He remembered the day when there was not a single mile of railroad in this country or Europe, but lived until transcontinental tours were made in automobiles, the air was conquered by aerial navigation and the uttermost parts of the world brought into communication by wireless telegraphy and the telephone. His life compassed the evolution of lighting from grease lamps and candles through kerosene and gas to electricity. He witnessed the passing of the red men in Indiana, and as a boy, in 1826, saw the widow and family of Tecumseh, who commanded the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe. With the Prophet, a brother of Tecumseh's, they camped for two days not far from his father's home on their way west. Father was born when James Madison, the fourth president, was in office, and lived during the administrations of twenty-five presidents. He saw Indianapolis develop from a village of a few hundred to a city of three hundred thousand, and at the year of his birth only thirteen of Indiana's ninety-two counties had been surveyed and only eighteen states admitted into the Union. His life exceeded in length that of any of his ancestors of whom there is any record. Had he lived forty days longer he would have rounded out ninety-eight years. Of his family his brother, Samuel Ellis, alone survived him, dying November 11, 1915, five weeks before he reached his ninetieth birthday.

A newspaper reporter, in interviewing father on his eighty-seventh birthday, asked him to what he attributed his longevity and unusual vitality, to which he replied, "Well, my friend, I was reared on a farm and had plenty of good hard work to do. I always had a plain diet and arose from the table feeling that I could eat a little more." The reporter further added:

"Doctor Wishard represents an epoch in American history. His life began in the wilderness and is now in the midst of the most progressive type of civilization. He entered the practice

of medicine in the days of saddle-bags, long horseback trips, crude drugs and limited pharmacy. Today he is in an office that was designed especially for physicians. The handsome seven-story building is a contrast with the two-room frame house which he first saw at Meridian and Washington streets in 1826, where Dr. S. G. Mitchell, the first resident physician of Indianapolis, established his practice."

The years of serenity and calm waiting, with undisturbed confidence, were but the reflection of many years of character building, an unconscious preparation for the test that comes to those who must sit and wait. The interpretation of the causes which led to such maturity of mind and soul are perhaps best explained by a friend, who, in writing to father, said, "I will never forget a remark you once made to me, which was something like this, 'Youth lives in anticipation of the future; those in middle life live in the present; the old live on memories of the past. How it behooves us then in youth and middle life to so live that our memories will be pleasant and such as we would like to dwell upon.' "

"Truly the grandest old oak in all the forest has fallen," was the eulogium of one when he read that he had reached the end of life. A young man who knew him many years said, "He measured up to my ideals of what a man might be. His was a wonderful mixture of strength and tenderness, of moral strictness and yet human sympathy, charity and understanding. His friendship was helpful and wholesome."

A friend wrote from a distance, "Of your father I can not tell you anything which has not been better said by many others who know better how to write them than I. My loving friendship for him is one of the dearest I have, and I am always glad to lay a wreath upon such tombs in the way of tribute to his worth and my affection for him. In all his

weary life, with demands upon him by countless other friends, I have ever felt a pride in the fact that he was so glad to meet me, and I never made a call upon him that was in any manner disappointing. How could I speak of him as he deserves! It would need a keener pen than mine to do justice to him as a friend; others can speak of him as the patriot, Christian, physician, the upright, bold, fearless, outspoken citizen, the cheery, kind, tender sympathizer so much better than I, that I shrink from the task because I feel how weak and powerless would be anything I could say. And so I am forced to this weak expression when I would say much more. I was notified of his demise while over on the ocean coast, and I could only recall the words of King David as best fitting the occasion, 'Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel today?' "

A niece of father's sent this message, "We have but one thought of your dear father and that is of his victorious life transplanted to a higher sphere. He was so gloriously alive for almost a century that 'death could have no dominion over him.' It must have been fellowship with such a soul as his that prompted those words," and as another wrote, "He well learned the art of living as taught by the One who mastered life."

A professional associate many years younger than father wrote, "His stories and opinions, his comments and philosophy all rang true."

Another niece wrote, "Dear Uncle William! What a saintly man he was, always the same, kind and loving, ever ready to sacrifice everything for others. After my own dear parents, none of the older generation have been as near to me as Uncle William and Aunt Harriet, and it fills my heart with sadness to know that I shall see them no more on earth."

A nephew sent this tribute: "Uncle William was my boy-

hood's best friend. Next to my parents, he held the larger share of my affections. He was always 'chummy' with me, and thereby gained my confidence and affection. His many kind words to me during that period of life we usually reckon as formative, have remained and led me through many slippery places. He was the reincarnation of the Good Samaritan. Always unmindful of self—was ever alert in ministering to others—his whole life was a continuous self-sacrifice. Why then should we mourn over his going? He was spared many years beyond the allotted three score and ten, and his passport to eternal rest is sure, for emblazoned thereon we find, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' "

Another nephew expressed his gratitude in these words: "My heart is made tender and grateful when I think of his unselfish life and his kindness to me. I should like to write more but can not because of tears."

Still another kinsman wrote: "The long-expected lettergram has come. How great a privilege it would be to answer it in person. If I were within reach I would lay away my pen and go to you directly and mingle my tears with yours and talk long into the night in review of the triumphant life whose memory shall for generations be cherished as one of the richest heritages of our family. Since the startling message, which, however long anticipated, comes as a shock, was transmitted over the 'phone I have been unable to think of my daily tasks. My memory has been flooded with reminiscences of dear Uncle William's life from the day I first remember him. I can feel at this moment his hand upon my shoulder and hear his brave words of sympathy and cheer in the darkest day of my life. From that day until the last time I saw him he largely filled my father's place in my heart. I gave him my entire confidence and received his in return. The

memory of our rides together along the familiar roads on which he had journeyed in summer's heat and winter's cold on errands of mercy and love—the long uninterrupted talks we had of the olden time of whose fascinating romance I never tired—our hearty hilarious Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts, all pass before me this morning in swift and loving review as one of the sweetest memories of this bitter-sweet life, and if I could sit in your broken circle and talk it all out I could recall a thousand tender memories which will abide with me long after the heavens shall have been rolled together as a scroll and the stars shall have burned out. The mansion of rest prepared by the hands of the Carpenter of Nazareth is thronged with familiar forms and faces whom he 'had loved long since and lost a while,' chief among whom stands the queenly woman whose birthday feast was to be crowned by the homecoming of him for whose familiar step she has waited as she had done in years gone while he tarried beyond the time in homes of suffering where his professional ministrations were his meat and drink, while close beside her are grouped the forms of those whose baby eyes he had closed in death, his first born and early children who, with celestial voices, call him father. I can not pursue this longer. My heart is overflowing. I could sit with you beside our dead in silence, or talk with you of his brave, loving life, but my pen refuses to express my feelings as I could do if I were with you."

A fellow officer in the church wrote: "The passage of your father from the church militant to the church triumphant has brought to us in all their vividness his many strong and helpful testimonies given at the prayer meetings of the Seventh Presbyterian church. His remarks never contained even the shadow of a doubt in all pervading, ruling and protecting providence, and he had no hesitancy in saying that he was miraculously spared again and again while passing back and

forth as army surgeon during the civil war, ministering to the sick and wounded. We often remarked that age, distance, and inclement weather were not sufficient barriers to keep him away from any of the church services. He will continue to live in the lives of many."

An old neighbor, in writing, related that the day he was moving into his new home, a few doors removed from us, that father met him as he was going in, and, after admiring the house, remarked, "You have a good house and it is a fine thing to have such down here, but it is far better to have a place in the Father's home above." One who knew him long and intimately wrote sympathetically, "We are thinking of all he accomplished in administering to suffering humanity and especially to the poor, who had no other compensation to give but the tribute of grateful hearts."

Dr. Dell Scott Edwards, who had known him from her early girlhood, wrote: " 'How much of what is best and pleasantest in life comes to us by the way.' So began my acquaintance with your father. Illness called him into my home and my association with him as the kind, intelligent, loyal family physician ripened into a friendship that was strengthened with the passing years. Entering upon his work at a time when it meant so much both of mental application and sacrifice of physical strength, his was a courageous spirit that could fulfill the demands made upon him in those pioneer days. Completely adjusting himself to the times in which he lived he devoted himself to his chosen calling with interest and faithfulness that are seldom equaled. Often have I been an interested listener as he would tell of his work in those early days in his adopted state; of the long rides at all hours, in all kinds of weather to see those who were sick and suffering that he might minister unto them. The severe trials incident to his work were such as would daunt the spirit of many in the pro-

fession today, yet with him it was a duty done cheerfully, never reluctantly. Such a life, so noble in its purpose, so perfect in its integrity, was an inspiration to all who knew him."

"I have just read in the paper an announcement of the death of your father," wrote Rev. Charles Little, D. D., of Wabash, Ind., ex-moderator of the General Assembly. "I appreciate your sense of loss, of personal loss, and extend my sympathy. Also I rejoice with you. When my father died at the age of eighty-one, and my mother at ninety-four, I was thankful they had been with me so long, and that they had left in their honored names and lives a rich legacy to me, and also that their arrival in heaven had enriched that blessed place. In the going of your father all this is yours in a peculiar degree, and most tenderly do I congratulate you. Also I rejoice with him in the halo, which throughout our state and our church attaches itself to his memory, and I further rejoice with him because of the rest which remains for the people of God."

Miss Grettie Y. Holliday wrote from Persia: "Yesterday's post brought the paper containing the account of your dear father's passing away. For two or three days previous he had been in my mind. I had been wondering if he were still living and in what health, and if his strong constitution would carry him to the end of a hundred years. This brings strongly to my mind the generation to which he and your lovely mother belonged, also my own father, the children of the original pioneers who came to Indiana and laid the foundations of what it now is, and still more and better of the church of Christ within its borders. It seems to me as if your father must be almost, if not quite, the last and youngest of that set of pioneers' children of whom my father was among the elder, as there was about twelve years' difference in their ages. While we thank God for such fathers and the ancestry that lay back of them, we gratefully acknowledge that all they were

and had of good they owed to Christ. It inspires us to be more worthy of Him and of them. There is a peculiar satisfaction in being able to repay in a measure what our parents did for us in our childhood. I prize the memory of the visits at your house when last at home, especially the quiet day there with Mrs. Baggs and Miss Keely, which was such a great pleasure."

The *Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association,* a monthly publication, paid tribute to his memory by naming the issue of January, 1914, the "William H. Wishard Memorial Number." From the sketch of his life which was given in it the following extracts tell how his character was estimated by those who viewed him from a professional standpoint: "The story of Doctor Wishard's early experience as a practitioner is an interesting recital of the hardships of pioneer life and the heroic struggle of an energetic young physician to overcome the handicap placed on him by limited facilities for doing the work of his profession. As has been aptly said, medical education in those days was more like apprenticeship to a trade, and the limitations under which a young physician began his career would be considered almost insurmountable today. In a very striking way he combined the characteristics of a doctor of the old school with the modern physician. During his advancing years, when the infirmities of age cut him off from direct association and participation in the activities of his profession, he never lost interest in the progress of medicine, rejoiced at every step in scientific progress and had an enthusiastic faith in the high calling of his profession that he maintained to the very last. Doctor Wishard believed that no man had greater opportunities for usefulness than did a physician and never failed to improve every occasion for sowing seeds of righteousness as he went about doing the work of the beloved physician. He ministered to the

sin-sick as he healed their bodies; he preached the gospel of love and kindness as he went in and out of the homes of the well-to-do and the poor and the outcast. He was no respecter of persons when it came to the giving of his professional services; all received alike the best he could give, whether it meant remuneration or a free-will offering. His daily life was an exemplification of the highest ideals of Christian manliness; his character was spotless and bore no stain of dishonesty or professional trickery. He had a deep abiding faith that never wavered; a hope and trust that kept him joyful and full of anticipation for the future. Doctor Grenfell, that remarkable apostle of healing to the people of Labrador, has said in writing of his interpretation of Christian faith: 'In my bluest moments of life and in many hours facing death, I have never had one single doubt.' With that sublime confidence, born of long years of fidelity to God and conscience, Doctor Wishard went quietly to sleep, loved and honored by countless friends, leaving a name that will live in history and a memory that will long be cherished."

While father relished life and until the end drew from it pleasure and satisfaction, yet all the time he talked of the joys that awaited him. In the tenderest moments his mind dwelt upon the early ties and associations and in the evening watches, when we sat alone, he loved to tell of his mother, ever mindful of the great debt he owed her. At times it seemed as if the vision of those who had preceded him was so plain they must be by his side. The mental pictures he drew of his mother, the baby boy and the little daughters were so realistic that their faces have become almost actual memories.

His prayers always breathed the trust and assurance that prompted their utterance. The family altar was erected when the young husband united with the church and its fires were never extinguished. The days were never too full or the pres-

sure too heavy to crowd out that service, morning and evening, the influence and memory of which will be the longest to linger with the children of that household. In the summer when we would repair to the rear yard to escape the evening heat, we sometimes remained for prayers under the trees. The hush of the quiet at the close of day with the stately trees towering above, lent an inspiration that suggested the time when the patriarchs of old dwelt in the open. A friend, who was once a house guest, in writing of her visit, said, "I recall like a picture your father's fine old figure in the midst of the little gathering for prayers in your back yard. It is one of the scenes that will stay with me. It is an achievement to grow old with dignity, strong enough in purpose to hold to the end to the key that has governed in earlier life."

The last time his voice led in the family worship, not long before the gates of pearl swung open to receive his spirit, was a time never to be forgotten, one of the experiences in life difficult to describe through the medium of words, yet never to be erased from memory by those present. For several weeks father had been unable to leave his bed, frequently too weak to see friends who called. One evening the family assembled around the bed with one of the members who had returned for a visit. Before the son, who was leading the devotions, had an opportunity to offer prayer, the voice of him who was thought too feeble to participate was raised in tones slow and measured, but surprisingly clear and strong, which, with the aid of a pad and pencil that chanced to be in the hand of one present, facilitated its record:

Our Father which art in heaven, Thou upon whom we are dependent for every blessing, mercy and privilege of life, we come to Thee this night to offer our evening thanks. Thou hast been good and gracious to us and hast dealt with us not according to our sins, but according to Thy loving kindness

and tender mercy. Be Thou near to all for whom duty and privilege require us to pray. Enable us, oh God, to live humbly in Thy fear, striving to do Thy will; enable us to fix our affections upon the things of eternity and not upon this world. Help us, oh Lord, to be Thy faithful followers, to stop and consider where we are going and to so lay hold of Thy promises that we will never forget Thee, nor the privileges and blessings with which Thou hast crowned our days. Bless the poor, the needy and the sick. Look in mercy upon those who are lying upon beds of affliction. Hasten the day when peace, righteousness and the love of God shall reign from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

Make us more devout, more zealous and earnest in Thy service, more faithful, that we may honor Thee in the future as we have not done in the past. Remember Thy people of every nation. May the day soon come when those of every land shall know Thee, when knowledge of Thee shall spread as the waters cover the deep; when Thy righteousness shall shine as the noonday sun. Forgive our offenses for we have sinned against Thee; our hearts have gone out too often to lay hold upon the perishable things of the earth. Prepare us now for every duty and responsibility that awaits us. Help us to so live from day to day that when night comes and the work of life is over we may make sure of an eternal entrance into the fullness of Thy joy. We ask all these blessings in the name of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Amen.

His prayer epitomizes more forcibly than the language of another can the wondrous triumph of God's grace that sustained him until the silent messenger forever stilled his voice. As one reflects upon the enduring qualities of his character, the breadth and scope of his faith and hope, one can not but believe that the influences that go out from such a life far outstretch the limit of time given to those who came under its benign sway.

SERVICES CONDUCTED AT FUNERAL OF DR. WILLIAM HENRY WISHARD

At the Residence of His Son, Dr. William Niles Wishard, December 12, 1913

Scripture Reading by the Rev. Claude R. Shaver

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten.

Or if, perchance, by the special dispensation of divine grace, they attain unto almost five score, they mark surely a mature life in God's wondrous plan. In line with His providential dealing with many men of faith, we read:

Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.

And Isaac gave up the ghost, and died, and was gathered unto his people, being old and full of days.

So Job died, being old and full of days.

Evidently this promise has been fulfilled in the life of him who is in our thought today. Indeed, it is quite rare to see the poetic touch so fully realized—"like a shock of corn cometh in

its season." Hence, we may feel, as the bereaved family feel today, that this occasion is not one wherein comfort is so much needed. They have the comfort in their hearts. They have adjusted themselves in thought to the special benediction and blessing of God Almighty vouchsafed in this life of almost five score years; ripe, mature, symmetrical in its completeness, ready for that unfolding in the fuller life of God's plan.

So, today we are thinking in the retrospect. We are going to look back upon this life; we are going to walk with him who walked humbly with the Maker. We are going to see him as he was, just for a little while; remembering that his life was complete in its earthly span, and that we need not words of comfort but words of encouragement, to emulate, to inspire, to cleave to that which was in his heart and in his life.

The following hymn was sung by the quartette composed of Messrs. William T. Chafee, Samuel O. Dungan, W. D. Allison and J. Edward Stilz:

HYMN

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live.
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

SCRIPTURE READING BY THE REV. M. L. HAINES, D. D.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall He hide me; He shall set me up upon a rock.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creatures, shall be

able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair;

Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed. Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord.

We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him.

And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve Him:

And they shall see His face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

PRAYER BY THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER

Oh, Thou eternal God and Father, Thou who art from everlasting unto everlasting; Thou who art our life and our salvation; we pause in the busy round of earthly activity to recognize the limitations of life, to recognize that there are limitations to everything earthly. We say, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou visiteth him;" and yet in our humility, in our weakness, amidst our limitations, we may look up because Thou hast spoken unto us. We may look up because Thou hast taught us to aspire. Thou hast taught us to say "Our Father," and to recognize the unseen sympathizer of life. Yea, we are grateful that Thou hast spoken to us, in the latter days, in Him, Thy son Jesus Christ, whose love we know, whose sympathy for human life we have seen, whose leadings heavenward are our blessing and our joy. And, as we wait before Thee today we wait in His name. We wait in the shadow of His cross. We wait in the light of His resurrection; and are confident that "though the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And in that comfort we shall abide in Thy presence, seeking the guidance of Thy spirit this hour; asking that Thou wouldst enable us to look at life as Thou seest it; enable us to look at ourselves as Thou seest us; introspective and thoughtful. For this is the lesson of death—to cause a halt in the secular life, to produce meditation and aspiration, to produce introspective analysis and spiritual hope. Therefore, Almighty God, help us to abide in that attitude while Thou shalt lead us. And in the echo of these old hymns, and in the memories of this life of faith, we would that Thou wouldst speak to us, that Thou wouldst make this hour one of worship and of spiritual aspiration; an hour when we shall know Thee better as we shall know ourselves better. For we are nearer to Thee today than we have been before. We are always nearer when we are thoughtful. We are always nearer when we are thinking the deep thoughts, those thoughts of God's interest in life, and of His concern for fullest blessing and light. May that be our wish today. Still our hearts before Thee and enable us to think Thy thoughts, as they have been interpreted in the life

of this man of faith, this disciple who knew his Lord, who followed Him in the humble Christlike, childlike spirit, and who had the peace that passeth all understanding in the joy of his Lord. Amen.

HYMN

For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever bless'd.
Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light.
Alleluia.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the Bless'd.
Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia.

THE REV. M. L. HAINES, D. D.

For long years Dr. William H. Wishard has been identified as the beloved member and honored officer of the Seventh Presbyterian church of our city. The pastor of that church, under whose charge these services are being held, and who is to speak to us regarding the life and character of our venerable friend, has asked me to say a few words concerning him, first as a Christian physician. I see here this afternoon members of that profession from our city and our state, all of whom knew Doctor Wishard personally, and some of whom have been closely associated with him in professional life and labors for a half century.

The few words that I can speak at this time are pitifully inadequate to express what you know in such fulness, but it must be a gratification to you, the members of that profession with which he was identified, to realize how it has been adorned by the unselfish, beneficent life and labors of this capable, conscientious physician.

I am the son and grandson of physicians who lived and practiced in Indiana in former years. I used to think as a boy in a small town that the life of a physician and of a minister was far from desirable. I saw something of the hardships and the self-denial which those callings required in those days in such communities; but now I am persuaded fully that there are no callings on this earth which give larger opportunities for personal influence for good and help that are of special value in the lives of men and women about them than those of the minister and the physician. Naturally all of us this afternoon are impressed by the unusual length of life of this good man. Born eleven months before the territory of Indiana became a state, he has seen and had no small part in the wonderful changes that have been wrought since this forest-covered ter-

ritory, with its few small settlements, and its far separated cabins, has been built up by the unceasing labors and the struggles and the sacrifices of the pioneers to its present high place among the commonwealths of our nation.

The far-reaching influence for good of a life like his should not be lost sight of in the thought of the length of the years of that life on earth. His personal labors as a physician were mostly confined to Indiana, and to those southern states to which he went during the four years of the war into the camps and hospitals of the soldiers of the Union. How finely he showed his patriotic devotion as a physician in those years; his courage and his wisdom during the time of our great civil strife. The services he rendered, as some of you well know, as a volunteer army surgeon, refusing all pay except that for his necessary expenses, while the services he rendered in first suggesting that the wounded and sick soldier boys in the southern camps and hospitals should, if possible, be brought back to their homes, where their chances for getting well would be much improved, was an achievement, born in his mind and heart, suggested and planned by him, and then pushed through by Indiana's great war governor. In spite of opposition at Washington, the plan was approved and ordered by President Lincoln himself to be carried out; so that not only to Indiana but to all the northern states where arrangements could be made the sick and wounded were brought back.

Pardon a personal reference. When I first came to Indianapolis some twenty-eight years ago, I was a guest for a day at his home the week following my arrival; he reminded me of a fact of which I was not aware until then, that his preceptor in medicine was Dr. B. S. Noble, and that Dr. B. S. Noble's preceptor in the early years of the century was my grandfather, then a practicing physician in the southern part of the state; and so he graciously counted himself as, in his

professional life, especially indebted to my ancestor. I was proud always to keep in mind that fact. In the personal conversations that I have been privileged to have with him in these later years he recounted in detail varied experiences of himself and other physicians of our state in those early times. The address which he gave some eight years ago as the retiring president of the Indianapolis Medical Society, setting forth the struggles and difficulties and notable achievements of the pioneer doctors of our commonwealth, is of especial value as a vivid, historical setting forth of the conditions of life then, especially as regards health and disease. To hear him tell of the experiences of those days, of the hardships of life in the dense woods, of the prejudices and superstitions of not a few of the settlers, of the "isms" and nostrums of ignorant healers, of the epidemics of cholera, smallpox and the like, of the horseback journeys from cabin to cabin by the physicians; to hear him tell of these things in his clear straightforward way was a revelation not only of the early life in the state, but a revelation of the man who told them. He did not speak of these things in any manner to make a display of his own abilities or skill. He was above any weak personal vanity of that kind. The personal recitals were nevertheless a disclosure, all unconscious to himself, of those sterling qualities of Christian manhood which were back of all his beneficent activities during three score and five years of professional life.

I saw in an editorial in one of our city papers this statement regarding Doctor Wishard: "He was one of the soundest, sweetest, most sincere and lovable of men."

Those words, though sweeping, are none too strong. He was all that, and more. He was sane in judgment. He was straightforward. He was honest. He was sturdy. He was genuinely kindhearted. While we should hold him in the esteem that he so richly deserved because of all that he has

done in his long life for the welfare of society, we should hold him in even greater honor for what he showed himself to be in the essential quality of his manhood. For after all, character is more than achievement. It is behind all true and lasting achievement. Humboldt said "The finest earth holds up to its Maker is a man." It is a good thing to be a great man. It is a great thing to be a good man, and Dr. William H. Wishard was a man of that sort.

Long ages ago Hippocrates gave this definition of the physician: "A good man, skilled in healing." Doctor Wishard was a genuinely religious man. He had more than religious opinions. He had convictions. They were inwrought into the very fiber of his life. He sought first the kingdom of God, and not professional or commercial advancement. He gave, through long years, the first place to the claims of his church. I have been privileged to be with him many times in the annual meetings of the Presbytery, and sometimes in the meetings of our Synod and our General Assembly. He did not share at all in the shallow estimate that some have, in our time, of the place and importance of religion, and the institutions of religion. His thoughts and his sympathies widened out into all the far-reaching lines of work of the Christian church the world round. He had the joy of seeing his relatives and his children take places of influence in that work of the church, both in our own and in lands beyond the sea. He had a wide vision of the kingdom of God and its coming in this earth, and he not only prayed, "Thy kingdom come," but he gave and he labored for its coming.

In these later days, when the infirmities of advanced age were upon him, his eye was not so dim but that he saw the evidences of its onward movements and rejoiced in them. He has enjoyed the rich heritage of a fruitful and honorable life, and during these later years, amid increasing bodily infirm-

ities, with clearness of mind, strength of memory and healthy, hearty interest in the life of our generation, he preserved his spirit of hopefulness, of kindliness, and of faith in God, and now this "beloved physician"—how much that phrase of Scripture means when applied to him—this "beloved physician," with character unstained, with face uplifted in answer to the call from above, has passed into the presence of that Lord of life whom he loved so devotedly and served so faithfully.

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ.
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER.

"The path of the just is as a dawning light that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." I have read to you these words of the ancient wise man, adopting one word from the revised version of Scripture which seems to express more accurately not only the literal truth but its application to this life which is in our thought this hour—a "dawning" light, instead of a shining light. For our brother and senior who is gone would be reluctant to speak of his career as spectacular or pyrotechnic. But, undoubtedly, there was a glow and a warmth, a dawning aurora there that was pleasant, that was peaceful, that was inspiring. And so we may feel that his path was as the "path of the just," which is as a dawning light growing "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." It was a pathway through the sunshine, not through the fog. These days, in our professional schools sometimes our young men enter a fog of doubt, of question.

It was not so with this physician. He was always on the sunshine highway. He was always in the leading of the day star,

the star of Bethlehem, which illuminated his soul as well as his pathway. He had that light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," the light which reacheth into the depth of consciousness. So much of life these days is superficial, so much of intellectual leading these days reaches no deeper than present opinions. It fails to touch the depth of soul, the depth of consciousness. There are many apparently educated men and women who lack the depth of development which was our brother's privilege. For his illumination was not merely in his professional career. His illumination was broader than that. It was an illumination which reached out into his medical practice. In my own experience in this city it has been my privilege to meet men and women to whom he ministered professionally, and his ministrations were always broader than to the body. That glow of hope, that radiance of faith, always went into the sickroom. They left there the evidence and conviction of the presence of God Almighty. It was a radiance which had its healing ministry as well as its spiritual inspiration. It was a radiance which pervaded his home life; happy home relations here, these of which we hear; blessed ties of which the world knoweth not; unwritten harmonies of domestic bliss, echoes of that heavenly life yet to be resumed; for that was his privilege, that was his hope.

He was only discouraged and discontented here because the last few years had witnessed the separation of the home ties. He looked forward because he knew God Almighty would not stifle pure domestic love. He was confident of immortality because he had the fruitage of immortal life in his own home and in his own life. He knew well the meaning of immortal love because he had tasted it in the sunlight of God's love; and so this shining pathway gave him illumination for a well-balanced life. It was the path of the "just," and that is a word which you and I would covet in connection with our

own life. We might not care for piety, we might not long for honor, or for skill or culture, but we do covet that word "just." The path of the just is a path which we may all seek to follow. This path had a fourfold leading. It was a justice developed because of four rays of light, because of four tones of character. There was a justice manifest in his fair judgment of others. Never a word of harsh criticism from his lips. He may have differed from others, but his judgment was always kindly.

His relations in the home, in the office, partook of that justice which went out into all experiences of life; went out because it was founded upon a broad fourfold basis, a clear understanding of human nature obtained in that varied school of early experience among the pioneers of this region. His university was not the one of which you and I think, but the university of neighborly association with human nature, in the fields, at the mill, in the courthouse, along the roadside, with the plain people. He became informed as to the meaning of life in its diversity and in its naturalness. Numerous were his experiences in times of sorrow, in times of gladness, in times of national depression, in times of national development; experiences which gave him a true knowledge of human nature—veritable necessities, if we are to be just. For if we are to be just we must be broadly informed. Other experiences, later, in the medical school, in the realms of science, in the realms of culture as it was at that time, further broadened his vision, enabling him to see life, not superficially but deeply. And shall we omit those trying experiences in public affairs, still later on, when he went on that mission as army surgeon, thinking of the affairs of state and country, bearing the burden of the soldier on the field of battle? All these experiences so very necessary to a well-balanced life, blended with his religious experience, which was broader and deeper than all. This came to him along the roadside of his professional calling, in the campaigns

of battle, in his home life, and amidst the sorrows of later years; developing in this fourfold way the manhood of which our leading newspaper has said, "Foursquare to all the winds that blow." And yet, with all its stability this character was not fixed in an arbitrary way; nor was it established so that it could not adapt itself to the development of the time.

He was a progressive in the large sense of the word. He was progressive in the sense that, as his community developed, he could adapt himself to changed conditions. Remember that he rode upon the first railroad train that entered Indianapolis. Remember the marvelous and remarkable changes from that time unto this. See how adaptable he was, how pliable his thought and his reason; that, amidst all these changes he could remain a "citizen of the times" unto the last. He could remain a citizen who could think with the later generations as with the earlier generations. His memory was remarkable in its grasp of things gone by. His reasonableness was agreeable in its appreciation of the things present. He was a conservative in religion, but a broad conservative. Like Enoch of old, he walked with God. He adapted his thought to the changed conditions of human life, not to the changed conditions of God's purpose. For he was truly a man of God in appreciating the sovereign and unchanging purpose of the Almighty as emphasized by the church of his choice. He was a conservative in discerning amidst all of the superficial changes of our times the undercurrent of that mighty purpose of the eternal and all-wise Father.

For that reason, there was poise and solidity to his life. For that reason, it moved on and on. Indeed, if you and I are to walk with God we must move, we must progress in the realms of His purpose. Hence such causes as missions, temperance, the larger and higher union of churches, unswerving honesty in citizenship, were causes with which he was in sympathy. He appreciated the diverse respon-

sibilities of the church of God in these days. Because his appreciation was so sympathetic, he more truly "walked with God." There are those who unite with the church, who enroll themselves and think their religious experience ended. Not so this elder of seventy years experience; not so this man of faith and of spiritual adjustment. He walked with God in watching, in sympathizing with the apparently changing purpose which is in the mind of God as he deals with this changing age in which we live. For that reason his movement was brighter and brighter. For that reason there was no shadow at the close. "At even-time it shall be light," says the Prophet. In the radiance of the sunset he did not fear the shadow nor the gloom of the dark valley. That radiance of his sunset was only the opening of the silken clouds into the fuller life; for the life of faith is not the life which ends in tragedy.

It was said of another Christian citizen, by one of our leading daily papers at the close of his life. "For us mourning, but for him morning;" and I think that is the application here today. For us mourning, but for him morning; the morning of eternal, fuller, glorified life, planted by the spirit of God in human consciousness. "Whom the gods love die young" was the ancient adage, but I like the way Marion Crawford has supplemented that by saying, "Whom the gods love die young, because they never grow old;" and I like to think that this man of faith never grew old, in the spiritual sense; that he was always living in perennial thought and sympathy with his God. For that reason there was always a buoyant vitality in spiritual things. The first hymn you heard this afternoon was his creed in rhyme, in harmony:

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

That was his platform. That was the reason that he had a purpose in life, that he had a policy for his professional and domestic and political career; and that was the reason that there was depth as well as breadth to this man of justice. That is the reason that there was a symmetry there which at the close enables us to see a life ripe in its fulness, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season. The maturity of life is no occasion for great lament. The maturity of life is merely the time for recognizing the goodness of God in the long and manifold experiences through which he has passed. The symmetry of life is the guarantee for that life which is fuller and younger. The symmetry of life enables us to say "Oh death, where is thy sting; oh grave, where is thy victory?" Thanks be unto God who giveth us victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

PRAYER, THE REV. M. L. HAINES, D. D.

Oh God, Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our fathers looked unto Thee and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed. We lift our hearts unto Thee this day. We adore Thee for all Thy goodness and loving kindness revealed unto the children of men through Jesus Christ and his gospel of infinite love and of eternal life. We are grateful for the good examples of all Thy servants who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors and are with Thee. We bring Thee, even in our sorrow this day, the tribute of our gratitude for the life of the man whom Thou hast called unto Thyself, whom Thou hast spared to be so long with us. Thou hast taught us that the memory of the just is blessed. May the memories that are ours this day be an inspiration to us in the days to come. Comfort, we pray Thee, Thy servants endeared to him by ties of affection and of kinship. May the peace of God that pas-

seth all understanding keep their hearts and lives through Jesus Christ. Strengthen Thy servants associated with him in that profession of service of humanity to which Thou didst call him. May his example and his spirit be an abiding benediction to them.

We thank Thee for all that Thou didst enable him by Thy grace to be and do. We beseech Thee that Thou wilt help us to walk in the same path of loyalty to God and to righteousness and to country in which he walked, sustained by Thy grace; that Thou wilt enable us to do in our day and generation, as far as we have opportunity, the work to which we are summoned in Thy good providence; and that Thou wilt bring us all at last, redeemed from every infirmity, cleansed from every stain of evil, to the inheritance of the saints in light, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

HYMN

The sands of time are sinking; the dawn of heaven breaks:
The summer morn I've sighed for, the fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight, but day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted; more deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow were lustred by His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that plann'd.
When throned where glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land.

The bride eyes not her garment, but her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory, but on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He gifteth, but on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory of Emmanuel's land.

BENEDICTION, THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER.

And now may the Lord bless us and keep us. May the Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us. May the Lord lift his countenance up on us and give us peace, the peace that passeth all understanding, into the leadership and guidance of Almighty God. Amen.

MEMORIAL MEETING OF THE INDIANAPOLIS MEDICAL SOCIETY

Thursday Evening, December 11, 1913, Library, Indiana Medical College, Dr. Allison Maxwell, Presiding

Doctor Maxwell: Gentlemen, we are met this evening, as you all know, to take action in regard to the death of one of the founders of this Society. I regret very much that our president, Doctor Ferguson, is not able to be here in order that he might preside over this meeting. At his request I take the chair.

I have known Doctor Wishard since he first came to this city, nearly thirty-eight years ago. In fact, I was his successor as the coroner of this county one-third of a century ago. I knew very well the work he did as coroner, and I learned at that time the sterling integrity which possessed him. At that time, as possibly some of you may know, he was very conscientious in the manner in which he conducted the office. In fact, he did not charge the county really what was coming to him. He would deduct for this and that, and would shorten the number of witnesses, for at that time the coroner was not paid a stated sum as he is now, but was paid by the number of cases on which he held inquest, or in which he conducted a hearing. I know that Doctor Wishard in many instances would, in order to protect the county and keep from running up a bill, do many things to aid in this line; and then when I became coroner you may understand it was a little hard for me to hew to the same line. I would state, however, that as coroner, Doctor Wishard probably received twelve hundred dollars a year from the office, and I probably got fifteen hundred dollars. I know that some of my successors have got

as much as six or seven thousand dollars a year out of it. I simply bring this forward to show you the sterling integrity of this man.

Doctor Wishard was a man of very systematic mind. He stored his facts in the different compartments of his brain, as it were, I might say, and then when he wished to speak to the medical society, when he wished to narrate an anecdote, when he wished to speak to the Presbytery of his church, or to an old settlers' meeting, he was capable of drawing out these facts from the various compartments of his brain, and presenting them in a very systematic and clear way. This was one of Doctor Wishard's strong points. I remember what his son, Dr. William N. Wishard, knows very well, as he studied under the same professor of obstetrics at Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. William H. Taylor, that it was Doctor Taylor's method of presenting his subject to his classes. He was a Quaker, and his language was simple, like the Quaker language. Doctor Wishard always reminded me of him, and I could remember more of what Doctor Taylor said than of any other professor in the college because of his simple manner of presenting facts; and so with Doctor Wishard. He had a simple manner of drawing out the facts and presenting them upon whatever topic he might talk. I learned to love Doctor Wishard, and called on him only about three weeks ago. Unfortunately, he had a very restless night and was sleeping, and I did not have the opportunity to see him. He was a man whom we should all emulate, a man who made an impression upon the medical profession of this city and state. The meeting is now open for your action.

DR. A. W. BRAYTON: Mr. President—On my own motion, yesterday afternoon, I requested Doctor Heath to make some opening statement that might be accessible to the medical press

in regard to Doctor Wishard and I hope that you will invite Doctor Heath to present what he has prepared.

DR. F. C. HEATH: The Good Book pictures a man of years to whom the infant Savior was taken for a blessing, a just man, a devout man, full of faith and hope, his exalted character being but the ripened fruit of a true and virtuous life. Such a man was our beloved friend, Dr. William H. Wishard, whose loss we mourn tonight.

Strong characters need certain factors for their development. Is it heredity or environment that counts most in a man's life? Is it not true that both are essential elements? There must be somewhere in one's ancestry the seeds of character, and there must be, in his life, experiences that will furnish the soil and elements for growth and full fruition. Of an ancestry that figured among the religious martyrs of Scotland and among the heroes of the American Revolution, it is not strange that our friend showed in his life fidelity to duty, constancy in virtue, loyalty to truth. Had he been born to wealth and ease, these qualities might have become dormant, but, as a pioneer and a constant worker with difficulties of every kind before him, he found that discipline in his experience that made him strong and useful in his long career as doctor, citizen, parent and brother-man. Of him could it be truly said: "He was a friend to man."

Born in Kentucky, January 17, 1816, he came to Indiana with his parents when nine years old, settling ten miles south of Indianapolis. Nearly all his days were spent, therefore, in this city or its immediate vicinity. He saw Indianapolis grow from nothing or next to nothing to the greatest inland city of America. He personally met and knew every governor of Indiana, from Jonathan Jennings to Samuel M. Ralston.

The boys of that early day had none of the advantages

of today. Yet, in many ways, this was a blessing—to have to do things for oneself, to brave dangers, surmount difficulties, meet emergencies; what better school to draw out and develop strength and sturdiness of character? His educational advantages were limited as far as attendance at school was concerned, but he made the most of what he had, and learned more in the university of life.

In 1838, at the age of twenty-two, he began his medical studies, supplementing them by attending lectures in the Ohio and Indiana medical colleges, and, in 1840, he became the partner of Dr. Benjamin S. Noble, later of Dr. Thomas B. Noble, and still later of Dr. Thomas B. Noble, Jr., having thus been in professional association with three generations of the Noble family. Throughout his career of nearly seventy years in the active practice of medicine, he shirked no duty, but responded to the sufferer's call with little thought of self or ease or fee. He went about quietly doing good in the footsteps of the Great Physician. Doubtless he received the blessing given those who minister in His name:

> "For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds
> And though a late, a sure reward succeeds."

Alike unselfish in his public life, he rendered his great war service for the good of the cause without a penny of financial compensation, including the work of bringing the sick and wounded from Vicksburg to the hospitals of the North, and, as coroner of Marion County from 1876 to 1880, when others were concerned about questions of politics or personal gain, he kept up a steady, unflinching fight for the right and against the wrong without fear or favor.

It is but natural that such a man should have received honors from his associates in the great profession of medicine, and he alone had the distinction of having been president and

charter member of the Indiana State Medical Association and the Indianapolis Medical Society. He was the last survivor of those who met in 1849 to organize the state association; was elected president in 1888, his annual address, "A Retrospect of Fifty Years of Practice," picturing vividly the progress of medicine and the change in its practice from the simplicity and hardships of the early times to the day of modern methods and modern advantages. Among the many striking things in the address were his forcible contrast between the big families of the past and the small ones of the present and his good advice to young doctors: "Let not our young men debase their calling for filthy lucre, but keep the professional robe unsullied from this offense against the laws of God and man."

He visited his patients for years on horseback.

Many will recall a paper he read before the County Medical Society some twenty years ago on "Medical Men and Medical Practice in the Early Days of Indianapolis," a truthful and kindly record of his worthy compeers. Upon his retirement from the presidency of the Indianapolis Medical Society, his 89th birthday anniversary, he was presented with a beautiful illuminated scroll, containing resolutions of respect, affection and veneration for his worth. Two years ago he made the address of welcome to the State Medical Association on behalf of the local society, speaking as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Indiana State Medical Association: I regret that I have not the mental or physical ability to do justice to an occasion of this kind. It overpowers me to meet you here today. Where, oh, where, are the men who were with me when we organized this society? Gone to that bourne from which no traveler returns. I am the only one who survives.

It is a great privilege to meet with you here today—and I was going to say, see you; but I can not see you. It is a

privilege I did not expect to have, but I thank you for the welcome you have given me. I thank God that I am permitted to meet with you once more this side of the Great Beyond.

There are many things I would like to speak of, but my infirmities, the result of old age, are such that I must decline to enter into any discussion or lengthy talk. But I welcome you to our city, where the organization first met. I welcome you as medical men who have fought battles for humanity and advanced the science of medicine. When I look back to Chapman's Therapeutics and Cooper's Surgery, the works I read beginning with the 28th day of February, 1838, and compare them today, it is not the same profession. I look at these books as relics of bygone days.

Now, permit me not only to welcome you, but to advise you to rise in the future, as your fathers have in the past, in medical science and moral worth, and in everything that goes to make up a true man and worthy citizen.

He had a natural eloquence, a ready wit, a keen and forceful intellect. As Doctor Brayton well says, in his biographical sketch contributed to Stone's Eminent American Physicians and Surgeons, "He would have graced the pulpit, or been an ornament of the bar, or brought dignity and virtue into political life, had his desires led him along any one of these pursuits rather than to the practice of medicine."

Doctor Wishard was a Presbyterian elder for nearly seventy years; he believed in a religion of hope and joy and peace. He lived that religion in his daily life—and it is such lives as his that form the strongest arguments for the truth of Christianity—a sunny and kindly life, a life of faith in God and the triumph of right, a life of influence for virtue, peace and hope. We all loved him; we are better for having lived with him here; we mourn his loss as one personal to ourselves. Surely we can say of him:

> "A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
> More loving or more loyal, never beat
> Within a human breast."

DR. L. D. WATERMAN: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Association—It was my privilege to know Doctor Wishard for about fifty years. I simply desire to add my testimony to that which has already been said and written to the kindly qualities of his soul, to his sterling integrity and honesty as a physician, and to his general qualities as a man.

DR. E. F. HODGES: Mr. President and Gentlemen—I think Doctor Heath has said what we all, who knew Doctor Wishard well, will concur in; what he has said about his qualities of heart and mind. I knew him myself within a week of my coming here, thirty-four years ago. I remember meeting him then for the first time, professionally. He was a new type of man to me altogether; a strong, rugged, forceful character, and I saw at once that he was a man of very great parts, of very great intelligence and possessed of very great common sense. More than that, withal, he was a man of wisdom. He had a reason for what he thought and what he did, but through everything there was a fund of kindness. He thought and always acted kindly, and those who knew him well will like best to remember that characteristic.

One thing that has not been touched upon is his great conviction regarding the necessity of concord and accord and good will among his professional brethren. He stood out against all contention, and was a power for peace and good will among us. We have lost a good friend in that respect, because I think we are all a little too ready to lend our ear to what mere gossip says concerning our relations to one another, misleading our minds as to the motives of other practitioners, when we come together and sometimes clash a little. Doctor Wishard was always a peacemaker. His aim was always to mend the matter if he could; and both in his life and in his acts and in his counsel he was always for good will among the profession, believing that as a force we would be greater if that might be

maintained. He was a lovely character, growing wiser and softer, it seems to me, and kindlier every day of his life.

It was my good fortune to see him within two weeks of his death, when he could talk to me; and even then he spoke words of counsel that I was better for hearing. I rejoice that I had the privilege of seeing him. We have all lost a good friend, a fine character, a professional elder brother whom we who knew him well will always remember and revere.

DR. G. V. WOOLEN: Mr. President—I hesitate to rise, not because I have not a good subject to speak of, but I feel on an occasion of this kind my inability to express my appreciation, my regard of one so worthy as the one we have under discussion tonight.

I suppose that I knew Doctor Wishard longer than any one here. It was my good fortune to meet him when I was a student of Doctor Bobbs. In fact, I remember to have met him a time or two before that. I knew him practically when he was a young man, and I watched his career because of the distinguished character that he always exhibited. From my earliest recollection a kindly and encouraging word would always be given me when I met him, up until the last time I saw him; and it would be unbecoming in one unskilled as I am in language and in public speaking to try to do better than has been done by those who have preceded me. Every word that I have heard since I came in here has met with a very hearty response in my mind and in my soul. I naturally loved Doctor Wishard because of these early associations, and because of the uniform kindness and encouragement that he gave me.

He used Doctor Bobbs as his surgeon, who in those days was prominent as a surgeon, and I saw the character of cases that he would bring to Doctor Bobbs, who was genial and always responsive to his professional associates, in consultation and in every relationship, and was as helpful as any

man I ever knew. I had the privilege of seeing them together in my early medical days, and it was always an inspiration to me to see how they handled cases, and how they met each other in consultation. He always referred to Doctor Bobbs, of course, as a surgeon. He came for that purpose, as Doctor Wishard was a general practitioner. As I talked with him in those early days, and observed him, he impressed me as having an immense amount of natural medical sense. We have all often been interested in hearing him narrate his experiences in his earlier career; how he got out of different difficulties when he had none of the facilities that we now have for diagnosis and treatment; and I admired the marvelous success that he had in those early days; that was exhibited unconsciously in his talks and reminiscences.

He kept in close contact with medicine and was able to talk to doctors of the day, those of us who came on afterward, until the last time I remember to have seen him on this floor, when he showed a familiarity with medicine as it has advanced.

He would tell some of his funny stories that we would laugh about; his want of knowledge in his early experience, and how he had to extemporize and draw on his own natural ability—he would not say that, of course—but he had to draw on his own natural resources to manage difficult cases.

He kept in touch with medicine longer than most doctors do; and not only in touch, but from time to time we had the pleasure of having him in consultation. From what I remember, and from what I know of his experience and his history, he was abreast of medicine as long as he was in it. He did not give up his original ways. I think he always largely furnished his own medicines, but he knew what we were talking about, what you younger men who have had the benefit of a very much better education than he had, or even than I had, were talking about. Since sixty-five years ago the progress of med-

icine has been so immense that it staggers one who has gone over the ground to think of it. Doctor Wishard always showed a great familiarity with present-day medicine. He held his own in any medical discussion.

I remember some of the discussions in the State Medical Society where he, in his emphatic way, would advocate his ideas, and they were very seldom, as I remember, successfully controverted. He was a remarkable man. He was a good man, and that is saying more—he was a good man. One felt safe in his counsel and in his friendship. I wish I could really express the depth of my feelings, and my knowledge of him in a more satisfactory way.

Some of us are beginning to feel lonesome. Our associates of thirty and forty years ago are largely gone. I remember the first time I ever met Doctor Waterman. We received our diplomas at the same time, and I remember what we then thought we knew about obstetrics and surgery, and what we didn't know. We talked about laudable pus. Doctor Wishard often spoke of laudable pus. If we had a wound that had laudable pus we felt safe. Think of the immense strides that have taken place. It challenges our imagination, which does not reach to the profundity of the advance that has been made; but to the great credit of Doctor Wishard he kept abreast, as largely as any, with the progress made in his days; and if I live until tomorrow I will be a sincere mourner that he is gone and that I shall never hear his voice again or see him alive; but feeling as I do, believing as I do in a glorious immortality, I do not hesitate to state now that Doctor Wishard is vastly better off. So that while we mourn, and we feel sad, I do not hesitate to say, and I intensely believe just what I say, that he is better off; seventy years an elder in the church, as distinguished a church as the Presbyterian church, as glorious a church as it is, although I am not a member of that denom-

ination, yet I feel that he was one of God's own men, and I rejoice in the fact that he has set us this illustrious example.

DR. WILLIAM T. S. DODDS: Mr. President and Gentlemen —I feel like a member of Doctor Wishard's family. I certainly would not do my duty, as I feel it, did I not express my appreciation of his character tonight.

My first introduction in Indiana medical circles was in Dr. W. N. Wishard's office, where I was a student. In a day or two I met this grand old man, and was introduced to him. He patted me on the shoulder and said, "Son, I hope that you will do as well as W. N. I love to think that I am his father." That was to me a very touching remark, and afterward I learned why the father could make it.

When I was in his home and learned of the devotion, the love and the constancy, the almost sublime admiration that he had for his wife, who was one of the noblest women Indiana ever knew, I could then understand why Doctor Wishard was such a grand old man. He had a worthy companion. She passed away years ago, since which time Doctor Wishard was lonesome, but his family, built of the same stock—and blood tells in men as it does in animals—were his supporters and relief. Many are the stories that I remember Doctor Wishard has told, all of them full of interest, all of them to a point. His anecdotes reminded me of Abraham Lincoln's stories when he wished to illustrate things. He was logical, he was good, he was an inspiration.

DR. S. E. EARP: Mr. President—My acquaintance with Doctor Wishard dated from the early eighties, and what has been said tonight I heartily endorse. Much of it I know to be true. I know we were acquainted, many of us, with his loving kindness. We knew of his uprightness, and that he was a man of sturdy character, and that he was noted for absolute honesty of purpose. He represented, as I believe, the

type of the old family physician, and very frequently I have thought that if I wanted a picture that would represent the type of the family physician, as we hear him described long ago, the man who attended to all of the ills of human kind, in surgery and obstetrics and medicine, the man that was beloved by every member of every household that he entered, it seemed to me that Doctor Wishard was an absolute perfect representation of that type.

I also know that he was just the opposite of the therapeutic nihilist, of which there are so many running at large today. Doctor Wishard believed that medicine would cure individuals who were sick. He had confidence in remedies, and he had confidence because he had tried those remedies and knew that they would accomplish certain results, because he had seen it done, and it was his own experience. Many times have I heard him relate his experience, particularly with the vegetable preparations that he was so well versed in, and such as that, and it was a great enjoyment to me.

Another thing that I have particularly noticed is that in life we are prone to find many pessimists. For instance, today was a beautiful December day, but if one should remark that today was a beautiful December day there is nearly always sure to be some one about to throw ice water on it and say, "Yes, but just wait; next January it will be awful cold." And so when we offer praise about one of our fellow men, some one within the sound of our voices offers apologies and notes some little thing that is particularly unpleasant relative to the character of the individual. I do not recall any one who has been discussed, whose name has been discussed so frequently as Doctor Wishard's, that when praise was given in reference to him and what he had done, and the various portions of his life that we praise so highly, I have never known any one to offer an apology, and I have never known any one to rebut it;

but, on the contrary, it seemed that there was always some one that wanted to add his testimony in his favor. To me that seems wonderful.

Much that is sentimental has been said showing the love that many of those present have had for Doctor Wishard. I have esteemed him as a man. I feel that the world is better because such a man lived in it. I believe that we are all better because of his existence. I think that such men are living monuments, not only aiding those in the age in which they live but they form a mold in the hearts of these younger generations, and that futurity will be benefited by their lives.

DR. A. C. KIMBERLIN: Mr. President—One of my greatest pleasures in life, as well as benefits, came from the privilege of many years friendship and association with Doctor Wishard. I have wished many times that every young man beginning an active career, especially in medicine, could have the association, influence and splendid example of a man with the character and constancy of Doctor Wishard.

Some of my greatest incentives to an open, frank and straightforward living came from him, and the example of his unselfishness and goodness that impressed me most was his treatment of me immediately after graduating in medicine. He knew my anxiety, that which haunts most young physicians, to choose the best and most advantageous location and environment. He called me into his office one day and made me a proposition, which meant a guarantee of more than enough for my living to begin with, and with any addition I might choose to add by increased work, making that part optional with me. After stating all these facts I was touched and forced into an everlasting admiration and respect by his statement, so kindly made, that it was what he would be glad to do, and while he wanted me to feel this offer was open to me at any time, if I found something that was better to feel perfectly

free to accept it, that he would be happy himself to see me take it. His proposition was a comfort to me then, as well as ever since, and gave me greater confidence not only in the medical profession but in mankind.

Another occasion which impressed me very much with the bigness of his character was one day when riding with him in a buggy to make a country call, while I was yet an undergraduate. We drove up behind a man in a closed buggy and were anxious to drive around him; we tried two or three times to drive past, but each time, evidently without intent, he would swing to our side of the road, and it goes without saying that as a youth I was pretty much exasperated, though I said nothing. When we tried again and the same thing occurred, Doctor Wishard only laughed heartily and said, "It beats the world how people (referring to the driver) are of the same notion at the same time." While wholly unconscious of the part he played, I valued that as a keen and just rebuke to impatience. Nothing more was said on the subject, but it was an experience that I never forgot.

One could not be long in Doctor Wishard's company without seeing many such examples of his bigness of mind and the beautiful Christian spirit which not only characterized his life and daily work, but made his home a veritable retreat for all who knew him, especially young people, whom he always took unusual pleasure in helping, encouraging and directing, not only in professional but social and Christian ways as well. A young man only needs the acquaintance and association of a few men of his kind and character. Almost his exact prototype was his lifelong friend, Mr. George Merritt, now deceased, and he, like Doctor Wishard, was long in the front ranks of the philanthropic and Christian work of our city.

The striking evidence of his unselfishness and untiring devotion to his profession, as well as his service as a plain citizen,

was the fact that he never cared to accumulate, and rarely discussed the financial side of his business. To him it was of secondary importance. While believing in providing plenty, whether of bread and butter, or professional skill, he was always ready to share with any worthy person as willingly as with his own family.

It was a great hardship for him to give up active practice. About his ninetieth year I saw him making a professional call when the ground was covered with snow, on a poor family living on North Senate avenue, his only remark being that they were very worthy people and that he had been the physician in the family for many years and that this was the fourth generation he was attending. He seemed still to be enjoying the services he was rendering.

During the last two or three years, when reduced almost to physical helplessness, and what would be to an ordinary person hopelessness, he was just as cheery and bright as in his most active days. One could only interpret this as a reflection of his life's work and assurance of the future. Each of his days was one of pleasure, patiently waiting for his Master's call.

DR. THEODORE POTTER: Mr. President—I learned to know my good friend Doctor Wishard very early in my career here. He was one of the most interesting men that have passed across and off the stage of Indiana medicine. He was interesting in his person. Of large, strong and vigorous brain, of a strong and forceful countenance, with large features, he had the noble leonine expression which made him a striking man. He was a variedly interesting man. As a narrator of events, I am sure that every one whose memory reaches back ten or fifteen years, and who knew him in his more active days, will call to mind more than one of those interesting, witty and humorous stories that he told; and many of the narratives that he related were not only interesting but were, in a

historical sense, very instructive. To have lived almost ninety-eight years is a remarkable thing for any man; but still more remarkable is a man who has lived for that length of time in one small section of country, in an immediate vicinity. Such a man has had an experience that falls to the lot of but few indeed; and this, too, was in a new country which was in process of wonderful development; and many of the stories that he told and many of the narratives that he related were not only very interesting, but they were exceedingly instructive by reason of their historical association.

I remember, for instance, hearing him tell of his first use of chloroform. It was a funny story and very instructive, too, because one who heard it could not but think of the historic significance of it, and what the introduction of that great anaesthetic meant, just as some of us remember what occurred when antisepsis was introduced, and when, for instance, antitoxin came into use, and we were all afraid of it, and the people were afraid of it, and we gave those little doses at which we now simply laugh.

I remember of Doctor Wishard telling of the first time that he saw quinine used. When he was a boy his father sent him on horseback to Indianapolis to see Doctor Sanders, who was one of the pioneer physicians in this city, telling him in a note that he had a boy sick with the ague and to send him some medicine; and he, boylike, followed Doctor Sanders into the back office and watched him put up the medicine. The doctor took a four-ounce bottle, weighed out and put into it twenty grains of quinine and filled the bottle with some vehicle and put some sulphuric acid in it to help dissolve it, and prepared the label.

If I remember correctly, quinine was about the first one of the drugs that was extracted in that concentrated form, and people were afraid of it, just as we were afraid of some of

the active things that have come in later days. Doctor Sanders put twenty grains of quinine in this four-ounce bottle and wrote his label thus, "A teaspoonful three times a day; to be used with great caution." About two-thirds of a grain of quinine to be used three times a day to break up White river bottom ague, and to be used with great caution! As he went out of the door Doctor Sanders called to him and said, "Now, sonny, tell your father to put this medicine where no one will get at it, for it is a very dangerous medicine." Now that was a funny story, but it was of very great historical interest to any one who heard it.

So, when any one sat down with him—he was not a street corner philosopher—or rode with him in the railroad train and looked out through the window upon the country through which we were passing, and which he had seen change literally from a wilderness, for he had seen the whole region of central Indiana covered practically with the primeval forests, he was full of stories that were delightful to hear and instructed one to listen to. I have heard him tell how he went as a boy to drive the cows home in the evening and threw sticks at the deer to drive them out of the cowpath, when they were really a nuisance—he had seen such changes in the country. As he looked out of the car window one day when we were going to the State Medical Society meeting he got to talking about these changes in a way that was not only interesting but exceedingly instructive.

He was a very interesting man in his history. To think that one had lived for nearly ninety-eight years in this great Mississippi valley, and had lived the larger part of it within practically rifle shot of this city, and seen this town grow from a hamlet of less than six hundred people, with nothing but mud streets through it, to a great cosmopolitan city, is indeed a wonderful thing.

"Type of the Old Family Physician"

You can not find that in the older states. You go east of the mountains to the Atlantic seaboard and there is no man or woman living there, any more, who has seen anything like the pioneer times. They have seen the simpler day, of course, but not the real pioneer time; and this man who died but yesterday could tell us of the days when this country was a wilderness, and he lived until it grew and blossomed like the rose. Surely this was a great life, well lived. A good man, a good doctor and a good citizen.

DR. D. F. LEE: Mr. President—I did not have the pleasure of knowing Doctor Wishard very well, but I began my practice down in Johnson county, where he practiced in his early days, and I have heard a great many of the older people relate incidents of his practice and tell about his personality. The thing that impressed me all the way through the life of Doctor Wishard has been his wonderful and striking originality. I have met some of the older doctors down there who used to meet him in consultation, and they used to tell me about his originality, and his way of making deductions and arriving at conclusions, and they were very original. As we very often say, some one is ahead of the times. One is impressed with the fact that there are some people who do the best they can; some people who make the best of their opportunities; and when we think of the limited education of Doctor Wishard, and hear these stories as the doctors have told them, Doctor Woolen, Doctor Potter and others, of how he would make remarks and arrive at conclusions about things, as he saw them. the originality of his thoughts and the correctness of his conclusions, we ask ourselves what this powerful man could have done had he had the benefit of an early liberal education.

Another thing that has impressed me also in the life of Doctor Wishard is the stories I have heard as to the sturdiness of his character, and his extreme ethical treatment of his med-

ical brethren; and from these things I think that the younger men, the men who are in active practice today, can learn a very important lesson. I have recently talked with some of the older men in the profession, about some of the older physicians like Doctor Wishard, Doctor Mears and Doctor Bobbs, and many of these older men have noted a great difference between the ethical lives of those men and the men who are active in the practice today. Not that they meant by that any reflection upon any of us at all, but there was something about those men that was different from what we see today. I am certain that I have been benefited by association with some of those old doctors in Johnson county, among them Doctor Thayer, who told me a great many things, and seemed to take a great deal of pleasure in speaking about his association with Doctor Wishard. Many of the things that he told me, facts obtained through personal observation of Doctor Wishard, were very interesting. Some of them I have treasured away, and I am sure that I have received much benefit from them.

DR. A. L. WILSON: Mr. President—I think possibly Doctor Woolen is the only person in the house who was acquainted with Doctor Wishard before I was. He was the family physician for my father's family when I was a small boy, and I remember very distinctly when we were all seriously sick with the fever and Doctor Wishard attended us. We lived just a few miles south of the city in the White river bottom, and Doctor Wishard came every day to see us; he not only furnished his medicine but often he would administer it to us. There was scarcely any one member of the family able to wait on another. I remember it very well, although I was a small boy at the time.

He took a great interest in us, and I remember from that day until the present that he was always my friend; and it is a pleasant recollection that I have of many of the older physi-

cians, the kindnesses they have shown me all these years, but none of them ever showed me greater kindness than Doctor Wishard. He has honored me and my family by visiting us in our home, and I have often been at his house, and we have his picture framed and hanging in our parlor and prize it. He never called at our house that we did not feel that we were better for that call. I remember very well the esteem with which he was held in the country district. We often heard people speaking, one neighbor with another, telling that a certain man was very sick and they were afraid he would die; that the doctor had given him up. Then the question would be asked by some one who knew Doctor Wishard very well, whose language was not as delicate as possibly it might be, "Has old Doctor Wishard seen him?" Meaning that they should call him. That was the estimate in which he was held in the community.

I feel that I have lost a very dear friend. I wish I could express myself as I would like to, but I can not let the occasion go by without trying to say something. I have a very kind recollection of Doctor Wishard.

DR. FREDERICK R. CHARLTON: Mr. President—There were two or three characteristics belonging to Doctor Wishard that impressed me particularly. One was his strength. He always impressed me with having a tremendous reserve power. It was manifest in his every attitude toward life. I do not believe that a more sincere Christian ever lived than Doctor Wishard, and yet he took his Christianity in the same way that he met every other obligation in life. It was not an air that he put on for effect; it was not an attitude. I do not believe any one can remember anything that Doctor Wishard ever said or did that would give you the impression that he was announcing himself as a man of great piety. He just lived it and thought it and believed it as a matter of course, and made

no more pretense of it, no more affectation of it than of any of the ordinary everyday affairs of life.

His fund of humor was wonderful. He liked a joke and he liked to be joked with. I took liberties with him that I would never have taken with many old men. Illustrating his strength and his courage, I met him on the street once, perhaps eight or ten years ago, and I told him that I had just recently met one of his old friends, and that his old friend had given him a very bad name; said that he had been a great fighting man when he was a young man—all of which I fabricated. Immediately Doctor Wishard was on the defensive. He said that he had always been a man of peace; he had never been a brawler; that he had lived in a time when men were given to fisticuffs, and in a time when men had to stand on their own resources and defend their own views; and then all unconsciously he told me of three or four fights that he had been in as a younger man, all of them warranted, all of them fair and wholesome; and one I recall was that he had been on one of the Southern river steamboats—I think perhaps it was during his war experiences, at a time when those boats were infested by professional gamblers—that he had seen a young boy seated at a card table, and with money, I believe, that he was holding in trust. My impression of the story is that he was a purchasing agent, going somewhere with money entrusted to him, and some way or other he lost all that money to these professional gamblers, and Doctor Wishard, who witnessed the scene, detected the trickery of it, and protested. Immediately the gamblers turned upon him, one of them with the old conventional bowie knife. Doctor Wishard knocked him down and pretty nearly killed him with a stool, and made him give up the money, which was turned back to the boy.

I think that he was as little given to pretense as any man I

ever knew. His whole life was open and aboveboard and free from it. I had a very deep personal affection for him.

DR. FRANK E. WYNN: Mr. President—The death of Doctor Wishard carries me back to my first acquaintance in this city. I recall very vividly my first meeting with him. He exemplified, as has been stated by others, an intense desire to help young men, and was always interested in talking to them, and learning particularly from younger professional men the progress that had been made. My meeting with him occurred in an office which he and Doctor Noble had on Market street near the Circle, and I recall the impression made upon me at the time. He knew that I was at that time considerably interested, as I am still, for that matter, in the subject of pathology and diagnosis, and a very unusual case came under his observation of an old friend he had known all his life who had a very remarkable tumor. He talked to me and to Doctor Noble about it. He finally arranged that we should go with him to see this man. He was a poor fellow, away down in the southwest part of town on West street. We went into the house and he called the man by his first name, spoke to him familiarly, evidently having known him many years. We found there a very extraordinary condition; the man propped up on pillows with an abdomen that was almost the size of a washtub. Having previously told us about the case, Doctor Wishard said: "I was firmly convinced that this man's abdomen was filled with fluid, and, so impressed, I took a trocar and plunged it through the abdominal wall, expecting fully to get fluid, but," he added, "that is the first time that I ever bored for water and didn't get it." That was his homely way of saying things that were striking. That case was indeed a very remarkable one. It was not fluid at all, but an immense fatty tumor, which, I think, is still in the museum of this college,

which weighed sixty-odd pounds. Palpation gave the impression of fluid and it was also indicated on percussion. The man died of suffocation. Afterward Doctor Wishard asked me to make an autopsy. I recollect with what interest he stood by and watched that performance.

A few months after that he exhibited to me his interest in scientific progress by bringing and presenting to me the two-volume work of Rokitansky, the first edition of the work of that remarkable pathologist in Vienna. He brought it to me and said, "I want to give you this because I think it is mighty good reading." He said, "I used to treasure it, and I think you will prize it more now than I will, and so I want to give it to you;" and ever since I have treasured those books.

This life among us has been fruitful of many lessons that have been brought before us in the remarks offered this evening. A question which we might pertinently ask is, how does it come that he attained to such a splendid old age? The answer, I think, comes in the fact, or facts, in the first place, that he was temperate in all things. He was not a man who drank; he was not a man who was a gormandizer; but he was a man who was temperate in his habits of body, in his speech, in his whole life; and so I think one of the greatest causes of his longevity is to be found in the fact that in his life he exemplified temperance.

Then, as stated by some one else, I think another factor conducive to his longevity was to be found in his benignant optimism. All have spoken about his humor, but never do I remember to have been in his presence for any considerable period of time that he did not say something that had in it the ring of optimism, of cheer, of hope, of encouragement; and he carried with him that idea. He carried it into the sickroom, and it was that characteristic, as I think, which made him be-

loved of laymen who knew him as physician, and made him beloved by us who knew him as a fellow physician. So that it seems to me his longevity is to be attributed, first, to his temperance, and then, secondly, to his benignant optimism.

I believe that one of the things that as physicians we should cherish as long as anything that we will remember about him is his character of parent, of his family life, of his relationship to his wife and his sons and his daughters. I shall remember him perhaps longer in that connection than in any other, and, much as I admire the family which he has reared, and notably the doctor, there is in that son nothing I have admired more than his beautiful devotion to his father; and on the other hand the devotion of the father to the son, a reciprocal feeling; a beautiful family relationship that to me has been a lesson that I will cherish longer than any other phase of his life. Do we not all remember it? Has it not occurred year after year? I recall the last time that I think Doctor Wishard ever appeared before this society. I recall him coming in on his birthday. It chanced to be on our meeting night. He came down these steps, only two or three years ago, leaning on the arm of his admiring and dutiful son. Was it not a beautiful picture? Is it not fine to remember in that way the father and the son?

This man had not the advantages of us who are younger, of the laboratory, or the advantages in pathology, of modern diagnosis, of all the wonderful progress made in medicine; and yet he had the cardinal virtues of a true physician. He had the character; he had the mental ability; he had the courage. He was, in the first place, an effulgent character. There was radiating from him in every direction and at all times a good influence, optimism, good cheer, that helped people to be better. He was a centrifugal character, sending out from himself dynamic force; force of character that told upon peo-

ple. He stood always for the right, and so he has lived among us as an ideal physician, a man going about doing good, healing the sick. Let us emulate his example.

DR. A. W. BRAYTON: Mr. President—It has been a great pleasure to be here and listen to what has been said this evening, particularly from the younger men. I have enjoyed it very greatly. Doctor Potter has shown, as many of us might, had we felt disposed to talk along those lines, that Doctor Wishard retained the kindly humor that characterized his life and thought and burst out in such extraordinary, helpful and instructive ways. I was particularly touched with what Doctor Wynn said about the marked fealty that existed between him and his son, Dr. William N. Wishard. Indeed I first saw Doctor Wishard, the elder, when I went with Doctor Eastman's father and Doctor Featherstone to call on Dr. W. N. Wishard, who had been appointed superintendent of the city hospital. We were starting the struggling school, one that was needed, and that we were all much interested in, and wanted to get in proper relationship with the city hospital; and we saw not only Dr. W. N. Wishard, but we saw his father. That was the beginning of my acquaintance with those members of the family. I have written, as Doctor Heath has indicated, a history of Doctor Wishard which stood for twenty years ago. There certainly ought to be an additional chapter written to show how beautifully his life has continued to fructify and bring forth those things which make us glad that he lived and that he was so long among us. I do not know of any one who had such a right to meet and enjoy death; and we do not any of us feel—except the tinge of emotion perhaps that may come as we get along toward the elder period ourselves—that there was anything unfitting in his death. It was just as natural and proper that this man should die as that he should be born. He believed in the beneficence of the uni-

verse, that on the whole, while there is a time of change, that this planet on which we are, that these beings that we are, and these thoughts that we think, are no more than a speck or mote in the greatness of time and of the universe; he saw his part and place in it.

There is nothing new in human life. We are no different from the men of Homer in the early times. There have been giants of intellect, giants of morality, men who did justice and who loved mercy, and walked humbly with their fellows, from the earliest times that we know anything about; and Doctor Wishard stands among these great ones of the earth. He was not great in the way that the names that we know are great because of the quantity, the numbers that they influenced and so on, but just as far as he could reach, just as far as the necessities of the times called for. Why was Lincoln great? Why was Grant great? There came a time when such men were needed and they were there; and in his relationships to life Doctor Wishard was just as great as they were.

I am glad to look at his noble face there, and glad that some one thought of bringing his portrait down here. I joy in his passage.

DR. ALBERT E. STERNE: Mr. President—Before we close the meeting, in accordance with our custom, it will be proper to spread upon our minutes and send to the members of the family of Doctor Wishard a memorial of our regard in the form of resolutions. In this instance it is really not necessary because we have shown our esteem and regard for Doctor Wishard in the scroll we presented to him, and in other ways; but, as a matter of form, it would be appropriate to carry out the custon of years.

While I am on my feet, Mr. President, I want to add my small tribute of esteem and veneration for the aged doctor. I recall, as one of the very pleasant instances of my personal

touch with Doctor Wishard, that he, in his older years, accompanied by his most faithful daughter, came to call upon me one afternoon some seven years ago, when he was practically in his ninetieth year. He remarked to me, "Well, Doctor, you are a young man, but I have wanted for a long time to come out with my daughter and spend a while with you under the shade of these trees, for one of my old friends used to live out here, and I have availed myself of this fine day to come." I certainly enjoyed the afternoon, and had a most enjoyable time. The kindliness and the humor of the old gentleman were at their very best. It is a delightful little picture that I carry now of that afternoon beneath the shade of the old Norways at my place. Doctor Dodds and Doctor Wynn particularly voiced something that I would have wished to say, and can only repeat. Many men are noted for their deeds; many men for what they left behind them. There is undoubtedly a long trail of beautiful smaller things and bigger things that Doctor Wishard has bequeathed to those who knew him. I have no doubt of that. My acquaintance with the Doctor was in his older years altogether, but no man could be but great in his own personal way who could leave behind him such a group of men and women as Doctor Wishard's children. Of course we all know his son, the doctor, better—best, in fact, of all—but there are members of that family who are equally devoted, and the moment should not be allowed to pass without mention of the marvelous devotion of his daughters, particularly Miss Wishard who has devoted herself willingly and gladly to her parents and in later years altogether to her father. I say it with veneration in my heart and in my soul, the beauty of the relationship of Dr. William N. Wishard to his father is something that is rare indeed. It is a wonderful thing in these days when an old man grows old knowing that with his advancing years he is no burden

to those whom he loves and who love him. It is a thing that is seen altogether too seldom. The younger regard the older, very frequently, as a bit too useless, a bit too much in the way; and when we see an instance of this kind, Mr. President and gentlemen, where each advancing year the father and the mother became more and more sacred, more and more loved, if possible, as it has been in this family, we can not but feel the uplift that such relationship brings.

THE PRESIDENT: I will appoint on the committee on resolutions, Dr. G. V. Woolen, Dr. Albert E. Sterne and Dr. William T. S. Dodds.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by Indianapolis Medical Society

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE INDIANAPOLIS MEDICAL SOCIETY—Once more we are called upon to pay tribute to a departed brother. In this instance it is more fitting to praise than to lament. He, in his ripe old age, had no need for our lamentation. This time our departed brother is Dr. William H. Wishard, a patriot in medicine—a patriot in Indiana.

He developed with the vastness of a great frontier state and was a distinct part of its development. He was an integral force in the medical, social, religious and political life of the state. He stood for natural growth and grew along with the development of a pioneer state to that of a civilized flower. He stood for social purity, Christian benevolence and everlasting truth.

His life reminded us of the great towering dignified trees of Indiana—the symbol of sturdiness and power. He was one of the fathers of Indiana medicine and this was his work. He belonged to the "old school of family doctors" which has passed away with these grand old patriots in medicine. He believed in the curative power of medicine and was a strong advocate that somewhere nature had deposited a cure for all ills.

His knowledge of medicine and his educational attainments were largely obtained from the university of nature. His books were the trees, rivers, flowers, people and associates. So great were his attainments that he was honored by this society as its president and has had during his professional life numerous obligations and honors conferred upon him which he has used with dignity. He lived a full life in acts and deeds as well as in years.

Therefore, Let us resolve that we have lost a good friend; a wise counselor in medicine; a patriotic citizen of the state and community, and a dignified Christian gentleman to emulate in the death of Dr. William H. Wishard.

Signed G. V. WOOLEN,
A. E. STERNE,
WM. T. S. DODDS,
Committee.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

Sunday Afternoon, December 14, 1913
Seventh Presbyterian Church

HYMN

He leadeth me: O blessed thought!
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

REFRAIN

He leadeth me, He leadeth me:
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: May I read to you a few verses, among the last which it was my privilege to read to the one whose memory we seek to honor this afternoon, verses which bring out the privilege and dignity of discipleship which I am sure we feel was his sentiment and sanction, as found in Ephesians, one, verses three to fourteen, inclusive:

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ:

According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love:

Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will,

To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved.

In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace;

Wherein he hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence;

Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself:

That in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in him:

In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will:

That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ.

In whom ye also trusted, after that he heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise.

Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory.

SOLO

MISS NELLE BUCHANAN

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: Seventy years of actual Christian life is a very unusual privilege for any man. Three score and ten is sometimes the full allotment of life, the average goal of life, but the subject of our meditation this afternoon is one who has been blest with almost five score—more than three score and ten, more than four score, almost five; and seventy years of that time active in Christian thought and service; surely a great privilege.

Doctor Wishard united with the church about seventy years ago; he united first with the church at Greenwood; from Greenwood he was transferred to the country church, Mt. Pleasant, and then to Southport, and from Southport about thirty-six years ago he came into this congregation, where he has since been recognized as an active member of our session. While many of us active in the church today have not known him in the best years of his life, yet we can see the influences of such a life. We can feel the fragrance of the character which was here, which we are sure has lifted the dignity and has given inspiration to this particular church.

For that purpose we desire, as officers, to express in this resolution which we shall place in the hands of the family, our memory of the senior elder of this church:

RESOLUTIONS

In view of the services of our brother and senior elder, William H. Wishard, M. D., we, the undersigned, members of the session of the Seventh Presbyterian church, hereby express our sympathy in this hour of separation, and our gratitude for the long life so full of earnest sympathetic co-operation in this branch of the Master's field. His thirty-six years of active service in this church have been manifest in the broader policy and deeper spirituality of this organization. His sane counsel and Christian enthusiasm have brought both stability and growth. While we mourn his departure we shall endeavor to emulate his example and sustain the organization upon the high plane which his effort has assisted us to attain. We feel that not only our church, but this entire section of the city, is better because of his presence.

Signed by the members of the session.

I wish also to read this letter which came to the family from a representative of the Indiana State Medical Association, Dr. G. W. H. Kemper, of Muncie, written to Dr. William N. Wishard:

DEAR DOCTOR AND FRIENDS—I understand that on tomorrow afternoon memorial services will be held to the memory of your father. I may not be with you in person, but may I say a few words.

I first met Doctor Wishard on the battle-field of Shiloh about the 4th day of May, 1862. He came with a number of other physicians at the request of Governor Morton. In fact, Governor Morton himself was there. He came in the interest and welfare of the boys in blue from Indiana, and so for more than a half century we have been friends and companions. He has been a guest in my home and during all these years I have loved and esteemed him. When the Rev. John Watson wanted to write a beautiful story he took for his theme "A Doctor of the Old School," and gave us the lovely character of Dr.

William McClure, a general practitioner. This Scotch physician has always reminded me of your father. Doctor Watson says, in his preface, "One has to answer the question that has been so often and fairly asked, 'Was there ever any doctor so self forgetful and so utterly Christian as William McClure?' To which I am proud to reply, on my conscience, not one but many."

The life and character of Dr. William H. Wishard has been an inspiration to the profession in Indiana. In the past as well as the present, nay, though dead, he will continue to speak. Peace to his ashes. His memory is linked with goodness and we will cherish it.

HYMN

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

THE REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: We want to think of Doctor Wishard as he was a member of the congregation, and as a young man might see him. For that reason I have asked one of the men who is still actively associated with this church, who came here as a young man, and who would be impressed with such a personage as Doctor Wishard in the relationship to the church life of which he was an associate, to speak of Doctor Wishard as a man. We shall have a few words from Mr. H. H. Bishop.

MR. H. H. BISHOP: Occasions like this are rather trying in some ways, but they make us think more of the home in the promised land that Christ promised us, that He went to prepare for us; and we have more thought for it. If we have no sorrow we would have no joy.

Mr. Shaver spoke about my knowing Doctor Wishard when I was a young man. I came here over twenty years ago, when Doctor Wishard was over seventy, and he was spoken of then as an old gentleman. I do not believe anybody then dreamed of his living to be almost a hundred years old. My first impression of him was of his intense earnestness in things spiritual. I think that expresses it better than in any other way I could speak of it—his intense earnestness in all things spiritual. I do not believe I ever knew a man that talked on spiritual things who seemed more full of his subject and more earnest in trying to impress one with the necessity of living a Christian life. That was one impression that Doctor Wishard gave me, of a man whose whole soul was in his spiritual life; and when he would talk it would seem as though he could not speak strong enough to make one fully realize what he meant. He had seen so much of the world, and so many things that would make him wish for everybody to be better. I believe that a doctor has more opportunities of seeing the results of the sin of the world than any other man, and I think

that Doctor Wishard must have done a world of good as a physician. I do not mean in medicine alone, but in the spiritual influence that he must have had on the people with whom he came in contact.

I can see him standing up here in front when his birthday would come. He never missed a Sunday, and whenever he came forward to make his birthday offering he would always give a talk. I can see him at the prayer meetings, and he was the same in his prayers, earnest in his desires and his hopes. The faithfulness and the example of a man like Doctor Wishard, in testimony and prayer, can not be estimated.

What a help it is to look back and think of one who reached the years Doctor Wishard did. There was nothing that would prevent him from coming to the church unless he was at a place where he could do more good than he could by being here at the services. And then his love for his church; it was next to his love for his home. I have talked with him, and I know how much he loved his own home; he has told me of how happy he was there. I am glad that he did, and I know that he loved the Seventh church next to his own home.

We can not measure the influence that each one of us may have. If we tried to, men, we would endeavor to live better lives than we do.

REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: Those of us who are upon the inside of the management of churches are often impressed with the influence of certain personalities. The observation of a church officer who was associated with Doctor Wishard as a member of the session will, I am sure, bring to us some suggestions, some object-lesson in the management of church life. Mr. Chafee, who was, for a short time at least, associated with Doctor Wishard in the session of this church, has kindly consented to speak of Doctor Wishard as a church officer.

MR. WILLIAM T. CHAFEE: I have known Doctor Wishard for twenty-eight years, and was associated with him as an elder in this church for about eight years; and I have always felt it to be an especial privilege to come under the direct influence of this good life. Some of you, and possibly all of you, know that lots of people, a great many people, can acquire influence by great effort and work, either mental or physical, but to meet Doctor Wishard was to feel the innate power of his influence for good. You at once knew that he did not have to acquire it; that he always had it; and he imparted it to others.

As an officer he was always for peace and harmony, and never allowed trivial things to interfere with his church duties. Until the infirmities of age prevented, he was always faithful in attendance at all services. You know what John said of Christ; "full of grace and truth," meaning He was good and true, and came here to inspire others with the right motives of life; and may I not give this as my impression of Doctor Wishard? He was so kind and gentle, and had the right views of life. And as we think of it, what a blessing that while the mortal house has been taken away, yet the influence of his life will always be with us to encourage us and help us to live as he lived while he was here with us.

REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: It is our privilege also to step outside of church circles, outside of the ecclesiastical sphere, and see Doctor Wishard in his own profession, see him among his colleagues in the professional world; and when I asked the speaker who is next to address you if he could be with us this afternoon he said, "I am very busy; I have some other plans, but for the sake of Doctor Wishard and his family, I will lay aside everything else to be with you on Sunday afternoon." So it is our privilege to have Dr. F. B. Wynn to speak to us of Doctor Wishard as a Christian physician.

DR. F. B. WYNN: The Christian ideals of a true physician are embraced under an eager and determined search for the truth, a profound reverence for the sacredness of the human body and life wherever found, and the opportunity of ministration to suffering or erring humankind. Applying these principles to the beloved Doctor Wishard, he is found to measure up to them as few physicians have done.

The power and goodness of our Creator are manifest upon every hand. The Holy Book tells us of these things, but we only need to use our God-given senses to see in everything living as well as inanimate, a power divine. Miracles are occurring about us every day, as wonderful as those of old, if we but stop to contemplate the evidence they give us of God's power and goodness and mercy; and one of the greatest blessings He has bestowed upon man is the privilege of using these laws of the Creator for the working of miracles. Man tills and plants and fertilizes the soil; but it is a higher power which brings forth.

And so in every avenue of life, nature's laws are to be found, working for man's good if he but searches them out, and learns their applicability. Indeed it seems to me to be the great purpose of our Creator, that man should work out the hidden wonders of the earth. Thus eager to know the truth of nature's phenomena, Benjamin Franklin sent the little kite into the clouds, brought down the lightning, and following in his footsteps it has been harnessed in a thousand ways to serve men's comfort. Another sees in a wild and useless fruit the suggestion of great development, if the laws of its fertilization and growth are but worked out and applied; and the result is a luscious fruit, a peach, a seedless orange, or the transformation of the detested cactus into an edible fruit. And turning to man, the climax in creation, what of the laws governing his life and the prevention and cure of disease? What

fields of investigation should inspire men's souls like this? To make a sounder mind in a sounder body; to render the "human form divine" a fitter dwelling place for the soul; to restore strength where there was weakness; to bring health and physical efficiency where there had been disease; to search out and apply the laws which will bring these things to pass, what greater or more inspiring problem in life? A few only in the great profession of medicine have been discoverers of elemental truths. Such were Pasteur, the father of bacteriology; Koch, the discoverer of the germ of tuberculosis; Morton and Simpson, the discoverers of anaesthesia; but every physician measuring up to the ideal Christian standard must be an investigator. Every patient becomes a problem which he must study. With a quickened conscience, with earnestness and thoroughness in the light of all the knowledge that he can bring to bear, he enters upon the task in a prayerful attitude, conscious of the sacredness of the human body and rejoicing in the goodness and mercy of the Creator in permitting man to use His laws in the prevention and cure of disease.

Doctor Wishard had this consciousness of responsibility and opportunity to an extraordinary degree. To him every case was one into which he threw all of his God-given powers to ascertain the truth. At eighty I have seen him at the bedside with every faculty alert to try to unravel the mystery of disease; and baffled by the grim destroyer he did not lose faith, or forget obligation, but following still in quest of knowledge to the death room, where the autopsy revealed wherein his finite senses had failed him, coming out of there a wiser man, praising God that he had knowledge which another time perhaps might help him to save a precious life.

Nor in his search for the truth was he content to let matters rest upon his years and experience; he sought light from

whatever source was available. To younger men in his profession he looked particularly. To them he listened with eager ear and rejoiced in the marvelous progress made in medicine. His was the open mind for scientific truth. He grew very old in years, but he did not fossilize. He was a John the Baptist, not disloyal to the past and the profession as he had known it, but exhorting the younger generation of physicians to greater things and to higher ideals in the profession he loved so well.

And may I interject, extemporaneously, at this point an incident which perhaps we may apply to this good man's life.

Twenty years ago it was my privilege to stand before the cathedral in Cologne. I had seen many times the beautiful pictures and etchings of that great edifice. I had longed to see it as perhaps the most perfect type of Gothic architecture. And as I stood before that great building with its towering spires, two of them twice the height of our monument, and its great doors, the tops of which are as high as a four-story building, I said to myself, is not this wonderful! Such architecture, such grace; such a splendid building I never before have seen. And while I stood there admiring that wonderful structure there came by me, pattering along, not an old man, but yet a decrepit person. He had upon him everywhere the marks of a sinful life, a life which had been misspent in evil doings, in excesses, in drink; and I was prone to draw contrast. There was the great temple, and here was a miserable wretch of a man.

And to me, today, as I contemplate this splendid character, whose life we are considering, that incident comes back to me.

I fancy him beside me at that time, as I say to him, "Doctor, is not that a wonderful building? Just gaze upon the grace of those splendid spires, those wonderful doors; is not that a really wonderful structure?"

I think he would have looked at it and said, "Yes, it is. It

shows the handicraft of man. It shows how by centuries he has wrought and builded in a wonderful way. It is typical of aspiration and higher things. It is a splendid edifice. But do you know, doctor, that miserable man standing there is to me much more beautiful. Why," he would say, "if you would prick his finger with a pin the blood comes out. It seems insignificant, but look at that drop of blood under the microscope, and there you see millions and millions of little round globules. However splendid the blocks of stone in this great building, brought from the mountain yonder, there is no one of them that compares with a single corpuscle of that man's blood. For where is the man that can make a red blood corpuscle? And yet he has in his body millions and millions of them."

"Oh," I would say, "I believe that is true, doctor; but look at the doors. Are not the doors of that edifice wonderful? Observe the bronze and the carving and everything. Is not that a wonderful achievement of art? Notice them as they swing upon their great hinges; how graceful, and how beautiful, and how smoothly they operate."

"Yes, indeed," he would say, "they are fine, very fine; but how do they compare with the hinges in the wonderful limbs of this miserable man, moving on themselves? Where did you ever see such hinges as there?"

And so he put to shame my comments upon that great building.

But I say, "Come, doctor; let us go within."

There we see great windows that have been the admiration of centuries; beautiful stained glass, with the sunlight filtering through them; some of them builded by emperors and others by princes and others by wealthy persons.

In admiration we exclaim, "How beautiful! How beautiful!"

"Yes," he would say, "they are beautiful; but to me those windows are not at all comparable to the windows looking into the soul of that poor wretch outside. Where is the window in all the world equal to the human eye?"

And again I would be compelled to retire. And then up the great aisle we go, to the center of the church, with aisles running right and left, fore and aft; and I would say to him, "Doctor, look at the heart of the church. Is not this splendid? Look at its height and breadth with avenues running in every direction like arteries from the human heart. Is it not fine and inspiring?"

"Yes, indeed," he would say, "but just contemplate the heart of that poor wretch out yonder. His heart has been throbbing for these forty or fifty years, scarcely missing a beat, seventy times every minute for all those years. Think of it pumping out the life blood from the center of that body to the extremity of every fiber of it for all these years; when he slept, when he waked, when he worked and when he played; whether he was good or bad, no matter, the pump worked all the time. The heart of that man is a thousand times more wonderful than the heart of this cathedral."

And so from every standpoint he would have the better of the argument. I bring this illustration to show you his thought in reference to the human body. He looked upon the human body as a sacred thing, as a sacred temple in which the soul sojourned during its life upon this earth.

Imbued with the true spirit of the Christian physician, Doctor Wishard believed in the sacredness of the human body and of human life. At the bedside of the sick he did not parley about whether a patient was colored or white; rich or poor; a woman in scarlet or the most cultured and devout person. Although that patient may have borne the marks of sin or acknowledged a misspent life, he did not allow that to weigh in

the least against his best efforts to render help. Despite the physical and moral wreckage of the body he could see therein a throbbing heart, propelling the life blood to every fiber of that body through the greatness and the mercy of God. Could he be less sympathetic than his Father in heaven?

And how did he measure up to the ideals of a Christian physician in ministration and moral direction? Here perhaps is the greatest field of usefulness of the physician if he but improves the opportunities which so often fall to his lot. Contemplate the temperance of this man—temperate in eating and drinking, contributing no doubt to his great length of years; temperate of speech, for who ever heard him speak evil of man; he preferred to magnify the good there was in his fellows. His optimism—how radiant! In the sickroom his good cheer dispelled the gloom; it buoyed hope, it gave courage for ordeals; or perchance if the way led inevitably down into the "valley of the shadow of death," how competent was he to brighten the path. He fulfilled completely the appellation of Hippocrates, "A good man, skilled in healing." He answered the full requirements of the Christian physician.

REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: When Doctor Wynn was presenting the contrast between the man at the cathedral and the cathedral I thought of the church as an investment of life, as a channel through which we express our life. Some men express their life merely through their business, through their profession; and you have heard the testimony of Doctor Wishard expressing his life, investing his life as a physician, in the Christian physician. You have also heard how he expressed his life in the local church; but would it occur to you that the church is the channel through which a man's life may go out all over the state, yea, sometimes far beyond that? The church is the channel through which we can give the noblest

expression to our sentiments; and so I think we may well hear of the influence of this man in the church at large, in the larger sphere of Christian thought, by Dr. M. L. Haines, of the First Presbyterian church.

REV. M. L. HAINES, D. D.: What a rare Sabbath day it has been, now drawing to its close. Filled from the early hours of the morning until a few minutes ago full of winter sunshine, not a cloud in the sky. , No sign of storm, the very air tempered almost into balminess. And yet here it is practically in the middle of the last month of the round year. Winter sunshine, that is what this man of God—as I have reason to know from the privileges I have had of seeing him over and again during these later years—carried with him; he diffused in his very conversation that good cheer that Doctor Wynn has just spoken of, that "radiant optimism" that he manifested. Not that there were no clouds in the sky at times during these later years. He had his sorrows, but those sorrows never shut out the sunshine that streamed down through them. He irradiated those very clouds, and made them rich and beautiful as revelations of the light and the love of God that can transfuse and transform earthly sorrows with heavenly beauty.

We say there are three great institutions in the world in which we are called to live and exert our influence, the family, the state and the church. Nothing has been said, and I don't know that anything will be said, this afternoon of Doctor Wishard as a husband and father, and as a genial and generous host in his home. It is not for us today, here even in this church so dear to him, to draw aside the curtain that veils the sacred intimacies of that home life; but some of us have had knowledge of that home life that have revealed to us what he was in it, as a husband, as a father, as a friend. But he

was called to live also in the state as a dweller in this commonwealth and as a citizen of this American republic. In those relations he was, first of all, intelligent; he had convictions that were clear and wrought out through his own reading and observation and experience. He was intensely patriotic, and, as you know, when the great crisis was upon this nation, and its very existence was threatened, he went to the front, a volunteer physician, and rendered valuable services, not merely for the regiments with which he was successively connected, not merely for the soldiers of Indiana, but for many soldiers from the different states of the north. He was influential in a very large and exceptional way to his country at that time through what has been referred to before, and ought to be kept in mind. There came from his own clear mind and warm heart the idea and plan that the wounded and sick soldier boys in the southland should not be left there in any cases where they could be brought home. Here, in their own homes and under the immediate care of those to whom they were dear, the possibilities for their recovery would be greatly enhanced. That was the idea originating in his mind and carried out by Oliver P. Morton, our war governor. So successful was this plan that soon after President Lincoln issued an order by which not only Indiana soldiers, but soldiers from many states were thus brought home. And how many in all these states of the north owed their lives to him it would not be easy to estimate. He was a citizen at large in that respect.

And then he was a churchman at large in an exceptional way. Reference has been made by one and another of the peculiar services he rendered to the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. I came here twenty-eight years ago last spring, and the week after my arrival I came down to this Seventh church where the Presbytery of Indianapolis was then in session. By

them I was received as a minister of the Presbytery. I then went to Doctor Wishard's home and was welcomed there as he only and his hospitable family could welcome a Presbyterian minister. I was impressed with the churchmanship of the man, not in any narrow sectarian way, but by his broad-minded, intelligent, earnest spirit. He had no cheap ideas of the church and its place in human society. He recognized its importance and its value, and he gave his life earnestly and conscientiously to the furtherance of the great missions of the church. I think that during the twenty years that followed—perhaps twenty-five years—my first meeting him, no elder in all the churches of our Presbytery was more frequent and regular in his attendance as a commissioner to the meetings of the Presbytery, he being the senior elder of this Seventh church. Certainly no one in those meetings took a more earnest interest in the proceedings and discussions and in the general work of the church. Time and again he represented this Presbytery in the meetings of our Synod. It was seventy-three years ago that he first entered personally and in a very practical way into the life of the church at large.

Before there was any railroad in Indiana he went from Indianapolis as a commissioner to the General Assembly representing our Presbytery. He told me something about that journey. He received five dollars toward expenses from the churches of the Presbytery, furnishing the rest himself. He journeyed to Madison, and thence by boat up the Ohio river to Pittsburg, and then went over the mountains to Cumberland, Md., and to Baltimore, and then up to Philadelphia. That was an exceptionally important meeting of our General Assembly.

Again, in 1869, he was commissioner to the Assembly in New York, which held an adjourned meeting that same year

at Pittsburg, where also as commissioner he attended. There in Pittsburg was brought about, after long consultation and many prayers, that glorious consummation, the reunion of the New and Old school branches of the Presbyterian church in America.

Again at Portland, Ore., on the Pacific coast, in after years he was a commissioner; and once after that he represented our Presbytery in the General Assembly which met at Winona.

These experiences must have had no little to do with broadening his mind and giving him that enlarged understanding of the problems that confront the church which was manifested even in his ordinary conversation. One could not but notice how he took hold of these problems and spoke of them in a broad way. He had heard them discussed by scholarly and strong men in those successive meetings of the General Assembly. And while he loved his own church, yet it was in no narrow sectarian spirit. He joined hands gladly with all the great bodies of Christian believers in our land, in hearty sympathy and co-operation in every good cause. How he loved this church! I thought that was a fitting hymn that was sung a few moments ago, "Sweet Hour of Prayer." He loved the prayer services of the church, and had his part in them, and a very influential part. If today he were permitted to come back and speak to you, the members of this church, I believe he would call upon you to continue to give your love to this church. It has been a church that has been exceptional in many ways in the years that I have been privileged to know it. Exceptional in its earnestness of spirit; exceptional in the number of trained and earnest workers it has sent out into other churches in the city and in the state and in the nation, and to lands beyond the sea. The influence of such a man and such an elder as Doctor Wishard has been no small factor in giving that indescribable and yet most valuable kind of church

life that you have shared in, that real love for the church and earnest devotion to it that makes it a means of such priceless good to its membership and through them to the life of the world.

HYMN

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER: The test of a man's philosophy and his religion is often manifest at the close of life. There are a great many philosophies and some religions that are very satisfactory while we are prosperous, while we are in the noonday of life, but when it comes to the sunset they do not give the satisfaction and peace which we feel comes with the clear and true understanding of our relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ. I am glad therefore to have the privilege of some words this afternoon from a man who has known Doctor Wishard only in the sunset, only at the latter day. Doctor Skinner, of Grace Presbyterian church, is to speak to us of some impressions which he has discerned in the life of

Doctor Wishard, coming to know him as he has in the sunset glow.

REV. A. C. V. SKINNER: I am very glad to be here this afternoon. I was denied the privilege of being at the funeral services on Friday afternoon, as I was conducting a funeral connected with my own church. I am very glad to be here at this memorial service just to speak a little word of appreciation of the privilege I enjoyed of being with Doctor Wishard during the last two years of his life. I remember just after I came to this city one of my worthy sisters called my attention to the old saint shut in and asked me if I would call, and I did. The very first visit I made I felt very much at home, and from that time I have been visiting him. I had sat for years at the feet of a brother of his, whom I am told is not here, but I felt that through Dr. Samuel E. Wishard I knew Dr. William H. Wishard. And here I want to make a confession. It was not altogether with a view of helping him, because I felt that with such a rich and deep experience that I found at once was his, I could not benefit him in any way. I am here to testify this afternoon, men and women, that nothing answered to my soul better than to sit down at the bedside of that old saint, waiting in Beulah land for the summons to come; and although I was a frequent visitor with him in the last two years I never came out of that home that I was not a richer and better man.

The reference made in the letter the pastor read at the beginning this afternoon is not only a beautiful one, but one of the most fitting tributes in my judgment; and if the pastor had not suggested to me that he was only to grant me five, or, at the utmost, ten minutes, and if I could have eighteen or twenty minutes I purposed to bring to you a story that I read to my people a few nights ago of Dr. William McClure, "The Doctor's Last Journey." I have always felt, since I have

known Doctor Wishard, that the two lives run so absolutely parallel in such a rich, deep and beautiful Christian experience that I could find nothing better to speak of than to bring the story of Dr. William McClure before you this afternoon. But time will not permit.

I recall well the last visit I made to Doctor Wishard—and you will pardon this little parenthesis, because that is what it is; it will let us have a little glimpse into the kind of a life the old saint was enjoying—I remember when I got there I rested down in the parlor for a few minutes, and bye and bye I was asked to go up and see him. I did not wonder very much what was taking place while I was sitting there, but I very soon found out when I got to the bedroom. It seems to me that he had that baby honesty and artlessness which could hide nothing that was worth while; and he called my attention, immediately I got up to the bedside and sat down, to the fact that the nurse had changed some clothing he had on and got some "prettier things," as he said, to make him appear a little more acceptable when I came in; and I remember the laugh that passed over his face, so beautiful, so grand. We had a good hearty laugh together. It did us all good. And do you know, I came away from that visit with a glimpse into that sweet, rich, abiding spirit, the artless honesty, the homelike spirit that just wanted to take things as they are.

I will never forget just before Easter time I made a visit to him and I said immediately I had arrived, "Well, they are needing a little preaching this week, and if you will let me I am going to practice on you what I am going to preach next Sabbath morning." And he replied, "Go on; I am always ready;" and I opened up the Testament to that most glorious chapter of the resurrection, First Corinthians, fifteenth, and I ran through some things, and stopped here and there and chatted about them. If there was one thing more than another that

gripped that true, unassuming soul of his it was just that fact, the assurance and the reality of the resurrection life to come; and he said to me, "May I tell you a story? Long years since my mother died and left me for heaven. Do you know, I have seen her lately, more beautiful, more attractive than ever." I haven't time to tell you all he said about that, but I will never forget what came rushing into my soul. Oh, the sweet beauty of assurance! Oh, the glorying fact, the reality of the resurrection life! And I said when I came away, "Well, he is meandering down the slope, a little more into the offing, a little more into the sunset." And I recalled so well that song that was sung, "Sunset and Evening Star." I remembered Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

I remember one of the several visits I made to him particularly. I think chiefly at that visit we talked about the resurrection, just before Easter, and he brought up to my memory a little poem by May Riley Smith. He excited that memory by some statement he made about those who had gone before, and I think I must have recited most of the poem on that visit, and I think it would be very beautiful and fitting here. But just before I do so I wish to tell you this: if I had never had a trust in the salvation of Jesus, if I had never been trained in an old-time Christian home, if I had never looked into the face of a grandfather just ninety-eight, just such a man as this, precisely of that stock, that old staid Covenanter stock—if I had never had all that in my early days—I must confess this, that the frequent visits I made in the last few years to this good old man would have brought me home to the Lord. No man could sit long by his bedside and remain away from his Lord and Master. He could not do it. For to sit at that bedside was a refreshment that a man could not find anywhere else.

So I am glad to be here today and give a simple broken word

of testimony, just as real as my heart can make it, to this good man that came to the age of ninety-seven. It was my joy to be able to be with him as much as I was.

Now we will recall those lines of May Riley Smith that comforted him as they have others many times:

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses can not reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friends,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today; then be content, poor hearts;
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall know and clearly understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knows best."

PRAYER BY REV. CLAUDE R. SHAVER

We are thankful, our Father in heaven, for many things. We are thankful for the sunshine and the brightness of life. We are thankful for the sunsets when the sunsets bring us such a radiant glow of another sunrise, of the dawn of eternity, wherein sorrows and sighing shall be away, and God shall wipe away all tears from the eye. We are thankful for these lives which Thou, oh God, hast touched; for surely if there is any doubt in our minds as to the reality of Thy presence among us, that reality is emphasized as we think of the good man, of the life lifted up into a union with God, of a life that walked with God, of a life that could reflect something of the goodness of God, something of the radiance and warmth of His love, something of His enthusiasms that all men might be saved, that all men might be lifted up into that community and fellowship which means life everlasting.

And so, our Father, as we have caught a glimpse of the action of Thy spirit upon this one man, may our hearts open that those influences may be ours; that this kind of life may be our privilege; for it is a privilege to live the life after Christ; it is a privilege to walk in His footsteps, even though we walk haltingly, even though we stumble, even though we are only human. Yet because we are human did Jesus come, because we are human did he speak to us as a man; and as men and women we may turn to Him, even as our brother did turn to

Him, and find that peace that passeth all understanding in the joy of our Lord.

And now may there be just a moment of consecration when we ask ourselves as to how we are using our lives. If we are wasting them in the things of the world, if we are letting slip from us these golden moments of the days at hand, if they are slipping from us into idleness and worldliness, may we rise to our privilege to claim this Savior, to claim this relationship to God Almighty which shall mean a transformed life, life after the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." So wilt Thou keep us and bless us and send us home thankful, with sincere desire to make the most of these days, that when we come to the sunset close we may wrap the draperies of our couch about us and lie down, not merely to dream of the revelation and apocalypse, but to a glorified resurrected life in that world where God lives in fellowship with those who appreciate nobility and purity and truth. In Christ Jesus, Amen.

And now may the peace of God that passeth all understanding keep your hearts and lives, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

WILLIAM HENRY WISHARD

AN APPRECIATION BY A FELLOW CLANSMAN*

"Then there came forth a summons for Mr. Standfast, the contents whereof were that he must prepare for a change of life, for his Master was not willing that he should be so far from him any longer."

THE life of the good old doctor, William H. Wishard, which closed in triumph in Indiana's capital on the 9th of December, was a singular blending of many rare lives whose records have been preserved in imperishable biography. His individuality was so pronounced, so far removed from the commonplace, that if such a hero-worshiper and book-maker as Ian MacLaren had known him, he would, doubtless, have given him as commanding a place in one of his inimitable annals of real life as he gave "Weelum MacLure," the doctor of the old school. The substitution of local names is the only modification called for in one of the well-known paragraphs in the "Bonnie Briar Bush" in applying to our late-departed William the striking allusion to the Scottish doctor: "When the reapers in harvest time saw a figure whirling past in a cloud of dust, or the family at the foot of Glen Urtach, gathered round the fire on a winter's night, heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs on the road, they knew it was the doctor, and, without being conscious of it, wished him godspeed." How aptly this describes the feelings of the pioneers in the primeval forests of central Indiana in the middle of the last century, when Doctor Wishard ministered to the sick and suffering in the clearings of the great and terrible wilderness.

If character-building begins a hundred years before one's birth, as the beloved doctor, the autocrat of the breakfast table, put it, may it not also begin a millennium earlier? Doc-

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tor Wishard's life was too crowded with his daily tasks to admit of extended genealogical research beyond the middle of the eighteenth century, from which date he loved to trace his ancestry. Had he been so minded, he could have extended his family tree to the centuries of the Crusades, when members of the family fought in Syria, subdued and governed whole provinces of Italy, sacked the eternal city itself, founded the kingdom of Sicily, crossed the channel with William for the conquest of England, fought the battles for freedom in Scotland which placed Bruce on the throne, Bishop Wishart, of Glasgow, being honored in placing the crown on the Bruce's head at Scone. The doughty ancestors of this man of peace not only wrestled with flesh and blood in their struggles for political freedom; they were foremost in the Holy wars waged against the Man of Sin, the Antichrist, as they called the Holy Father, who was neither holy nor a father. George Wishart, the forerunner of Knox, by yielding up his life at the stake in St. Andrews, kindled the watchfires of the Scottish Reformation, whose light, mingling with the glow of those kindled in Germany, has shone round the world. Doctor Wishard's genealogical studies never antedated the life of his grandfather William, who followed the trade of weaver, which calling has been forever dignified by the hands of David Livingstone. He was driven from his country by the Covenanter persecution, tarried long enough on the Emerald Isle to woo, win and wed one of Ireland's comely daughters, took ship for America, where he landed in time to cast in his lot with the colonies in their fight which achieved their independence and established forever for all Britons the principle that all men are created free and equal. With such blood, such forebears, such battles for political and religious freedom to inspire him, how could he have been other than good and brave and true? As we scrutinize the scenes and records of his life, his charac-

ter readily analyzes itself into one of simplicity, sincerity, generosity and hospitality, to say nothing of his spirit of self-initiative and his marvelous genius for hard work.

Long before Theodore Roosevelt introduced Wagner, the gentle teacher of the simple life, to his fellow countrymen, Doctor Wishard had lived out its salient principles in his quiet, unobtrusive life of serving others: for he lived not to be ministered unto, but to minister. His wants were so modest compared with those which we of today convert into imaginary necessities. He was pre-eminently a member of that great class of our countrymen whom our greatest president characterized as the plain people. He was most approachable. His simple, hearty, sympathetic, unaffected manner always and instantly dispossessed one of all embarrassment and led one to open his heart and tell out the story of his life to the good doctor as freely as to a father.

His sincerity was absolute. I have never known a whiter soul. There was literally no wax in the honey secreted by his daily life. He could tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; and when necessity required, no man could tell the whole truth more fearlessly, however much it might confuse and terrify those whose misdeeds called for deep surgical cutting and the laying open of unseen virus. He was also quick to believe the truth. His confidence in men was sometimes betrayed, but his very sincerity, as a rule, called out the best that was in men and led them to deal with him as he ever dealt with them. Under the spell of his kind eyes and gentle voice, the truth would out, as I have seen on more than one occasion when taking testimony for him during the time when his duties as coroner of his county engaged him in the examination of criminals.

His generosity was proverbial. It was simply extravagant. His free practice and uncollected bills would have endowed his old age. He would lavish his best skill upon a poor patient,

charge him a nominal fee, and then more than offset the fee by entertaining him at dinner.

He could not be other than hospitable. He was born and bred to his tenth year in old Kentucky, whose very name will ever stand as a synonym for whole-hearted hospitality. His early life in the big woods of Indiana only developed this trait. Long before the modern invention his dining table was an extension table, and his guest rooms were never empty.

He was a man of initiative, a blazer of new trails. Without yielding to any one in loyal reverence for the ways and doings of the fathers, concerning which he loved to discourse by the hour, his face was always set toward the future and his eyes were ever fixed upon the stars. He was the first member of the American family to break away from the soil and exchange the toil and hardships of manual labor for the heavier toil and hardships of professional life. He was followed in quick succession into his new lines of activity by members of his family and their descendants.

He lived in one of the great eras of his country's history. Too old to be permitted to shoulder a musket and fight in the ranks, he laid upon his country's altar his professional skill, and gave the best that was in him, without a penny of financial recompense, in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers at the front. In this connection it was his privilege to render a service which will ever link his name with some of the most eminent leaders in the irrepressible conflict. It was at his suggestion and on the basis of his investigations and reports to the great war governor, Oliver P. Morton, that President Lincoln, in spite of the opposition of his war secretary, Stanton, supported Governor Morton in his application for permission to transfer the soldiers in the southern camp hospitals to the homes and hospitals of their native state. This policy was imitated by other states, and this method of caring for dis-

abled soldiers was undoubtedly one of the great humane and effective medical and sanitary measures of the war. It is worthy of note that, notwithstanding the magnitude of this strategic service, Doctor Wishard never, to the writer's knowledge, alluded to his part in it. It was sufficient for him that it had been done. He was never the man to arrogate to himself the emoluments of praise and notoriety for having planted and watered in new fields. He was only concerned with the increase. He was so absorbed in rejoicing over the harvests which he had planted that he lost sight entirely of his premiership in the planting.

His domestic life was ideal. No parents ever had a more loving, faithful son. He honored them not only through their lifetime, but to the end of his life it was an unceasing delight to recall the sturdy manhood of his father and the loving home ministry of his gentle mother. Surely, his days were long in the land which the Lord his God had given him. His own home life was enriched, as that of few men, by a most loving wife and wise and faithful mother. His courtship and marriage were one of the romantic incidents of the early forties. Harriet Moreland, a daughter of one of the first Presbyterian ministers of Indianapolis, was the bride. Her eulogy was long ago written by the Wise Man in his matchless tribute to women in the last chapter of Proverbs. He followed his children into their walks of life with daily prayer and wise counsel.

He had long awaited his Master's summons. His family and associates in his profession had gathered round him, as the students in Oxford who banked up the Wesley tree that it might outlive the century; but his Master had need of him, and we can not doubt that the wistful eyes and yearning hearts of a multitude of his old friends were watching and wearying for his home-coming. The vast concourse that followed

him in thought and sorrow to the cluster of low green tents on Crown Hill that brief December day was far outnumbered by the multitude that looked down on that scene.

"Glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, who welcomed the pilgrim as he went up and in at the beautiful gate of the city."

LUTHER D. WISHARD.

AS A FORMER PASTOR KNEW HIM

Rev. David Ayrton Heron, D. D.

FOR six years it was my "proud privilege" to be Doctor Wishard's pastor. During those years, 1902-8, I saw much of him in God's house, in the meetings of Presbytery and Synod, and in his own home. During that period he crossed the line into his tenth decade, and I saw ninety tapers for his ninety years, placed and lighted on his birthday cake.

He was one of the most interesting old persons I ever knew, if not the most interesting. His stories of early life in Indiana and of the early years of his medical career, and of his courtship and home, and his service for his country, as an officer of it, and for his state and nation during the war of 1861-5 were thrilling. They were related with a native simplicity, which impressed and charmed.

Loyal as was Dr. William Henry Wishard everywhere, to every station and responsibility, his loyalty to three great divine institutions always commanded my special admiration. First, I heard the story, yes, more than once, of his courtship of Harriet Newell Moreland and of their marriage. It must have been a remarkable vest which she made him, for he wore its fashion unchangingly in his heart for three quarters of a century. The dire prophecies of his youthful friends that their married life would be soon terminated by Mrs. Wishard's death were not fulfilled. It was with exquisite pathos that he would refer to them, and then say, "But we lived together sixty-one years and four months and eleven days and I miss her every day I live." Certainly no father could ever forget how he would tell of the deaths of their first children and then he would brighten up and say, in quaint phrase, "and

then our fortune turned." It was Mrs. Wishard's hazardous devotion to him during his attack of smallpox contracted in the army that made him supplement the marriage vow with one that he would never leave her, but the Civil war came, and Indiana's great war governor, Oliver P. Morton, was anxious about "The Boys at the Front." Who should represent him in going to see after the welfare of the Indiana soldiers, to care for the wounded, and bring them home, and to seek the slain, and to send home their bodies for burial? Who should do this tender and patriotic service? Governor Morton answered by asking Doctor Wishard to go.

Marital and patriotic emotions were in conflict, but Mrs. Wishard was not the woman to quench her husband's patriotism or to deafen his ear to the call of his country. Enshrined in his heart as she was, she could not throw down the altar where burns the patriotic ardor; rather would she fan the flame. How bravely and faithfully he executed his commission scores of soldiers could testify, and the tender gratitude of the friends of the dead heroes, whose bodies he sent home for interment, lived for him through all his years. The Indiana soldiers should rest in the bosom of their own state, if he must exhume their bodies, buried by the authority of others, but contrary to his own, and this resolution he enforced in one instance, as we know. But only too gladly did he return home to be "the saint, the father, and the husband" there.

Yes, Doctor Wishard was loyal to God's first human institution, the married and family life.

Second. It was a necessity of his life that he should travel much on the Lord's day. His profession required it. The distance, during the later years of his life between his place of residence and his "Place of Worship" required it, but the Sabbath was a sacred day with him. Devoted to his profession he undoubtedly was, but unless there was an urgent need, the spiri-

tual duties and privileges of the day would take precedence over the professional. He was not the man to encourage delaying to come for the doctor until Sabbath morning. I have heard him tell how, when he lived in Greenwood and Southport, in his earlier years, and was a Sabbath school superintendent, a man would come for him to visit a sick wife or child. "Is the patient very sick? Is the need extreme?" he would ask. "No, but I thought there is more time today. We are pretty busy on the farm week-days." "Well then you just stay for Sabbath school and church and right away after dinner we will go out to see the patient." He could do such a thing so gently and firmly that no offense was taken; the spiritual had been honored; the worship of God had been exercised; a proposed non-attendant had been an attendant in the house of God; hospitality had been dispensed in a Christian home; the guest had eaten the bread of God, in the spiritual and physical forms, and the professional service was faithfully rendered. I am ready to affirm that the doctor's bill was not the larger because the man was a guest at the table, and his horse was fed in the stable. Nor was Doctor Wishard's Sabbath observance less simple and faithful during his residence in Indianapolis. The street car conductors there knew that Doctor Wishard was going to church or to a home of sickness; he was on his way to seek Divine Mercy, or to offer medical mercy. Yes, Doctor Wishard was loyal to the day which the Lord Himself named, and the only one He named, the Sabbath.

Third. He was loyal to the church of Jesus Christ. He was a member of it, an officer in it, and glad and willing to be a representative in the courts of the church with which he was identified. He was a broad church man, a catholic Presbyterian, loyal to Christ's crown and covenant. Of course he was by ordination of personal descent and grace divine. He bore a martyr's name. He was a spiritual descendant, and lineal

too, of the family of George Wishart, of heroic mould and martyr fame. Denominational spirit and claims, in his boyhood, were narrow and exclusive, but he loosed himself entirely from such trammels, if he was ever in them.

I first saw Doctor Wishard in church and I am confident that I saw him in the same place six years afterward. I saw him there the Sabbaths between, whenever it was feasible, perhaps sometimes it was not. For some weeks I remember he had been unable to come, when one Sabbath morning, to our surprise, he suddenly appeared. Soon after the service began, a son came into the church, looked anxiously about, saw the familiar venerable form among the worshipers, and quietly seated himself. The Sabbath morning church bells and the fixed habit of church attendance had caused him to turn his face toward the house of God, without the knowledge of the dear ones at home, who thought him too much enfeebled by age to make the journey across the city and naturally were concerned for his safety.

He was earnest in his church life, wise in counsel for the advancement of Zion, intelligent in the divine promise for her triumph, and generous and chivalrous in seeking it. Yes, Doctor Wishard loved the church, and was her loyal son for the great majority of the years of his long life. Lovingly and grateful do I cherish his loyalties, but especially these three.

EDITORIALS

The Indianapolis Star—December 10, 1913

THE death of Dr. William H. Wishard at the great age of ninety-seven removes from the community one of its most esteemed and honored citizens. He was identified with the community for a period far longer than the average life of man and until his recent years of physical disability was active in all the things that go to make good citizenship.

As a physician in practice in Indianapolis and vicinity from pioneer days until a modern city stood where he had once seen wilderness, he set an example of professional ability and integrity that no doubt had its part in fixing the medical standard that now gives Indianapolis physicians such high rank. But Doctor Wishard's service to his community was not confined to his professional practice. His patriotism was shown in his civil war service and his public spirit was manifested in his participation in all movements for the common benefit.

He was always keenly interested in the affairs of the day and even after his bodily powers failed, which was not until he had reached advanced age, he continued to feel the same interest in current events, local and national. Unlike most aged people his mind did not continually turn to the past, but was alert to the present even to his last hours. His youthful mentality was most remarkable and undoubtedly had much to do with the continuance of his life nearly to the century limit.

Doctor Wishard was born in 1816, the year in which Indiana was admitted to the Union. He had been a witness of the state's wonderful evolution and such an experience made a rich life. He has gone in the fulness of years, but will be remembered as one who helped to lay the foundations of the commonwealth.

The Indianapolis News—December 10, 1913

Doctor Wishard is dead in his ninety-eighth year, but years are a mere incident.

> Men must endure
> Their going hence even as their coming hither;
> Ripeness is all.

He was as ready to die forty years ago as now—though a deal of good work would have been left undone if he had died then. The world goes on without any certain man. But every community goes less well when such a sturdy character as Doctor Wishard perishes. From his early days to the end of his long and honorable life he radiated the influence of a character that "stood four square to all the winds that blew." His work as a physician in the wilderness here, when he began it, was of inestimable value. But of more value was his character.

In those days medical education was not great, at best, compared with that of the present. It was more like apprenticeship to a trade. The young doctor read in the office of the old doctor and aided as he could; then went his own way. It is characteristic of Doctor Wishard that he was not satisfied with all that he could get thus. He ceased practice to go to the Indiana Medical college for what more he could learn there. Graduated from it and resumed practice, later he stopped again and studied at the Ohio Medical college, whence he was also graduated. That was character. He could not live with himself without getting all that could be got to qualify him for the beneficent work of the physician.

Born in Kentucky, whence came so many early settlers to Indiana, he was nine years old when his father settled just at the Marion county line. The boy, oldest of eleven, had the life of pioneer children; riding miles to the mills with corn to

be taken home ground, fording streams and dodging the darkness of unbroken forests as he rode. Little wonder that sturdiness of character came to such a boy. In this case it had the right stuff to work on. All his life he stood fast, compromising nothing. He was one of the soundest, sweetest, most sincere, direct, and lovable of men, and he was ever young. Until the last days that beclouded his memory and weakened his wonderful strength, an hour spent with him was a great experience, as he would unroll the long moving picture of events that he had seen, and part of which he was, covering a period of nine decades. Sons and daughters that were left to him made his days to the last as they should be. "He was a good man and he did good things."

Vincennes Sun—December 11, 1913

To live to be nearly a hundred is certainly a great distinction and honor. For what does it signify? Clearly it means right living in all that pertains to abstention from the things that weaken men morally and physically, and shorten their days on earth and their usefulness to mankind and to the Creator. Besides it exemplifies to others the possibilities in their own lives. What he had done others might do—live a century. To live a century as Doctor Wishard did, means almost a double period of service, for the average activities of men are rather less than fifty years. And Doctor Wishard was a splendid type of lofty citizenship. No man better served his day and generation. He was born with the state of Indiana in 1816. It was given to him to live through the formative period of the commonwealth and to lend the counsel and aid of enlightened citizenship at each stage of its progress and growth. In peace and in war he saw and participated in all the phases of development of Indiana and of the United

States. Born at the close of the second war with Great Britain, he beheld the struggles incident to frontier life and the subjugation of the wilderness and the domination of civilization; the Mexican war, the war of the Rebellion and the Spanish-American war. His span of life covered the period in which the first and last state constitutions were adopted. Seldom, indeed, has any citizen been able to witness so many stirring and important events—and his intellect enabled him to have active and helpful participation.

Doctor Wishard's was an eventful career, nor did his light shine in public station alone, but in the steady undimmed luster of good citizenship and the certain attainments of a noble profession.

The Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association—January 15, 1919

In this number of THE JOURNAL we publish the obituary notice and an excellent picture of the late Dr. William H. Wishard, who died in his ninety-eighth year and who for nearly seventy-five years was a well-known Indiana physician and the last survivor of the charter membership of the Indiana State Medical Association.

Doctor Wishard was a wonderful man in more ways than one, and the history of his life is well worth careful study by the younger generation of physicians, who can profit from the example of a man whose life was singularly successful in the accomplishment of many things worth while for the good of humanity. From his earliest experiences in the wilderness down to the latter years of his life spent amid comfortable surroundings and among devoted relatives and friends, he set an example of professional ability and integrity which the medical profession can look on with the greatest admiration.

His patriotism was shown when he enlisted his services in the Civil war, and his public spirit was manifested in numerous ways by his identification with every movement for the common good. His character, too, was such as to merit the confidence and respect of an ever-enlarging circle, which included men and women of all ages and in every walk of life. As one of his friends has well said: "He was one of the soundest, sweetest, most sincere, direct and lovable men, and he was ever young." Possessed of a wonderful vigor of mind and body, he continued to take an active interest in men and affairs until almost the last few days of his fatal illness, and those who had the pleasure of a short visit with him, even during the last year of his life, marveled at the almost phenomenal memory and mental activity of one who nearly reached the century mark of life.

Doctor Wishard had a wide acquaintance with not only all of the medical men of the state, but men in every walk of life, and especially among many men who have been or are prominent in the state's affairs. He had a personal acquaintance with all of the governors of Indiana, and many became his intimate friends. Because of his unusual physical strength, he continued to practice medicine until he was ninety years of age, and he was well up in the eighties when he drove about and personally attended many of his patients.

Doctor Wishard was content in the pleasure of doing for others, and his well-rounded life was full of accomplishments that make the world and the people living in it better for his having lived.

MEDICAL MEN AND MEDICAL PRACTICE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF INDIANAPOLIS*

IN this paper I shall confine myself to the first fifteen years of the early settlement of this city, from 1821 to 1836. To judge correctly of the ability and worth of the physicians, we must take into consideration the opportunities they may have had to acquire a knowledge of the profession and the remedial agents that were in use in those days. Prior to 1817 there was not a medical college west of the Alleghany Mountains, and but one medical journal in the United States, and that was published at Philadelphia. The laws required every physician to be licensed by a board of medical examiners. The majority of our best practitioners of that period had never seen a medical college. Such were the opportunities of early physicians of this place.

Indianapolis was laid out in a very dense forest, with a heavy undergrowth of spice wood, prickly ash, weeds and grape vines that made it impossible, in many places, for a man to go through the forest on horseback. There was but one road opened that might be called a highway; it led to Brookville, Ind. There was an Indian trail from Strawtown and Connor's Prairie to Vincennes, known as the Vincennes trail. In the spring of 1820 a man by the name of Berry cut out or blazed a trace along what is now the Shelbyville pike, passing through the east side of Johnson county. About 1821 or 1822 there was a wagon road opened from Columbus, Ind., known as the Madison road.

Such were the conditions of the country when the first physician, Dr. Samuel G. Mitchell, came to Indianapolis, April,

* Read before the Marion County Medical Society, December 6, 1892, and ordered to be referred to the State Medical Society.

1821. He came from Paris, Bourbon county, Ky. He was a native of that state. He was a licensed practitioner, and had never attended a course of lectures. He had formerly been in very independent circumstances, but in an evil hour he indorsed for a friend, who failed, and he lost his home, all of his property and was reduced to poverty. He sought a home in the wilds of Indiana in the prime of life when his family consisted of a wife and one daughter. He built a log house on the corner of Tennessee and Washington streets, where the Lorraine building now stands. Soon after, he bought a lot on the northwest corner of Washington and Meridian streets, where he built a frame house, sixteen by eighteen feet, with a shed room in the rear. There he lived and kept his office. He was a devoted husband and father, and noted for his hospitality and generosity. The doctor was a large and corpulent man. He had such a burden of adipose tissue that I never knew him to ride faster than a walk or a slow, shambling pace. In 1832, during the Black Hawk war, there were five companies of mounted riflemen enlisted here to scout in northern Indiana and Illinois. The battalion was commanded by Col. Alexander Russel. Doctor Mitchell was appointed surgeon, and Dr. John L. Mothershead, assistant surgeon. To enable him to double-quick on horseback, he went to a harness maker and had a leather belt made, reaching from the sternum to the pubes. He put on his hunting shirt, then his belt, and then mounted his bay horse, that was proportionately as large as the rider. I can see him now as he rode through the camp, which was located on the north side of Washington street and west of West street.

The death of the doctor's wife in 1829 and daughter a year or two later were sorrows from which he never recovered. In 1836 the doctor had a paralytic stroke. He was poor and helpless. His friends cared for him as best they

could. During the doctor's days of prosperity in Kentucky there was an orphan boy in the neighborhood by the name of Palmer, for whom the doctor provided and gave him a literary and medical education. Young Palmer emigrated to Ohio, became an eminent physician and prospered. When he heard of the destitution of his old benefactor he sent a conveyance and took him to his home, and cared for him as tenderly as ever a devoted son cared for a father. Under the roof of that good Samaritan the doctor breathed his last in February, 1837. All honor to Doctor Palmer! Such was the life and ending of the first physician of this city and the first president of the Medical Society of Indianapolis.

Dr. Isaac Coe was the second physician that settled here. He arrived in May, 1821, and was a native of New Jersey. He came well equipped to practice his profession, bringing with him a large supply of Peruvian bark and wine, the most reliable agents to combat chills and fever at that date. The doctor first settled on the banks of Fall Creek, near where the City Hospital now stands. After the sale of lots he purchased a lot on the Circle where the Columbia Club now stands. He was living on Fall Creek in 1821, that memorable year of sickness and death. There was not one well person in ten, including women and children. Doctors Mitchell, Dunlap and Scudder were all sick. Doctor Coe was the only physician able for duty. He performed well his part as physician, nurse and cook. Doctor Coe could be seen at all hours of the day and night wending his way from cabin to cabin, through almost an impenetrable forest, the owls hooting and the wolves serenading him in his lonely walk, and the rattlesnakes shaking their tails every few rods to notify him that they were on the war-path. The picture is not overdrawn.

During August and September the mortality was great. Doctor Coe was prematurely gray. Fearless, conscientious

and a devoted Christian, all he wanted to know was his duty, and he would brave all danger to do it. He helped to organize the first church and Sunday school in this city and was at the head of all benevolent enterprises. He was heroic in his treatment of diseases. He used opium extensively in the treatment of fever, after the free use of the lancet, emetics and cathartics. In 1837 he was one of the Fund Commissioners of Indiana. He spent much of his time in Brooklyn and New York, where he became a convert to homeopathy. On his return home he made an effort to practice it, but never succeeded in doing much in that line of medicine. After the death of his wife he spent most of his time in the northwest with his sons, where he died. His remains were brought here and deposited in Crown Hill by the side of his wife.

Dr. Livingston Dunlap came from Cherry Valley, N. Y., in the latter part of July, 1821, making the journey on horseback. He made his home with Doctor Mitchell and became his partner. Mitchell & Dunlap was the first medical firm of this city. In August Doctor Mitchell, his wife and daughter were all taken down with bilious fever; in a few days Doctor Dunlap was prostrated by the same malady and all four were confined to their beds in a small log cabin. One of the neighbors had compassion on the afflicted household and took Doctor Dunlap on his back, carried him to his home, and cared for him without fee or reward. That little incident made them fast friends for life. Doctor Dunlap had a high standing as a physician and surgeon. In fact he was the only surgeon until 1830, when Doctor Sanders came to divide the laurels with him in that field. Doctor Dunlap did not graduate until 1830, when he received his degree at Lexington, Ky., from the Transylvania Medical College. As a consulting physician he was ever in demand on account of his known medical ability, as well as his modest and gentlemanly treatment

of his professional brethren. The physician that held a consultation with Doctor Dunlap was a wiser man afterward. While the doctor had a large practice, he was a close student. The doctor was elected councilman from his ward in 1834 and served for several years. He was also the physician of the deaf and dumb institution for several years, and was postmaster from 1845 to 1849. All of the duties of the different offices he held he discharged with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the public. He was elected professor of theory and practice in 1849, at the organization of the first medical college of our city. He filled the chair with credit to himself and profit to the students. At his death, which occurred in 1862, he was the oldest practitioner in the city, having been in practice here forty-one years. The only male survivor of his family is Dr. John M. Dunlap, of our city.

Doctor Scudder came to Indianapolis in 1821, from Ohio, about the same time Doctor Dunlap came. He was a brother of Caleb Scudder, a cabinet maker, who made the first coffin in this place. I had but a slight acquaintance with the doctor. He was a quiet, unassuming man; he had a good practice, was a Christian gentleman, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of the profession and the public. He had just recovered from an attack of the measles when he accepted an invitation to take a sleigh ride with some friends, and the exposure brought on an attack of pneumonia, from which he never recovered. He died in December, 1829. His death was a loss to the profession and to the community.

Dr. Jonathan Cool came here in August, 1821, when every physician was sick except Doctor Coe. He was a native of New Jersey and a classmate of the late Judge Blackford. He graduated with the highest honors of his class. He studied medicine and received a diploma at an eastern medical college when quite young. He received an appointment as surgeon in

the United States army, and for some time was stationed at the barracks at Newport, Ky. He was one of the most promising young men in the profession; a perfect gentleman. He lived with his mother northeast of the city, where he died in 1840 and sleeps in Greenlawn cemetery.

I have briefly summed up the character, ability and ending of the first five physicians that located in this city. The sickness and fatality of 1821 brought this place into such disrepute that for a while it discouraged emigration. I have no knowledge of any other physician coming here to locate until the fall of 1824, when the state offices were moved from Corydon.

Dr. William H. Lilly was auditor of state. He came here in the fall of 1824. About the same time Doctor Jones came here from Kentucky and they formed a partnership. They both were reputable physicians. Doctor Jones devoted his whole time to the practice of medicine. Doctor Lilly had a deputy who performed the duties of auditor of state, and he spent most of his time in practicing. Doctor Jones was a large man of fine address and was one of the most successful and popular physicians that ever located here. Doctor Lilly died in 1829. His remains rest in Greenlawn. Doctor Jones' wife returned to Kentucky. The last time I saw Doctor Jones, in 1839, he had no home or friends, was a perfect bloat, filthy and ragged. But woman's fidelity saved him. Mrs. Jones induced some of her friends to come after the doctor and he was taken back to Kentucky, where he reformed and was restored to his family. In 1842 or 1843 I heard from him, and he had a lucrative practice and was honored and respected by the community.

In the spring of 1826 Dr. Henry Ross came to this place from Ohio. He was a young man of fine promise and soon gained a fine practice and made friends wherever he went, but

he had a holy horror of wolves, panthers and rattlesnakes. As the doctors had to ride into the country ten to fifteen miles, and many of the roads were bridle-paths, it was no unusual thing for a doctor to get lost and have to spend the night in the saddle or up a sapling. Such nights were not the most pleasant. The music was varied between the panthers, wolves, owls and the raccoon fights. Such scenes in a dark and lonely forest were often the lot of the pioneer doctors. Doctor Ross passed a few such nights, when he became disgusted with pioneer life, and, after passing nineteen months here, he returned to Ohio.

Dr. Charles McDougle came here in 1828 from Ohio. He formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Doctor Dunlap, who had married his sister. The firm was one of the ablest, professionally, in the city. Doctor McDougle was well versed in his profession, and his appearance made him a marked man in any company. In 1832 he received an appointment as surgeon in the United States army. In that capacity he won an enviable reputation. The last time I saw him was at Pittsburg Landing, where he was medical director for Grant's army. He was then an old man and his hair was as white as the driven snow. He made many inquiries about Indianapolis, the doctors and old citizens, and spoke of the pleasant years that he spent in our city. Near the close of the war he made his home in Washington city. He died some eight years since in Virginia.

Dr. John L. Mothershead was a native of Scott county, Ky. He had received a college education and graduated at Lexington, Ky., from the Transylvania Medical College. (Sulgrove, in his history of Marion county, states that he graduated at Louisville, Ky.; this is an error.) The doctor came here in 1830, and entered into partnership with Doctor Mitchell. He graduated previous to coming here. (The University

of Louisville graduated the first class in the spring of 1838.) Doctor Mothershead was a modest man, a careful and painstaking practitioner. It was said that if ever he got into a family he held them against all odds. He soon secured a large and lucrative practice. His first partner was Doctor Mitchell, then Doctor Sanders. Prior to his death he was associated with Doctor Bullard and died in November, 1854. At his death he had been in the practice longer than any other physician except Doctor Dunlap.

Dr. John H. Sanders came here in the winter of 1829 and 1830. He was born in Bourbon county, Ky., in the year 1791. At that time the country was a wilderness. Many families lived in block houses. He was a student of Dr. Samuel G. Mitchell, at Paris, Ky. In the fall of 1819 he went to Philadelphia to attend his first course in medicine, making the journey on horseback. On his return, in 1820, he settled in Millersburg, in the county where he was born, and took the lead in surgery. Soon after his return in 1820 he performed the first amputation of the leg that ever was performed in the neighborhood in which I was born, near Carlisle, Ky. He performed all the surgical operations for Bourbon and the adjoining counties. In 1823 he graduated at Lexington, Ky., at the old Transylvania Medical College. Dr. Benjamin Dudley, the greatest lithotomist in the west, if not in the United States, then filled the chair of surgery. In 1824 or 1825 Doctor Sanders moved to New Castle, Henry county, Ky., where he formed a partnership with Doctor Drenon, one of the leading physicians of that place. He remained there until the winter of 1829 or 1830, when he removed to Indianapolis; later he formed a partnership with Dr. John L. Mothershead. In 1839 he removed to the Ozark mountains, near Springfield, Mo., but in 1841 returned and soon after formed a partnership with Doctor Parry, of this city. He remained here until

his death from cholera, which occurred April 4, 1850, on board a steamer on the Mississippi river. Doctor Sanders was tall and commanding in his appearance, and was the highest type of a Christian gentleman. As a husband and father he had no peer. His moral character was without spot or blemish and he ever commanded a large and lucrative practice. He was true to his friends and as tender-hearted as a child. The following occurrence, as related to me by an eye-witness, will exemplify his true character: The doctor and his partner, Doctor Drenon, were attending a young man by the name of Watkins, who was given up to die. They mounted their horses, and as they passed down the lane speaking of the case, Sanders wept like a child; Drenon chided him for his weakness, using very profane language. Doctor Sanders replied it was a calamity to see such a young man cut down in his youth, and a great sorrow to his parents. In that neighborhood Sanders stock went up and Drenon stock down. His last partner prior to his death was Dr. P. H. Jameson, of this city.

Dr. George W. Mears, a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, came to this state from Philadelphia, and first settled at Vincennes, remaining there two or three years. He removed to this city in February, 1834. Doctor Mears was a Napoleon in the practice of medicine; he never surrendered or acknowledged that he was defeated in medical practice. He was thoroughly equipped with an iron constitution and an inflexible will; faced more midnight storms and traveled over more corduroy roads than the average physician of his day. He commanded a large practice in this and the adjoining counties and was professor of obstetrics in the first medical college of this city, organized in 1849, and continued professor in that chair during the existence of the college. In 1869 the Indiana Medical College was organized and he was elected to the chair

of obstetrics and filled that position until his death, which occurred in 1879. Doctor Mears was an able practitioner of medicine and obstetrics, and in that department he commanded the confidence of the public and especially of the profession. In 1836 he formed a partnership with Dr. John L. Richmond, and in 1838 Dr. Corydon Richmond was associated with them. The firm was Richmond, Mears and Richmond, a strong and efficient firm. The partnership continued until the fall of 1840. In 1846 Doctor Mears formed a partnership with Doctor Bullard, which was continued until about 1855, and after that he had no partner. His death made a void in the profession which was hard to fill. His son, Doctor Ewing Mears, is a leading surgeon of Philadelphia and one of the professors of Jefferson Medical College.

The name of Dr. J. L. Richmond should be an inspiration to every young man. He was born in the old Bay State April 5, 1785, a native Yankee. His early life was spent on a farm; later his father moved to the state of New York. He never had but twelve days' schooling in his life. His education was obtained by his own efforts and those of his mother. He obtained what books he could with money earned by chopping cordwood at the Onondaga salt works, then learned his lessons at night by the light of a burning pine knot, after a hard day's work. The labor of studying and thinking gave him an unusual mental drill for one of his opportunities. When quite a young man he joined the Baptist church, and soon after was ordained as a minister in that church. He was married in his twenty-first year. In June, 1817, in company with his father's family, he started for the far west in wagons. When they came to the head of navigation on the Alleghany river they built a flatboat and came down the river to near Cincinnati, where he taught school and preached in a Baptist church. The doctor had commenced the study of medicine with some

neighboring physician before he left the state of New York. In the spring of 1818 he moved to Newtown, ten miles east of Cincinnati. He graduated in medicine at the Ohio Medical College in the spring of 1822, and practiced at Newtown for several years. In 1824* he performed the Cæsarean section, the first operation of the kind ever performed west of the mountains, if not in the United States. He was called to see a woman confined with an illegitimate child who was being treated by a midwife and was very much exhausted. He found a deformed pelvis, and was unable to deliver her in the natural way. With a pocket-case of instruments and the aid of the woman, by candle-light, he operated and saved the woman's life. Soon after he reported the case in the *Cincinnati Journal of Medicine,* and was sharply criticized for performing the operation. How very conservative surgeons were in that day! In 1826 he removed to Cincinnati and remained there, practicing until the year the cholera prevailed in that city, when he was stricken with the cholera. His health was so impaired that he removed to Pendleton, Ind. He remained there two or three years, when he removed to this city and commenced the practice of medicine, also preaching for the First Baptist church. He finally gave up the care of the church and devoted his whole time to the practice of medicine. In 1836 he entered into partnership with Doctor Mears. His son, Corydon Richmond, a graduate of the Ohio Medical College, came here from Pendleton and became a partner with Doctor Mears and his father. (Let me here say that Dr. Corydon Richmond, now of Kokomo, is the only surviving doctor of this city or county who was engaged in the profession when I commenced the practice of medicine in April, 1840.)

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* Later investigation proved that father was misinformed as to the date of the operation. It occurred in 1827. See *Western Journal of Medical and Physical Sciences,* Cincinnati, Ohio, vol. 3, p. 435. Published 1830.

In the fall of 1842, while visiting a patient, Dr. J. L. Richmond was stricken with paralysis. He was conveyed to his home in a helpless condition. His recovery was very doubtful for many weeks; his speech finally returned, but he never regained the use of his side. Being thus disabled he sold his property on South Meridian street, went to Covington, Fountain county, Indiana, and made his home with his son-in-law, Albert Henderson, until his death, which occurred in October, 1855. He sleeps in the cemetery at Covington, Ind., by the side of his faithful and loving wife, who died one year before he did.

From 1836 to 1840 there was quite an influx of doctors into this city, men of ability and professional standing. Among the number were Dr. John S. Bobbs, Dr. Charles Parry, Dr. A. A. Ackley, and many others. As this paper covers only the first fifteen years of the early settlement of this city I will leave the history of their lives and work to a more competent historian. I will only add that the medical men of Indianapolis have always taken a high rank in their profession, and today they compare favorably with those of any city of equal size in the Union as physicians and surgeons.

MEDICAL RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS*

GENTLEMEN OF THE INDIANA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY:

There are periods in every man's life and the life of every association when duty and wisdom demand that we should stop and compare the present with the past. Then will we be able to judge correctly of what we have accomplished.

The last half century has been one of unparalleled progress in the history of the world, particularly that of our own country. The development and growth in science, literature, the arts, commerce, manufacturing and agricultural interests, and in fact everything which points to a higher civilization, have been accomplished with a rapidity and certainty for the good of the human race of today that has far surpassed the hopes of our most sanguine forefathers.

The great question that confronts us today as medical men is, have we kept abreast with the advancing column that is so speedily lifting our nation in this age and generation to a higher standard of civilization and prosperity? I know no better time to ask and answer this question than now, this being the fortieth anniversary of the organization of the Indiana State Medical Society. In this brief address I shall try to answer it in the affirmative.

Men are, as a rule, held responsible to society for their usefulness in the ratio of their opportunities. The pioneer doctors of Indiana had very little opportunity to obtain either a literary or medical education for various reasons. Knowledge and education were not sown broadcast as they are today. The common schools were primitive in their character, noth-

* President's address, delivered before the Indiana State Medical Society at the fortieth anniversary of the organization, May 1, 1889.

ing but the English branches being taught, and those to a limited extent. The circumstances of the early settlers were such that few, if any, had the means to send their sons or daughters to a more favored community to obtain an education. There was not one county in ten, sixty or sixty-five years ago, that had schools of a higher order than the common subscription schools, taught for three or four months in the year.

Let us look at the opportunities given for a medical education. After two or three abortive attempts to establish a medical school at Lexington, Ky., the Medical Department of the Transylvania University was organized, in the year 1817, with five professors—Doctors Dudley, Drake, Richardson, Overton and Blythe, with Doctor Rogers as adjunct to the chair of anatomy. A full course of lectures was delivered by each professor. At the close of the term in the spring of 1818, with a class of twenty-one, there was but one graduate, John L. McCullough being the first graduate of medicine west of the Alleghany mountains. This was seventy-one years ago. During the first session feuds had grown up among the professors, and at the end of it the faculty was dissolved, Doctor Drake returning to Cincinnati, and Doctor Overton removing to Nashville. One year passed without an effort to reorganize the medical department. In the summer of 1819, however, they did reorganize, and a second course of lectures was delivered in the winter of 1819-20. The only school in the valley of the Mississippi began with thirty-seven students, but by the seventh year it had increased until it numbered two hundred and eighty, being the second medical school in importance and numbers in the United States, and for twenty-five years it enjoyed a career of uninterrupted prosperity. Doctor Drake returned as a teacher in 1823. Benjamin Dudley had a national reputation as a lithotomist.

The Ohio Medical College with a small beginning, graduated its first class in 1821.

The Transylvania and Ohio Medical Colleges were the only ones in the west until 1837.

In the winter of 1837-38, the first course of lectures was delivered at the medical department of the University of Louisville.

Transylvania had received its greatest patronage from the southern states, which put those states far in advance of the northwest in medical education.

You will see from these statements that those who were the preceptors of the medical students, fifty and sixty years ago, had very little opportunity to become proficient in their profession.

From the best statistics I can obtain, not ten per cent of the physicians of Indiana were graduates in 1825, and not to exceed twenty-five or thirty per cent had ever attended one course of lectures.

The celebrated Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Danville, Ky., was not a graduate of medicine; he attended one course of lectures in Edinburgh, Scotland, returned to Kentucky in 1793, and in 1809 performed the first operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor that had ever been performed in the world. His reputation as a surgeon prior to this time gave him all of the important surgery within two or three hundred miles of his locality until the return of Doctor Dudley from Europe.

In 1825 the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon Doctor McDowell by the University of Maryland, after thirty years of practice and with a national reputation. When a doctor was accused of being a one-course student, his answer invariably would be "so was Doctor McDowell."

Some of the most successful practitioners had never heard a medical lecture delivered in a medical college.

They did private dissecting and pursued their studies under the most eminent physicians of the country.

The literature of the profession was limited; there was but one medical journal in the United States in the early part of this century, the Medical Repository, published at Philadelphia, then the medical Mecca of America.

If a medical student of today were to read the text-books published prior to the publications of Dr. John Eberly, he would conclude that the profession was just emerging from the dark ages.

But we must remember that the physicians of the first twenty-five years of this century were diligent laborers in their profession, and had evolved much light where darkness had prevailed in physiology, pathology, materia medica and the practice of medicine and surgery.

The three great professions, medicine, law and theology, suffered equally for want of educational advantages, yet each in their day produced bright and shining lights that were an honor to their calling. The practice of medicine today differs widely from that of fifty or sixty years ago. First: the customs and habits of the people were essentially different. Second: the diseases were not of the same type, the mode of treatment in the majority of cases being directly opposed to what would be used now. Third: the class of therapeutic agents used was limited compared with those given by the practitioner of today.

The pioneers who sought homes in the wilderness were a bold and self-reliant people, both the men and the women. They had counted the cost and came to stay and build homes for themselves and families. They were men who had force of character, strong convictions and the courage to stand by

them. They were prepared to fell the forest and overcome all obstacles. They came from the east and south, bringing with them the social and moral habits and tastes peculiar to their native states. Society was not homogeneous as at present in the rural districts.

Their hospitality and fidelity to each other in time of need was deserving of all praise. They would look after sick neighbors at great personal sacrifice.

The physician who would not answer a call promptly, night or day, pleasant or unpleasant, as it might be, so long as he was able to sit on his horse, was considered unworthy of their confidence or patronage.

You may think they were exacting, but they would do the same for each other without compensation. The physician was working for pay and they for friendship without pay.

The man who would charge his neighbor for nursing him when sick, or aiding him when in need, was ostracised.

Instead of having one or two nurses for your patient, you would have half a dozen, if there were that many strong men and women in the community. And yet when the autumnal sickness set in they were very scarce.

The obstetrical practice was all in the hands of women; necessity seemed to require it. The physicians were few and far between, and there was a strong prejudice against them in many cases. Obstetrical practice was less difficult and complicated than at present; the constitutions of the pioneer women were so vigorous that nature completed her work with little assistance.

Such an occasion was a general holiday. Every able-bodied woman in the neighborhood was summoned to lend a helping hand in the conflict, with little regard for distance, condition of the weather, roads or the age of her youngest child. Not to be invited to an entertainment of this kind was an offense not

easily forgiven. Should the case be one that baffled the skill of the midwife, from the character of the presentation, or any other cause, and a physician had to be called, the news spread with the rapidity of a prairie fire, and when he arrived the congregation was large enough for a funeral or a "quarterly meeting." The gathering was not made up of one sex only; the men were around on the border doing picket duty, and ready for emergencies. The modern doctor may think the picture overdrawn, but the half has not been told. I will give one of many cases that came under my own observation:

Forty-seven years ago I was summoned to the bedside of a woman who had been in labor eighteen hours. It was a case of arm and shoulder presentation, and the midwife had kept the grave nature of the case concealed from the friends, hoping that something would come about that she might be able to deliver the woman without the aid of a physician. At last she was compelled to report the alarming symptoms of the case, and it soon became known that professional aid was sent for, although the night was cold and a terrific snow storm was prevailing. When I arrived I found the family living in a log cabin, fourteen by sixteen feet, and there were present to render aid and sympathy twelve women and four or five children with the sick woman and her husband. We had standing room only. It was no idle curiosity that brought them together; it was the custom, and considered a conscientious duty to an afflicted neighbor. To have but a half dozen present on such an occasion was considered a small and select company.

A strong prejudice existed against a physician as an obstetrician. Every word and act of his was closely studied, and if his treatment of the woman or directions as to dressing the child, and especially as to how to put up the umbilical cord, was not in harmony with the teaching of some venerated old midwife, his reputation suffered.

I have known good physicians to lose caste by ridiculing the mode of treating women and infants in unimportant matters as taught by the old women, and never to regain their standing in the neighborhood. It is said that women rule the nation. We older physicians have long since learned the fact that they rule the destiny of that portion of the nation called doctors, and the sooner the young physicians recognize this fact and deport themselves accordingly, the better it will be for them.

I had several experiences in early life that convinced me that the public was not in sympathy with a struggling medical student. A few families of the red men lingered on the hunting grounds of their fathers long after the majority of the tribe had emigrated. They were camped near my early home, ten miles south of this city, on the banks of White river. They wanted to enjoy Christmas after the manner of their pale-faced neighbors, and accordingly procured a good supply of fire water. They imbibed to the full extent of their capacity, and one of the men got so hot he thought he would cool off by swimming the river. He was so thoroughly cooled that he found a watery grave. His squaw, in an effort to roast venison, roasted herself, and then followed a season of great mourning. The sorrowing friends consigned the unfortunate victims to the last Indian grave ever dug in that vicinity, and after protecting them well with slabs took their departure.

In the spring of 1838, after reading chemistry and materia medica, I wished to take up anatomy, and as I had no skeleton my thoughts turned to those Indian graves. Accompanied by a friend, and equipped with two sacks and a spade, I started on my errand and soon had two skeletons in a reasonably good state of preservation.

At the next meeting of the grand jury in Johnson county a vigorous effort was made to indict me for bringing about a

premature resurrection of two Indians, "in violation of the statute as therein provided." But fortunately for me there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way, as the names of the resurrected Indians could not be obtained. I was somewhat alarmed, and have ever since "fought shy" of a graveyard.

Let us now consider the class of diseases.

The first settlements were made along the water courses, the land was very fertile and easily tilled, and we looked forward to our autumnal sickness as much as we did to seed time and harvest, and the prudent man prepared for it by doing his work in advance, and by laying in his supply of medicines, which usually consisted of tartar emetic, calomel, rhubarb, aloes or jalap and epsom salts or castor oil.

It was not expected that a physician would be called until the resources of the neighbors were exhausted. Every neighborhood had some one who could bleed, extract teeth, and "dose out doctor's medicine," as they called it, also some old aunt who treated the women and children and had a list of domestic remedies that she obtained from the forest and garden. When she spoke of their virtues and adaptation to the various diseases of her specialties, the doctor who failed to know as much about her remedial agents as she did, had no standing in her estimation. Although she was a strange compound of superstition, ignorance and wisdom, her influence was marked. The early settlers were exempt from some of the most formidable diseases we now have to combat, notably tuberculosis, diphtheria and cerebro-spinal meningitis. None but the strong and vigorous ventured to the frontier, knowing the hardships that awaited them, and as a class they were free from any constitutional diseases. Their mode of living in log cabins with open fireplaces and a good supply of oxygen, and their plain and nutritious diet were well calculated to counteract any tubercular tendency.

Diphtheria as a distinctive disease was unknown to the early practitioners. Eberle's Practice, published as late as 1845, gives no account of the disease.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis was equally a stranger, though it was not unusual to have a case of phrenitis, as called by the older authors, but now termed meningitis.

The various forms of fever produced by miasma, malaria, or marsh miasmata, as it was called by different authors, were multitudinous from the shaking ague chill and fever, or intermittent, to the various types with remittent congestive and pernicious intermittent and congestive.

Authors differed somewhat in their classification, but they were all recognized as autumnal diseases. In the winter season pleurisy and pneumonia prevailed, often complicated with hepatic disorders.

There was a disease called quick consumption, the sequel of repeated attacks of pneumonia or pleurisy breaking down the lung tissue.

This was a fruitful field for quack doctors to try their skill in curing consumption.

But few cases of intermittent fever were treated by the doctors. It was only in the persistent forms of remittent and congestive fever where medical aid was summoned, and then not until family medication had been exhausted, by taking the patient through a course of emetics, bleeding and cathartics. Unless it was a case, well marked, of congestive or pernicious fever, the doctor was not called until the fifth or sixth day; after the patient had been treated vigorously by the three great depletory processes—emetics, cathartics and blood-letting. The exhausted condition of the patient or possibly the intestinal disturbance caused by the too free use of cathartics would produce a condition which would demand the use of opiates and blisters by the physician, and the last state of that patient

was worse than the first. The principal business of the doctor was dealing in second-hand goods, and a bad quality at that.

For a patient to consult a physician when he was first taken ill was an anomaly in medicine, and a useless expenditure of time and money. Four-fifths of the fatal cases were second-hand, but the doctor was responsible for the result, as he had the last chance.

I will not go into details in treating the remittent fevers. A favorite prescription was "ten and ten" as a purgative—ten grains calomel, ten grains jalap—given every six hours until it produced free purgation, then the dose was lessened, but continued until it produced a slight ptyalism. If the case was of an inflammatory type, nauseating doses of tartar emetic were given to reduce the fever. If it produced watery stools, the bowels were restrained with laudanum or opium.

To reduce fever, sweet spirits niter, or nitrate of potash was given. Cold water was prohibited. The maxim was, feed a cold and starve a fever. The tonics consisted of Peruvian bark, Huxham's tincture of bark, or an infusion of quassia. Tonics were always withheld until the fever was broken.

Quinine was rarely used and was considered an uncertain and unsafe article. I remember well the first time it was used in my father's family, in the autumn of 1828. We were suffering with malarial fever, and had used about half a pound of Peruvian bark, and bitters of every kind and quality known, yet the chills would return every seventh or fourteenth day. My father sent me to Indianapolis to a physician to get medicine to prevent the relapse of the chills. The prescription consisted of thirty grains quinine, ten drops sulphuric acid, and six ounces water; dose, one teaspoonful three or four times a day, to be taken with great care.

Blood letting was an indispensable remedial agent, and when wisely used by an intelligent physician was a power for

good and saved many valuable lives. It was only used in certain forms of intermittent and congestive fevers. In the first stages of pleurisy and pneumonia it was the sheet anchor, followed with judicious medication.

I admit that the laity bled indiscriminately and unwisely, making no distinction. Fever was fever, and if it was good in one case, why was it not good in all cases?

I have seen an old thumb lancet that was an heirloom in the family. It had drawn blood from the grandfather and father, and was doing duty for the grandchildren. That one instrument had drawn more blood than was spilled by some regiments in the late war. It was not unusual for many persons to be bled every spring. They had the superstitious belief that their blood was too thick, and that the old blood had to be drawn off to give room for a new and better article.

I have seen arms so scarred by repeated bleeding that you could scarcely locate the vein to bleed from. Another superstitious notion that possessed the laity was that if you bled a patient in the right arm when the pain was in the left side, it would draw the pain across his heart, and death would be the result sooner or later.

The physician that made such a mistake was taking an unwarranted risk, and should the patient die, he was held responsible for his death.

By 1840 there was great improvement in the treatment of fevers. Quinine was used more extensively in intermittent fever, but not in remittent. In 1841 the State Medical Society of Tennessee offered a reward of one hundred dollars for the best essay on the treatment of fevers. It was awarded to Dr. Lunsford P. Yandell, of the Louisville Medical College, and published in the *Western Medical Journal* of that city. I was taking that journal and read and re-read his article. He recommended the abortive treatment of bilious fever by the use

of a cathartic or an emeto-cathartic, and the free use of water. Sponging the patient during the hot stages, diuretics and diaphoretics, and the early administration of quinine and Dover's powder during the remission. It was a complete departure from the old doctrine of wearing out the fever, and his reasoning was so common-sense and well-founded that the younger men of the profession accepted it gladly, but the older men shook their heads and pronounced it a dangerous innovation on established principles in medicine.

It soon became the accepted mode of treatment by the progressive men in the profession, and those who opposed it gradually fell into line, until ultimately they all agreed. When I look back on the last half century, I can not think of any one man who has done so much for the profession in the treatment of fever as the late lamented Prof. Lunsford P. Yandell. He lifted the curtain which let in the light that has been shining brighter and brighter to the present day.

The remedial agents that we use today have multiplied, and the modes of administering the old ones have changed so much that we do not occupy the same ground that was occupied by our own school fifty years ago.

The same can be truthfully said of every other system of medicine that has been in vogue for the last half century. I make the assertion, and I do it conscientiously, and appeal to progressive older practitioners for verification, that the various schools of medicine, with their different theories, cultivated and crude, have shed light on our professional pathway, and in saying this I do not reflect on our honored and able professional ancestors.

Like wise and prudent men we should feel the great responsibility that rests upon us as physicians. We live in an age of tolerance and progress, and know that it is our duty to do

right as we have the ability to see it, without regard to past prejudice or present criticism.

I further believe that the intelligent and honest advancing men of all medical schools are approximating nearer to the only tenable ground, that of rational medicine. We are not living to fight over the battles of the past, but to learn wisdom from those who preceded us. We have duties to perform in this our day, and let us be found equal to the emergency. Neither should we ridicule our professional ancestors for the use of their crude and scant remedial agents, and the manner of using them. The modern farmer sitting on his sulky plow has just as much right to criticize his grandfather for using the old barshire plow, which was the best the market afforded, and was used skilfully and industriously. The same can be said of our professional grandsires; they skilfully used the best the market could furnish, and overcame obstacles as medical students, and endured exposures and hardships as practitioners that are unknown to the profession of today.

I knew medical men sixty years ago who would mount their horses with their pill-bags full of medicine, and their pockets filled with epsom salts, castor oil and senna. This supply of medicine was sufficient for forty or fifty patients, and as there were no drug stores it was expected that the doctor would furnish all that was necessary for his patients. Not less than twelve to thirty-six hours were required to make the rounds, and that through a dense forest with nothing but a bridle path from one neighborhood to another. In some places almost impassable swamps and ponds of water had to be passed through. During the night the wolves would furnish a serenade for the doctor on his lonely rides. A frequent change of horses was necessary. I have known physicians to have horses stationed in different neighborhoods, their own or hired ones, and it was

no uncommon thing to wear out three or four horses in one sickly season, lasting as many months.

The therapeutical agents have increased under the rapid development of chemistry and pharmacy, until the whole field of mineral and vegetable kingdoms have contributed to the list, and volumes have been written on new remedies. Our medical journals are innumerable and full of well-written articles on the value and mode of administering them. Every laboratory has issued pamphlets without number, and some of them quarterly or monthly journals, giving a list of their manufactured products and the various diseases for which they are adapted.

Giving the same remedy for all diseases of the same class has caused a pitfall into which many have fallen, losing sight of the great fact in the treatment of disease that each case has its own individual needs and should be treated from that standpoint alone.

The extracts, fluid and solid, with the many palatable compounds, make the practice of medicine a pleasure as compared with the past when we had to administer the crude drugs.

The great advancement in the manifold branches of the healing art has gained for the profession of today the confidence of the public to a larger degree than the pioneers enjoyed, and now places physicians in their true light as benefactors.

I think the domain of surgery has gained by far the richest rewards from the advancement.

The introduction of anaesthetics and antiseptics with their adjuncts has made the practice of surgery a professional paradise to what it was in the early part of this century, especially to that class of surgery belonging to gynæcology.

The physicians of today have opportunities and appliances

for successfully prosecuting their profession which were unknown in the past.

They are not subject to the trials and privations that had to be encountered in the early times, but we of the present have temptations thrown in our professional lives unknown to other days.

The good old dame of the "olden times" would point you to her ten or a dozen promising sons and daughters, the joy of her home, the pride of her heart and the hope of her old age. We now have presented to us too often, one son or daughter with a poodle dog, most likely the poodle only, as the future hope of that blighted household. Gentlemen, you know what I mean; the uses to which young doctors in particular are solicited to debase their calling for filthy lucre's sake. Let us all keep our professional robes unsullied from this great iniquity. The men who would commit such an offense against the laws of God and man have no more right to membership in this honorable association of physicians than an inhabitant of Hades would to a home in the Celestial City.

Much has been wisely said and written on the subject of elevating the standard of medical education but we must remember that as individual members we are responsible for the future of our profession. We must first recognize the fact that true manhood and moral worth are the bed rock upon which we are to build.

Memory carries me back seventy years or more to the medical men who failed to recognize these principles and each one that I remember closed his professional career under a cloud. We must ever keep in mind the fact that it is the man that honors the profession more than the profession honors the man.

The doctor who possesses keen perceptive faculties, a good

analytical mind and conscientiously feels the weight of responsibility that belongs to his profession, will never fail.

At this time the eyes of all the patriots of the land are turned toward New York, where the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, the first president of the United States under our constitution, is being celebrated. Let us not allow our patriotism to so overshadow our thoughts as to forget that this is the fortieth anniversary of the organization of the Indiana State Medical Society.

At this time I hope a brief reference to the history of the society will not be out of place. The leading physicians of this state had long desired an organization of this kind. Indianapolis had a local medical society, and in May, 1849, a call was sent out by it for a state convention the following month. Private letters were sent by the members to their medical friends over the state inviting them to attend the meeting to be held June 6, 1849. At 10 o'clock on the day appointed we met in Wesley Chapel, on the southwest corner of Meridian and Circle streets. Dr. John H. Sanders was unanimously elected temporary chairman and Dr. John S. Bobbs, secretary. A roll was taken, which showed twenty-eight physicians in attendance. Sixteen were from this city, three from Marion county outside the city, two from Wayne county, two from Madison county, and one each from Montgomery, Ripley, Hendricks, Morgan and Johnson counties.

That was the beginning of this society. Of the charter members but five of us are living, four in Indianapolis, and one in Texas. They are Doctor Florer, of Texas; Dr. John M. Gaston, Dr. W. C. Thompson, Dr. P. H. Jameson, and the writer, all of Indianapolis.

The founders expected that great benefit would be derived from it by the profession throughout the state, but it has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

After the permanent organization of the society the names of fifty-seven physicians, residing in different localities of the state, were presented, to be voted upon as suitable persons to become members. They were all elected to membership, though not being present. Among the number was Dr. W. T. S. Cornett, of Versailles. He was elected president to preside at the next meeting. In May, 1850, he delivered his first annual address, his subject being "The Rise, Progress, Present State and Future Prospects of Medical Science." It was an able and comprehensive address. Doctor Cornett is the oldest surviving president of the society. His life of professional and Christian usefulness is worthy of our honor and gratitude.

The Indiana State Medical Society has been a power for good in our profession, especially since it has been a delegate body. It has stimulated the organization of local societies and elevated the professional standard so high that physicians who have the opportunity to join medical societies and do not avail themselves of it, will find themselves in the rear ranks, and sooner or later be assigned to the invalid corps, fit only for light duty.

ORGANIZATION OF THE INDIANA STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE PROFESSION*

DOCTOR WISHARD said in introduction: Gentlemen, the memories of fifty years ago today are more than I can stand. As I have been sitting here thinking over the past and the heroes who fell, and see so few who are left, it fills me with sadness.

I am in a condition not very pleasant to read a paper. I am in a transition state with my vision, not having fully gained my second sight, and I can not find glasses that exactly suit me, so I will have to try to read without glasses.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—On behalf of the Marion County Medical Society I welcome the Indiana State Medical Society back to the home of its birth fifty years ago. The occasion of today demands a readier pen and greater fluency than I possess to do justice to the subject. In various parts of our country we have old settlers' meetings to honor our pioneer fathers and mothers, and recount their various trials, conflicts and successes in the wilds of Indiana. It is proper and just that this day, the fiftieth anniversary of our society, we should do honor to the memory of the medical fathers who laid the foundations of the present success and prosperity of the profession.

Before entering into the subject proper of the history of this society we should go back and review the conditions of things prior to its organization. Indiana was admitted into the Union in December, 1816. The first session of the general assembly passed a law regulating the practice of medicine. It had for its object the organization of the medical profes-

* Address of welcome given at the fiftieth annual meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society, held in Indianapolis, June 1, 1899.

sion into boards of supervisors in each judicial district, to meet at stated times to license such persons who, after examination, seemed qualified to practice medicine, and to fix a rate or scale of charges for medical services. The law was such that the physician not having a license could not collect his bills. A state medical society existed previous to the organization, but disbanded in 1825. The meeting that year was held in Indianapolis, and was presided over by Dr. Samuel G. Mitchell, the first physician who ever came to this city. Doctors Dunlap and Cornett, the first and second presidents of this society, attended that meeting. It was the last ever held prior to the organization of this association.

In 1825 the law was amended granting charters to state and local societies. In 1830 several amendments were made to the law. At a subsequent meeting the legislature repealed all laws regulating the practice of medicine. Previous to 1817 there was not a medical college west of the Alleghany mountains, yet at that day there were eminent physicians and surgeons in the west; men of national reputation such as Dr. Ephraim McDowell, of Danville, Ky., and Dr. Benjamin Dudley, of Lexington, Ky. The students of that day selected for their preceptors the best physicians in the country, and prosecuted private dissections. Many of the most successful practitioners had never seen a medical college. They were just as ambitious to elevate the standard of the profession as the medical men of today. After the laws regulating the practice of medicine were repealed the flood gates were open, and such a variety of men and talent embarked in the profession of the healing art as has never been seen by any succeeding generation. Samuel Thompson, of Massachusetts, published a work on medicine entitled "Right to Practice," price ten dollars. This was the only text-book known among the so-called Thompsonians.

I knew a stonemason who threw aside his tools and entered the practice. A blacksmith of my acquaintance laid down his hammer and wrote to his friends that he had purchased Thompson's book and had entered the profession of medicine. In two or three years they both returned to their trades in disgust for want of patronage in their chosen calling. Farmers deserted their occupation to enter the profession. Many of the midwives extended their fields of usefulness from obstetrics to general practice.

During the late war I entered the hospital at Corinth, Miss., after that city was vacated, and I found a dead confederate and an empty bottle and Thompson's practice. The latter I captured and have kept as a relic of bygone days.

In 1838 I attended a convention of the Johnson County Botanical Society as a spectator. It was held in a backwoods schoolhouse. I shall not attempt to describe the personnel of that assembly, only to say that those who attended were all well developed physically and in good health. The larger portion of the assembly was of the female sex. The principal speaker was a local preacher, who grew earnest, but not eloquent, in his denunciation of the calomel doctors, as he called them. After the society adjourned his reverence and I traveled the same road home. He knew I was a medical student, and he was on the war path and anxious for debate. I asked him if his professional associates (steam doctors, as they were known) ever gave quinine. He looked at me indignantly and replied, "Don't you know we never give mineral medicines?" I suggested to him that quinine was not a mineral production. He replied that he understood it was. He was the great mogul, or teacher of that association, and you can well guess the intellectual status of the rank and file. Such was the legitimate result of the repeal of the law regulating the practice of medicine.

There were a few medical societies in different parts of the state, and many of the leading physicians had long desired a state organization. Indianapolis had a local society composed of the leading physicians of the place. They sent out a call in May to their professional friends to meet June 6, 1849, at 10 o' clock A. M., in this city. Pursuant to that call the physicians met in Wesley Chapel at the hour named. Dr. John H. Sanders was called to preside as temporary chairman. The chair appointed Dr. John S. Bobbs temporary secretary. Then they proceeded to make out the roll of all the physicians; twenty-eight answered to their names. After roll call Doctor Mothershead moved that the president appoint a committee to recommend officers. The committee named the following: For president, Dr. Livingston Dunlap; vice-presidents, Dr. N. Johnson, Dr. T. Ryan, Dr. J. W. Florer and Dr. C. Wallace; secretaries, Dr. John S. Bobbs and Dr. A. M. Hunt. After the appointment of a committee to prepare the business of the convention the society adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock P. M. The meeting reassembled in the afternoon, with the president in the chair. A committee of nine was appointed to formulate the constitution and by-laws. Another committee was appointed to report on the expediency of establishing a medical journal. A committee was also appointed to memorialize the legislature on the subject of homicidal insanity. A committee was appointed to overture the legislature to prepare suitable laws for registration of marriages, births and deaths. The convention accepted invitations to visit the various benevolent institutions of the city. The meeting adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock the next morning, June 7. Doctor Dunlap was in the chair and the minutes of the previous day were read and approved. Doctor Bobbs, on behalf of the committee to formulate a constitution and by-laws of the state society, made a report, which was accepted, and the constitution and by-laws

were taken up and discussed section by section, amended and passed. The afternoon meeting opened at 1 :30 o'clock, with the president in the chair. Doctor Parry made a lengthy report on the duties of a physician. It elicited considerable discussion, and was unanimously adopted. Doctor Curran reported on the subject of establishing a medical journal, and recommended the same. His report was lengthy, and ordered to be spread on the minutes. The society adjourned to meet again at 6 P. M. for the purpose of visiting the hospital for the insane. In compliance with the resolution offered by Doctor Mears, the names of fifty-seven physicians residing in different parts of the state were voted upon as suitable persons to become members and were elected. A committee of five was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

The committee reported the following names: For president, Doctor Cornett, of Versailles; vice-presidents, Drs. A. Clapp, N. Johnson, L. Dunlap and Farquhar; secretary, Dr. John S. Bobbs; assistant secretary, Dr. A. M. Hunt; corresponding secretary, Dr. L. Bullard; treasurer, Dr. Mothershead; librarian, Dr. Jameson. A standing committee of five on admission to membership was appointed, also an executive committee, a finance committee and a committee on publication and medical ethics. Delegates to the American Medical Association were elected. Doctor Florer, on behalf of the members from a distance, tendered thanks to the physicians of this city for the courtesies and attention shown them during their visit. A resolution of thanks to the officers for the efficient manner in which they discharged their duties was passed. Pending a motion to adjourn the president, Doctor Dunlap, made a brief address, thanking the society for the harmony that had characterized the meeting and foreshadowed the advantages and profit such an organization would be to the profession at large. The meeting then adjourned to Washington hall, where

it resumed its deliberations around a sumptuously spread table which was prepared by the physicians of the city. At 10 o'clock P. M. the society adjourned to meet the following year, 1850.

Thus ended the first meeting of the Indiana State Medical Society. Two days were spent in hard work, and although no papers were read on medical subjects, there was laid deep and wide the foundation on which the successors of that meeting have so wisely built, and today we are reaping a rich harvest from the seed that was sown fifty years ago. The following is the roll of the twenty-eight charter members who were present; four only can answer today.

Physicians present at the organization, June 6, 1849:

John H. Sanders, Indianapolis
Livingston Dunlap, Indianapolis
William C. Thompson, Indianapolis
John L. Mothershead, Indianapolis
R. J. Patterson, Indianapolis
A. D. Gall, Indianapolis
C. S. Ramsay, Indianapolis
George W. Mears, Indianapolis
R. Curran, Indianapolis
T. Bullard, Indianapolis
Charles Parry, Indianapolis
A. M. Hunt, Indianapolis
John S. Bobbs, Indianapolis
P. H. Jameson, Indianapolis
J. M. Gaston, Indianapolis
D. Funkhouser, Indianapolis
J. Nutt, Marion county
H. N. Johnson, Broad Ripple
Alexandra J. Mullin, Napoleon
H. N. Johnson, Cambridge City
D. R. Cursey, Milton, Wayne county, Ind.
T. W. Florer, Alamo, Montgomery county
John Hunt, Madison county
T. Ryan, Anderson, Ind.
Charles Wallace, Belleville, Hendricks county
David Hutchinson, Mooresville, Morgan county
W. R. Smith, Cumberland
William H. Wishard, Greenwood, Johnson county

Who will stand here fifty years hence at the centennial meeting of this society and call the roll? Who will be absent and not answer to their names? I hope there are those here that will be able to respond.

Dr. John M. Gaston, of this city, is one of the survivors of that day when this society was organized. He was a young physician of prominence, and had a lucrative practice. Twenty-five years ago he met with a serious accident that disabled him and prevented him following his profession. He has ever been an upright and worthy citizen. May he never grow old!

Dr. Patrick H. Jameson, of Indianapolis, was also a charter member. The doctor is now in his seventy-fifth year, and has just entered the fifty-first year of continuous practice in this city, having practiced here longer than any other physician. His record and standing are high, and he has always been classed as a leading physician. Long may he live!

Dr. Thomas W. Florer is another charter member. At that time he was a citizen of Alamo, Montgomery county. He now lives at Waxahachie, Ellis county, Texas. Of the four vice-presidents chosen at the organization of this society he is the only survivor. He was an efficient and faithful member of several important committees, and contributed his part to the literature of the society; was a regular attendant at its annual meetings as long as he lived in the state, but, like many of his day, his country called and he obeyed. He was a surgeon of the Union army both in hospital and field. He was surgeon of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Indiana Volunteers for two years, and is now leading physician in his southern home. He is in his seventy-seventh year, and has made a long journey to be with us in this gathering of his professional brethren. We welcome him back to the scenes of his early days.

I stand before you as a charter member of the society, in the eighty-fourth year of my age, and the sixtieth of my professional life. When I look back to the beginning of my medical life, nearly ten years before this society was organized, my professional friends of that period are all gone; I feel

lonely. My only comfort is to make friends of today and try to keep up with the procession as best I can, and cheer those that are in the advance column in this progressive age; to be satisfied with my lot and try to grow old contentedly, endeavoring to live up to the motto of the illustrious Lincoln, "With charity for all and malice toward none," and pursue the right as God gives me the ability to see it.

The second annual meeting of the society met in the lecture room of the Baptist church, Wednesday, May 15, 1850, presided over by Doctor Cornett, the president, that old Roman and pioneer of the profession, whose life was a benediction to all. The executive committee requested that the president be asked to read his paper on the "Rise, Progress, Present State and Future Prospects of the Medical Science," at early candle light the first night. Yes, it was candle light, for those were primitive days. The address was able and lengthy. If it could be read today you would say it was prophetic, and foreshadowed what has come to pass. The president's address and a paper from Doctor Bobbs were the only written addresses at that meeting. After the discussion of the usual business the society adjourned.

The third annual meeting occurred in the lecture room of the Second Presbyterian Church of this city, May 21, 1851, Dr. A. Clapp, president. At this meeting a number of papers of merit were read. The by-laws of the society were so amended as to enable the society to meet wherever a majority of the members decided. After discussing the regular business of the society the meeting adjourned to convene at New Albany the following year.

The state society met in the Second Presbyterian church of New Albany, May 19, 1852. Dr. George W. Mears was president. There were thirty-nine members in attendance. A number of papers were read on medical subjects, and all were

worthy of a larger hearing. After discussing the usual business the society adjourned to meet at Lafayette in 1853.

The society met in the courthouse at Lafayette, Wednesday, May 18, 1853, the president, Dr. J. H. Brower, presiding. Fifty-eight members were present. At this meeting of the society more papers were read on medical and surgical subjects than at any two former meetings, covering one hundred and fifty-four pages of the transactions. The paper of Doctor Harding, chairman of the committee on practice, was on the "Practice of Medicine, or the Treatment of Diseases in Eastern Indiana." The paper was exhaustive, and covered thirty-two pages of the transactions. It is well worth reading today. Doctor Bobbs reported on "Surgery," and Doctor Sutton on "Milk Sickness." There were other valuable papers also. This meeting was one of unusual interest, and adjourned to meet at Evansville, May 17, 1854.

The meeting at Evansville was held in the hall of the Medical College, Doctor Deming presiding. The roll call indicated forty-one in attendance. The papers read at this meeting were up to the usual standard. Dr. Wm. W. Mayo read a paper entitled "The Pathological Indications of the Urine," the first paper of the kind read before the society. Doctor Deming, the president, known as "the old man eloquent," gave an address on "The Moral Dignity of the Profession," which should be read by every physician.

The next annual meeting of the society was held in the lecture room of the Second Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, May 18, 1855. The president was Dr. M. J. Bray, of Evansville. Fifty-three members were registered. A paper was read by Doctor Brower on "The Profession of Medicine." Reports on "Obstetrics and Puerperal Fever" were given by Doctors Graham, Murphy and Florer.

The society met May 20, 1856, in Indianapolis, in the Sec-

ond Presbyterian Church, where it met the previous year, eighty-six being in attendance, the largest number that had attended so far. There were fifteen papers read on different subjects pertaining to medicine and surgery, all of which were profitable to the profession of the state in those days.

While I have no desire to make invidious distinctions, I can not allow this occasion to pass without reference to the name of Dr. Wm. Lomax, the president of that meeting, and paying a tribute to his memory. He was the leading physician and surgeon of Marion and Grant counties, and, I may add, of adjoining counties as well. He was able as a practitioner and surgeon, a patriot and all that is implied in the term, a Christian gentleman. He served his country acceptably as a surgeon in the Union army, and was an efficient and loyal member of this society. To the young physicians present, I would admonish you to walk in his footsteps, and you will never fail. There are gray-haired veterans sitting before me of whom as much could truthfully be said as has been said of Doctor Lomax.

The eighth annual meeting was held in Indianapolis, May 19, 1857, in Washington hall. Dr. Daniel Meeker, of Laporte, was president. Forty-six members answered to their names and twenty-four new members were added, making a total attendance of seventy. Ten papers were presented.

Having hastily reviewed the first eight annual meetings of the society, shall we not reflect, compare and see what has been accomplished? At the organization there were but twenty-eight delegates. After the meeting at different points over the state the membership increased to three hundred and fifty-three, while the average attendance at the annual meetings was only about forty-five. The question arises, why this discrepancy between the membership and attendance? We must remember the railroads were few in those days, and the dele-

gates generally had to go by their own conveyances. Physicians were ready to join when the societies convened near their homes and attendance was thus made easy. With the exception of a few faithful ones, many were never heard from at subsequent meetings. After 1857 the society met at various cities throughout the state, and added to its membership from the profession in the vicinity where the meetings were held. As facilities for traveling increased the attendance was enlarged. However, it varied according to location, which also influenced in some degree the standard of the papers.

The constitution was changed, whereby the society became a delegate body. I regret that I am unable to give the exact date of this change. Though opposed by a respectable minority, it was a wise move, and freed the society of what might be called "tramp" delegates and stimulated the organization of counties societies, as only those who are members of the local societies are recognized as delegates to the state meetings. It also had its effect in elevating and strengthening the society. The foregoing shows a steady march onward and upward in number as well as quality of papers and discussions before the society.

During the civil war the attendance of the meetings was greatly reduced. Many of the best physicians were in the army, and others were too much occupied to attend. At the close of the war the opportunity was given them to again be present at the meetings of the state society, and ever since the attendance has been on the increase. At our last meeting, 1898, held at Lafayette, there were thirty-three papers presented, covering three hundred and sixty-six pages of the printed report, being three papers less than were read in the first eight years of the life of this society. Eighty-two societies were represented by two hundred and ninety-one delegates. This number represented a county membership of fif-

teen hundred. I am sure that the report of this fiftieth anniversary will far surpass that of last year in attendance as well as numbers of papers.*

Fifty years have made a great advance in medicine. When I look back and remember the zeal and earnestness of so many of the departed members who worked for the future of the society, as well as its good during their active period, I can not but believe that their lives were well spent. Many, indeed, will rise up and call them blessed, for they served well their day and generation, to the credit and honor of the profession.

One word to the younger members of the profession and then I have finished. You have entered the profession in the brightest period of its history, and you have the benefit of the accumulated wisdom of those who have preceded you within the last half century. There has been a marked advance in surgery and its appliances, in physiology and pathology and the appliances to diagnose and prognose diseases, and medicinal agencies to treat diseases that were unknown to the older members of this society when they entered the profession. Truly your "lines have fallen in pleasant places," and, if you do not succeed with the light that is thrown on the subject, it will be your fault. Ever keep in mind the words of Solomon, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Remember that you are entering the most God-like of all the professions —to heal the sick, make the lame to walk and the blind to see. I never knew a physician to fail who entered the profession well equipped in head and heart. An immoral doctor is the worst character that walks upon God's footstool. He is a walking pestilence. Shun him as you would a viper. No greater calamity could befall a community than to have such a

* There were 404 in attendance registered, and enough unregistered to make about 450.

doctor in its midst. He will slay the innocent, destroy virtue and bring sorrow that is worse than death to many homes. I am glad to say this type of a physician is largely in the minority.

Your profession takes you into palaces as well as hovels. You are brought in contact with the virtuous and vile alike. The doctor's influence for good or for evil is unequaled in any other calling. Especially is the individuality of the village or country doctor never lost sight of. Always place yourself on the right side, and your good deeds will follow you to the end of life. After you have passed away your friends, who will be many, will love to dwell on your memory. In your hands is the future of our beloved profession, and may you ever be found true and faithful to your noble calling. As the years roll on you may rise higher and higher in the scale of professional usefulness, true manhood and moral worth. Then, when you have finished your career, you can in truth be called "the beloved physician," as was the Apostle Luke.

MEDICAL MEN AND MEDICAL PROGRESS, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE*

Mr. President and Members of the Indianapolis Medical Society:

Custom has made it obligatory upon the retiring president of this society to thank you for the honor you have conferred upon him by asking him to preside over the largest local medical society in our state, a society which for earnest investigation of all medical and surgical subjects, is unexcelled. I thank you heartily for the unanimity with which you bestowed the office of president upon me. I am glad of this opportunity, now in my old age, after a long life and nearly sixty-five years of professional work, to say that I have no bitter memories of the past for the living or for those who are gone. For all the honors and favors bestowed upon me by my professional associates I am profoundly grateful.

My subject this evening is "Medical Men and Medical Progress, Past, Present and Future." The subject is a voluminous one and in this brief review I will only refer to some of the most interesting points in the history of the profession in this country.

There is a very meagre history of colonial medicine previous to the Revolutionary war, but there are some things worthy of note. The colony of Jamestown, Va., was settled by the English. The first laws passed by the colony pertaining to the profession were passed October 21, 1630, requiring physicians to declare on oath the cost of their medicines, the

* Address given as retiring president of Indianapolis Medical Society at meeting held at his home in celebration of his eighty-ninth birthday, January 17, 1905.

purpose being doubtless to prevent exorbitant charges, an act not reposing confidence in the profession.

The Plymouth colony had but one physician; he brought with him a good supply of medicine. He was Samuel Fuller, and for many years was the only doctor for the territory that is now known as New England. His wife was his assistant, her specialty being obstetrics. The various colonies brought with them their own physicians. Each colony had a separate charter or local government, independent of each other. The Dutch colony that settled at New York, then called New Amsterdam, had the broadest and most comprehensive charter of all the colonies. It provided for the support of the schools, the promulgation of the Gospel and the care of the poor.

William Penn and his Quaker brethren, whose motto was "Peace and Good Will to all Men," had the best equipped colony, and Philadelphia soon became the center of prosperity. By 1640 the colonies had passed laws regulating the practice of medicine. They were stringent, often foolishly so, as they forbade any one not a physician doing anything to relieve a patient without the direction of a doctor, no matter how great the emergency.

Steadily the profession advanced until by 1700 there were men in it who were eminent for their time and opportunity. Even before the Revolutionary war hospitals were established and a medical college in Philadelphia offered educational facilities for men in their own country, as heretofore the leading physicians were educated abroad.

Following the conflict of 1776, the government was bankrupt and the people poor, there being no individual wealth as there is today; but the men who had fought through seven years of war had foresight to see there was a great future for this country. They had the energy and patriotism to establish enterprises that have developed the greatest nation of the world in any age.

Some of the great leaders of Revolutionary fame were from the ranks of the medical profession. Most notable among these was Dr. Benjamin Rush, whose memory will ever be honored and revered as the "Father of American Medicine." His name is famous in history, not only for his eminent qualifications as a physician, but as a statesman, orator, public benefactor, teacher and a man of brilliant literary attainments. His fame was such that he was not only honored in his own country to an unusual degree, but was elected to membership in many noted societies abroad. In recognition of his inestimable services in the advancement of medical knowledge, he was the recipient of medals and other testimonials from various crowned heads of Europe. As a member of the Continental Congress, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and further served his country as treasurer of the United States Mint for fourteen years, occupying this office at the time of his death. His aggressive opposition to the use of all intoxicants, and his aversion to the use of tobacco, were no less vigorous than his hatred of slavery. His writings were so extensive that one marvels at his ability to accomplish so much in a literary way when he was so active along other lines. It is said that never in the history of America has the death of a physician caused such universal regret and mourning. In a word he was a versatile, useful man, whose work for the cause of mankind and the advancement of medicine is without parallel in this country.

During the period of reconstruction following the Revolutionary war, to the beginning of the nineteenth century, we find the medical profession diligent in the progress of its science and great advancement had been wrought. Philadelphia was easily the leader in medical interest and power.

Doctor Physick, the most celebrated surgeon of his day and known as the "Father of American Surgery," was to this country what Sir Astley Cooper was to English surgery. Sir

Astley was an author, while Doctor Physick was not a writer, but as a lecturer, didactic teacher and brilliant operator, was unsurpassed by any surgeon of his time. He had more than a national reputation and performed more operations for lithotomy than any surgeon of his day, except Doctor Dudley of Lexington, Ky., who had a larger field and less competition. A notable operation Doctor Dudley performed was upon Chief Justice Marshall, when both were advanced in age. The distinguished jurist is said to have undergone the operation with remarkable fortitude and the case was unusual in that the largest number of stones were removed from a patient of which history gives any record.

From 1790 to 1810 was the golden age of medicine as compared with the past. The treatment introduced during the epidemics of yellow fever in 1793 and 1797 brought about a marked improvement in results. Calomel, purgatives and the lancet were the prescriptions used. Doctor Physick was a victim of yellow fever during both of these epidemics and the second time was bled to the extent of 176 ounces. In one day Doctor Rush visited one hundred patients and returning home at night, thanked God that he believed every patient would recover under the new mode of treatment.

At the close of the eighteenth century, two years after the English physician Jenner announced to the world his discovery of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, Doctor Waterhouse of Harvard demonstrated its value by experimenting on his own sons until he was satisfied that it was a safe and sure protection against the ravages of smallpox. About this time, Doctor Jackson of Boston returned from a period of study abroad and brought with him sufficient virus to demonstrate its worth and soon established a reputation which made him famous. In this country the novel treatment was more readily accepted than in Europe. No discovery in the science

of medicine has brought such relief to the human race as that of vaccination. One eminent writer says that "of all the foes our ancestors faced—hardships, famine, pestilence, Indian and foreign wars, the most dreaded was smallpox." The pestilence soon followed the colonies to these shores and not only were the early settlers stricken, but several tribes of Indians were nearly blotted out of existence. It is said that on the streets of London one hundred years or more ago, the most conspicuous thing among the people was the enormous number of pock-marked faces. A striking incident of the fatality among the early settlers of the east, due to smallpox, was in the case of William Penn's colony. The vessel on which they came lost more than one-third on board before landing on American soil.

In the early part of the last century Dr. Valentine Mott was the leading surgeon of New York. With unusual advantages for those days, he availed himself of opportunities at home and abroad, where he received instruction from the most celebrated and skilful teachers and surgeons in London and Edinburgh. Within a brief time he became a professor in the medical department of the University of New York. For fifty-six years he remained a lecturer and in that field won great distinction. He achieved his greatest renown in the ligature of arteries, an advancement in the art of surgery which he was the first to accomplish, and it is said by one writer that no surgeon living or dead ever tied so many arteries. He did excellent work in other lines of surgery—stone in the bladder, excisions of the jaws, and the surgery of harelip. While traveling in Europe, when his fame had brought him recognition on the other side of the Atlantic, he went to Constantinople where he removed a wen from the head of the Sultan, while it is said "the trembling court physician applauded." After a long and useful career, he died, leaving behind him the

good works and influence of one of the strongest men of his calling. At this same period in the early part of the nineteenth century we find that Dr. John Collins Warren was perhaps the most distinguished physician in Boston. He belonged to a family that has been illustrious in medical circles, his father having established the medical school of Harvard; an uncle, Dr. Joseph Warren, was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill; while his grandson is now a well-known physician of Boston. His active participation in, and advocacy of the establishment of hospitals in his early professional days, and later in life the first public use of anaesthesia in surgery by him are the events which will probably make his fame live in history.

No less distinguished than their eastern contemporaries were some of the western doctors, whose skill and process in view of their limited preparation and the disadvantages under which they did their work was phenomenal. Until 1817, there was no medical college west of Philadelphia. It was necessary, therefore, for a medical student to go to the eastern cities or Europe to fit himself for his profession. So great was the expense that few could go. There were many practitioners in the west, who had never been within the walls of a medical college. The prevalence of slavery enabled the aspirants to medical knowledge in the south to have unusual advantages in dissecting, as the bodies of slaves were easily procured for anatomical purposes.

Two names stand out most prominently among the early western physicians—those of Dr. Ephraim McDowell of Danville, Ky., and Dr. Benjamin Dudley of Lexington, Ky. In a setting of rugged pioneer life in the wilderness, we find Doctor McDowell, a man of fine physique, unusual culture, wonderful endurance and living a life far in advance of his surroundings. Availing himself of the limited opportunities his Kentucky home offered for a classical education, he was then

sent to his father's old home in Virginia and there spent two years with the preceptor under whose direction his father had placed him. Failing to accomplish what his father had hoped he would, due probably to the inability of his preceptor to guide and inspire him, he was sent to Edinburgh at a time when the old Scottish school was very strong, and there he became aroused to do his best. As a private student of John Bell, who was renowned as a teacher and surgeon, he was enthused with a love of his work which ever afterward characterized him. Returning to his old home in Kentucky, after less than two years' study abroad and without his degree, which was then the possession of but few physicians, he was soon busy with a practice which absorbed his entire time. His reputation spread and for some years he was the only surgeon in that region of the country. Doctor McDowell was the first surgeon in the world to perform the operation for ovariotomy. When he was consulted by a patient, who was the victim of an ovarian tumor, he found the opportunity for doing what the teachings of Bell had led him to believe could be done. His patient drove sixty miles and was operated upon at Doctor McDowell's house, the only preparation made being a large dose of opium. Not until he had operated three times successfully, did he make any report for the benefit of the profession, and then, when published, it was received with many expressions of disbelief. Twelve years later, Dr. Nathan Smith, of New Haven, Conn., not knowing of Doctor McDowell's original operation, performed a similar one which he claimed to be the first. In his report of the case, after describing the various steps of the operation, Doctor Smith said: "By continuing to pull out the sac the ovarian ligament was brought out; this was cut off, two small arteries secured with leather ligatures and the ligament was then returned. The incision was closed with adhesive plaster and the bandage was applied.

No unfavorable symptoms occurred after the operation. In three weeks the patient was able to sit up and walk and has since perfectly recovered."

Doctor Dudley's early preparations for his professional life were superior to those of Doctor McDowell. His name will live in history as the first great teacher of surgery in the west. At an early age he went to Philadelphia, where in two years he completed the course and received his diploma. Returning to Lexington, he pursued his profession and also engaged in trading, thus enabling him at the end of four years to fulfil his cherished and determined plan to go abroad for study. Remaining in Paris for more than three years, he became an earnest student under Baron Larrey, whose teachings made a marked impression upon him. So thoroughly did Doctor Dudley assimilate the French manners, that he retained them throughout life. However, he had a greater admiration for the English surgeons than the French, and followed the former in his practice. When he settled in Lexington, he at once became known for his superior ability and skill. So absorbed did he become in his profession that it is said he had no time or desire for anything outside of it, not even literature, travel or recreation. As a general practitioner, he was not considered unusual, but as a surgeon, he was admired and looked up to by all. As a lithotomist he was without a peer in his day. During his active professional life of more than forty years he cut for stones in the bladder two hundred and twenty-five times and in the first one hundred cases there was not a death. As one of the faculty of the medical department of the Transylvania University he won distinction as a lecturer. Living for twenty years in retirement, Doctor Dudley died in 1870, aged eighty-five, almost unknown to the profession at that time.

As local men, we may well be proud of the fame and he-

roic work done by our own Dr. John S. Bobbs, whose name and memory are dear to all who knew him. Locating in Indianapolis in 1835, his strong personality and superior fitness, supplemented by training and skill, soon made him a potent factor and leader in the professional life of his time. He helped to build the strong foundations upon which we stand today. He served with conspicuous ability and heroism in the civil war. As president of the state society, in 1868, he dwelt upon and advocated the need of a medical college in Indianapolis, and a medical journal. Today his name stands secure in history as the first surgeon to perform the operation for gall stones.

The story of that operation is a fascinating one and was told by Doctor Bobbs as modestly as if he had done any ordinary piece of surgery. It was performed June 15, 1867, and witnessed by Drs. G. W. Mears, R. N. Todd, D. H. Oliver, F. S. Newcomer and John P. Avery. His patient, a woman of thirty, then a resident of this county, is now living at Fortville, and within the past year was seen by a group of Indianapolis physicians and surgeons, and described by one of them, who said they were "all happy to see the patient and hear from her own lips the story of that day—the group of interested professional friends, the pastor's prayer, the anaesthesia, and then the thirty-two stones removed. Of course, she is sure there was one left which has worried her somewhat mentally, although she has been a buxom housewife for nearly forty years since the operation." This case has now become a matter of permanent record in the *Indiana Medical Journal,* in the *Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin,* in *Wood's Reference Handbook,* and in all modern articles in which cholecystotomy is historically considered. Doctor Bobbs died May 1, 1870, honored by all who knew him and bearing a reputation that will ever reflect glory upon the profession of this state.

It is beyond the power of any writer to define adequately the untold benefit to suffering humanity that the discovery and introduction of anaesthetics have brought. The names of Simpson and Morton should be hailed as noble benefactors of the world. The former a Scotsman, the discoverer of chloroform, and the latter a Boston dentist whose scientific research gave ether to alleviate pain. The great strides in surgery followed their discoveries, and thirty years later asepsis became recognized as a necessary adjunct for the completion of the best surgical work. Despite the strong testimony received by the profession everywhere, as to the real worth and expediency of the use of anaesthetics, immediately after its first trial there were still doubtful ones, those who were slow to believe all that was told of it. In 1850, the Indiana State Medical Society appointed a committee of six to investigate the use of anaesthetics and report a year later. Through its chairman, Doctor Davidson, of Madison, the committee gave a hearty and enthusiastic endorsement of its value in surgery and obstetrics, which had much to do with its rapid employment by physicians in Indiana.

One evident outgrowth of the use of anaesthetics has been the division of the profession into specialties. The different departments of medicine opened fields so wide that to attain the highest results in each one physicians have entered various specialties, thus giving the general practitioner fewer diseases to compass in his daily practice, and upon these he can bestow greater attention, thus accomplishing results that swell the total achievements of the entire profession. This growth and division have been brought about in the face of strong opposition, and not alone from individuals; for more than forty years concerted action was taken to have the American Medical Association discourage this forward movement in the progress of medicine, but the effort proved futile. Thus we see the passing

away of the old-time practitioner, but let us hope that there will still remain those who will take his place as family counselor, as well as family doctor, in the new order of things. The joy and satisfaction that come to those who minister to the wives and children, thus gaining an entrance into their lives and confidence, which is the portion of a family doctor, are too great to be lost by all who enter the healing art.

In this hasty survey of the pioneer physicians of our country it is impossible to dwell upon the lives and work of many who were well known for their earnest efforts to promote the interests both in the east and west. The majority of the frontier doctors had little, if any, opportunity for acquiring professional knowledge. Industry, perseverance and faithfulness to their calling dominated their lives. Their materia medica was limited to emetics, cathartics, diaphoretics, blisters and the lancet. Tonics consisted of iron, "bitters," and Peruvian bark. They made their own expectorants, tinctures, and compounded all their own medicines. Arterial sedatives, nerve tonics, or tablets in any form were unknown. Their practice was not limited to any one specialty, for each one included surgery, obstetrics, the eye and all diseases, medical or surgical, in his general practice. The surgeon was called only in major surgical cases. No laws existed then for the care of the poor, and the doctor was expected to face the winter blasts, summer heat, rain and storms, as promptly for the indigent as he did for the independent. None of the modern appliances were in use for surgical and medical treatment. Chloroform, ether, fever thermometers, hypodermics and antiseptics were not dreamed of. Modern pharmacy and chemistry have supplied the profession with valuable remedial agents, unknown to the earlier physicians, and the microscope has settled pathological questions that mystified the wisest of them.

The initiative in providing an institution for the care of the insane of this state was made by members of the medical profession. In 1832 the question was before the legislature but no action was taken that looked to the erection of an asylum. In 1844 Dr. W. S. Cornett, of Versailles, a member of the state senate, moved an amendment to the revenue bill, which would thus provide the necessary funds for the erection and maintenance of the asylum. Dr. James Richey, of Johnson county, a member of the lower house, was on the committee having the bill in charge and made an able report urging prompt action. This report was published in pamphlet form and sent to all physicians in the state and endorsed by the western medical journals. So efficiently has this work of providing treatment and protection for the unfortunate class committed to the asylums been managed, that Indiana now has four hospitals for the insane with a total of over 4,000 patients. Through the agitation begun by the physicians, the management of all public institutions has been placed on a non-partisan basis, thus giving to these unfortunate wards a care and protection they did not receive when the political spoils system, rather than professional and business qualifications, placed in position those who had charge of these institutions.

The profession of medicine has been the great leader in all sanitary measures and reforms. The first striking incident in this country, showing the astounding results following an investigation, and vigorous steps to counteract the fatalities following in the wake of an epidemic, was in 1832, when cholera spread throughout the country, raging to a fearful extent in the coast towns. In New York 3,000 died and the city was almost deserted. Before cholera reached Boston, the authorities determined to protect the city at any cost. A strict quarantine was enforced and three physicians volunteered their services and went to investigate the conditions of the stricken city.

These Boston doctors—Bigelow, Flint and Ware—found conditions so terrible that the report they made to the mayor of Boston was withheld from publication lest the community might become panic-stricken; but their recommendations proved valuable in that the disease was largely controlled and only one hundred deaths occurred—a small number when compared with New York and other towns. Thus, this country had its first great object-lesson in the efficacy of sanitary laws, which have been steadily pushed forward until today the world is indebted to the profession for untold protection from infectious diseases, and "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon day."

Little does the laity comprehend its obligation to the medical fraternity for the aggressive and effective battles that have been waged against conditions which have promoted the spread of diseases and maladies of all kinds. In this particular work, the true and magnanimous spirit that actuates and energizes the profession is apparent to a degree not evident perhaps in the daily practice of the rank and file of the profession. Laws have been enacted, quarantines established, and the simple rules of sanitation spread broadcast, so that the public is now being educated in a practical way that foretells a decrease and control of disease heretofore unknown. Though this may mean less revenue for the doctors, it means greater laurels for them in the future. In the face of facts so conclusive that it is hard to understand how any sane man can ignore the force of them, we still find some people denouncing vaccination and refusing the protection and safeguard it and other preventive measures offer.

Wonderful have been the changes in the last century and gradual the evolution that has made the calling of the physician far more useful and thorough than that of his earlier predecessors. As the doctors of today have advanced and en-

larged upon the methods used by the profession of fifty years ago, so will the coming generation and their successors drift from the lines we have followed. Fruitful has been the past, active, ambitious and efficacious is the present, and we believe the future will give the noble profession of medicine a place of strength and power in the world that it has not yet exercised. No "isms" or false teachings can mar its splendor or check its progress.

SOME PERSONAL ARMY EXPERIENCES*

WHEN the call for volunteers was first issued, I was past the age limit for service in the civil war, and thought there was no probability of being called upon to report for duty at the front. Feeling that my patriotism was to be shown by professionally administering to the families of those who were fighting at the storm centers, I offered to give such attention gratuitously. To an amazing extent my practice increased until one-third or more of my time was given to the wives and children of soldiers and those who returned disabled.

In March, 1862, I was summoned by Governor Morton to an interview in his office, and there he offered me a position as regimental surgeon, but for domestic reasons I was unable to accept any position that would take me away for an indefinite or prolonged stay, but I told him I would gladly render any emergency service at home or on the battle-field. Therefore he requested me to go to Pittsburg Landing and remain during the siege of Corinth, for any special service I might be called upon to render, assigning me to no regiment, but leaving me free to go where there seemed to be the greatest need. Upon my arrival I found that the Fifty-ninth Indiana regiment, Colonel Alexander commanding, with Dr. Dudley Rogers, formerly of Bloomington, Ind., as surgeon, was short of medical officers, and I immediately began my work in that regiment. There was no hospital tent, and the regiment was lacking necessary equipment for caring for the sick and wounded. With Doctor Rogers' permission, I took an ambulance and, going to Indiana sanitary headquarters at Pittsburg

* Read before the Indianapolis Medical Society January 9, 1906, at a meeting devoted to Civil War reminiscences by the veterans of the society who had served in the war.

Landing, procured the necessary tent and other supplies needed for increasing the hospital facilities.

We were skirmishing with the enemy every day, and the means for caring for the disabled were constantly called into use; but there was no battle until we got within six miles of Corinth, where an encounter with General Price occurred and a large number were wounded and some killed. In this engagement the Second Iowa cavalry captured a confederate battery, and although many of the cavalrymen had their horses shot from under them, and some were wounded in the legs, none were killed. By May 30 Corinth was completely vacated and the prescribed work for which I was sent south being completed, I returned, reaching home early in June.

In February, 1863, I was one of a number of physicians commissioned to go to Vicksburg under direction of Doctor Brower, of Lawrenceburg, Ind. We were told to stop at Memphis and obtain the names of all Indiana soldiers in the hospital there, ascertain the number of their regiments and companies, and the character and extent of their illness. Being one of the examining surgeons, I had assigned to me as my clerk Doctor Ayres, of Fort Wayne, who is now an oculist of Cincinnati. This work being finished, we proceeded to Vicksburg, where I found my assignment was to be with the Twenty-second Indiana regiment; but as that regiment was already well provided for in a professional way, I reported to Doctor Brower for service elsewhere. He told me that the Eighty-third Indiana regiment, commanded by Colonel Spooner, was in need of additional medical help, and I at once took service with that regiment. Doctor Davis, the surgeon, was somewhat advanced in years, and Doctor Gillespie, his first assistant, had been assigned to duty at Pawpaw Island at the smallpox camp. Doctor Vinson, the second assistant, had gone with

the greater part of the regiment, which had been sent up the Yazoo river on an expedition, and I was left in charge.

When Doctor Vinson returned with the Eighty-third regiment from the Yazoo river trip he was so ill that it was deemed necessary for him to return north. The corps surgeon being applied to for a furlough, after the endorsement of the regiment, brigade and division surgeons had been obtained for Doctor Vinson, he refused to issue it, saying if he were unable to perform his duties he should resign and another would be appointed in his place. To this proposition Colonel Spooner objected, saying Doctor Vinson was an able officer and he was unwilling to lose his services permanently. I then asked Colonel Spooner to give me the recommendations of the regimental and brigade surgeons that I might apply to headquarters for Doctor Vinson's furlough. To this request the colonel gave a sarcastic chuckle and asked how I, a volunteer surgeon, could obtain an order in preference to himself, the commanding officer.

In this connection I might say that in the beginning of my war experiences I met my old friend Doctor Rusk, of Galena, Ill., who was an old friend of Adjutant-General Rawlins. He inquired if I knew the general, and when I told him I did not he kindly offered to introduce me to him, saying to General Rawlins that if he could render me any favor while I was in the service he would consider himself personally indebted to him. I found General Rawlins ready to listen, considerate and obliging, and instead of running the gauntlet of prescribed army rules, I went direct to the chief source of authority and never failed to have my requests granted.

I found it an easy matter to obtain the furlough, and that night started on the homeward trip with Doctor Vinson as one of my charges. I brought him on the steamer Capitola,

of which boat I had charge, and on which I brought home many sick and wounded Indiana soldiers. The doctor was a very sick man, and I was glad to get him safely home, where he was immediately put in the care of Doctor Brower, who had previously returned. After a few days at home I returned to Vicksburg and again took service with the Eighty-third regiment, some six weeks before the surrender.

Many interesting incidents had occurred in my experience in the army during this term of service. General Grant's headquarters were within about one hundred and fifty yards of the Eighty-third regimental hospital. While I was standing near General Grant's tent July 3, 1863, about eleven o'clock in the morning, an orderly came up in great haste and handed a message to the sentinel, who carried it inside. In a moment I heard General Grant say, "And so they want to surrender, do they?"

The general wrote a dispatch and gave it to the messenger, and in less than an hour the flag of truce was run up all along the line and firing ceased. General Grant mounted his horse, accompanied by an aid and an orderly, and met General Pemberton between the two lines near Fort Hill. General Grant demanded unconditional surrender, to which General Pemberton objected without first consulting his leading officers and gaining their consent. Late in the afternoon there was an occasional gun fired along the line. If the surrender had not been consummated, it was planned to assault the enemy's works the following day, July 4. The hospital steward and I sat up until after midnight preparing bandages and necessary appliances to care for the wounded. Retiring at a late hour, we were awakened soon after two o'clock by an orderly riding at a lively gait and blowing a trumpet. He rushed to headquarters and in a voice loud enough to be heard at a great distance announced the acceptance of the terms of unconditional sur-

Home on Furlough

render by the confederates. The spirit of excitement and enthusiasm that pervaded the northern ranks was beyond description. Cheering, shouting, and firing of skyrockets kept the air boisterous for hours. The effect upon the sick was instantaneous. Of the nearly thirty patients in the regimental hospital not more than five required medical attention the next morning. The others were ready to report for duty.

Orders were given for the confederates to go to their works at ten o'clock, stack their arms, and fall back into their camp, while a detail of our men was sent to take charge of their weapons of defense. Orders were given that no one should pass the lines except General Logan's division, which should go in at Fort Hill. Wishing to enter Vicksburg before the army marched in, I donned citizen's clothes and obtained a pass from General Rawlins and went in before the army entered. Being thus disguised, I mingled with the southerners and heard many expressions of satisfaction that hostilities had ceased. They were poorly fed, their supplies almost exhausted, and their general condition deplorable. General Logan's division marched in and placed the flag on the courthouse, and when this was done the soldiers surrounded the building and sang with tremendous power and effect, "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." The confederates pressed forward to catch a glimpse of General Grant, the most unpretentious-looking man in the throng, absolutely free from any suggestion of pomp or display, his blue blouse and three stars alone designating his rank.

At the wharf I met Quartermaster-General Stone with the boat, City of Madison, which had just arrived with a large supply of sanitary goods. Engaging my passage for the return trip, I then invited the quartermaster out to the headquarters of the Eighty-third regiment, and while walking along he inquired if I knew the surgeon-general on Grant's staff. I

replied that I did not, but that his reputation for insulting those of the volunteer service who had occasion to call upon him was such that he had made himself exceedingly unpopular. General Stone stated that he would seek an interview with him to ascertain the number of sick and wounded in that department, that he might procure an order for the removal home of disabled Indiana soldiers. I went with him to the headquarters of the surgeon-general and stepped aside while he approached him and gave him a letter of introduction from Governor Morton, the purport of which he had given me in the above conversation. After reading it the surgeon-general haughtily replied, "Present my compliments to Governor Morton and tell him we are thoroughly equipped for transporting all soldiers north and are capable of running the army without his assistance or advice," and, going into his tent, returned Governor Morton's letter. General Stone expressed his disappointment that he had been defeated in the chief object of his trip south and must return without the coveted list of the sick and wounded for Governor Morton. I explained to him that if he could remain a couple of days longer I would accompany him to the field hospitals and we could obtain a list from each of them; that would give him the information he desired. We did this and started up the Mississippi river, stopping at Milligan's Bend to visit the Van Buren hospital.

After procuring the list of the sick and wounded at this hospital I asked the privilege of bringing home the body of Doctor Elliott, of Thorntown, who died at seven o'clock the morning of the day of our arrival. The surgeon in charge told me that at that hour, twelve o'clock noon, the soldiers were burying the body of Doctor Elliott and that I could not obtain his remains, and, moreover, said that the doctor had been on duty only three weeks as a contract surgeon and he did not intend to report him as having been in service. Meet-

ing the soldiers on their way from the burial, I asked them if they would go with me to the grave and take up the body, that I might return it to Doctor Elliott's family. They gladly consented, and without the knowledge of the surgeon we placed it on the boat. At Memphis and Helena we took other soldiers on board and by the time we arrived at Evansville some of our patients were so ill that we had to leave them in the hospital in that city. Those who were able to continue their traveling were sent to their homes.

Upon our return General Stone and I visited Governor Morton and gave him the information we had gathered pertaining to the disabled Indiana soldiers, also relating the treatment General Stone had received at the hands of the surgeon-general.

Within a day or two Governor Morton started to Washington to obtain an order for the removal of these soldiers home, but the request was refused him by Secretary of War Stanton. Governor Morton told him he would get that order before he left Washington or the country at large would know of the neglected condition of the northern troops in the south.

When the matter was laid before President Lincoln, he called a meeting of the cabinet, which was attended by Governor Morton, who gave a full report of the true conditions as they existed. Surgeon-General Barnes was sent for to verify or deny the statements made by Governor Morton. His report so nearly agreed with the list I had prepared and which was presented by the governor, that there was a difference of not more than three per cent in the total.

Addressing the secretary of war, President Lincoln said that such a condition must not be permitted to remain longer, and to overcome it, he (the secretary) must issue a general order for the removal home of all disabled soldiers, inviting the governors of the states which had troops in that depart-

ment to assist, and if they failed to respond, the fault would be theirs and not that of the government.

Governor Morton immediately telegraphed to those in authority to equip a boat to send south for the removal of Indiana soldiers. The Sunnyside was chartered, and I was placed in charge of it, the first boat to go specially commissioned under the new order.

Upon reaching Evansville, where we took on supplies, I found the necessary papers had not been sent to me from the adjutant-general's office. Fortunately, the *Commercial Gazette* of Cincinnati had two days previously announced that the Sunnyside would be the first boat to go down the river authorized to bring home disabled soldiers, and with the knowledge that this information had preceded me, I started without the required legal documents. At Cairo, Ill., Commodore Porter took one of my pilots for his gunboats, thus reducing the progress of the boat by half, and compelling us to run by day only. I appealed to Governor Beauford, who outranked Commodore Porter in authority, and he decided in my favor, and we were able to proceed uninterrupted on our journey. We stopped at all important places, where messages were left as to the probable return of the boat, when the soldiers would be ready for the homeward trip. We went as far south as Natchez, where General Gresham was in command of the fort. I left two nurses and a quantity of hospital supplies with him.

At Vicksburg a large number of men were taken aboard and there I asked General Rawlins for an order directing the physicians at the different posts to deliver the soldiers who were to be transported without delay. He granted my request and laughingly said it was the first time he had ever seen a doctor in the army in a hurry.

The surgeon at Milligan's Bend declined in a very rude

manner to comply with my request upon arrival there at early dawn, saying if I would return after nine o'clock he would listen to me. I then went to the hospitals and announced the object of my visit and that I was prepared to take home all Indiana sick and wounded soldiers who could travel. After twenty-five or thirty soldiers were transferred to the boat I received a message from the surgeon saying that unless I desisted he would have me arrested. I sent back word to him that if he interfered with me I would have him arrested. He forthwith came to the boat and demanded by what authority I was taking his men without his permission. I at once showed him my order, signed by General Grant, and with a sudden change of demeanor he replied that he had never seen such an order as that before.

At Memphis and near Helena the boat took fire and would probably have been destroyed had it not been for a dozen strong-bodied paroled prisoners who were able successfully to combat the flames.

At Cairo we were compelled to leave the boat, owing to the low water, and chartered a train made up of box cars. They were cleaned and hastily prepared as best they could be for the soldiers, and upon arrival in Indianapolis the men were sent to their homes or the hospitals.

During the siege at Nashville, in the winter of 1862 and 1863, I was ordered to that city, and when I arrived the confederate army was retreating, and I followed it as far south as Duck river, but finding there was no need of my services, I returned home, bringing with me the body of Lieutenant Bristow, of the Ninth Indiana cavalry, who had been killed at that point.

After the surrender at Appomattox I was directed by Governor Morton to go and look after Indiana men as far as Wilmington, N. C. I first stopped in Washington and pro-

cured from the war department the necessary papers which enabled me to accomplish my mission. Starting at Fortress Monroe, I visited various hospitals until within seventy-five miles of Wilmington. I stopped with Dr. J. R. Wiest, late of Richmond, Ind., at a large hospital which was occupying the buildings of a female college. From that point we sent a large number of soldiers to Wilmington for transportation home. At the latter point I went to the transportation office to ascertain if any Indiana soldiers had perished on the steamer General Lyon, which was lost on the trip around Cape Hatteras. Being denied the privilege of looking over the list of passengers, I appealed to General Hawley, who gave me an order calling for an examination of the entire list of those aboard that steamer. I found but one Indiana man was missing, but over one hundred and fifty Illinois men had thus been sacrificed. I received a certificate of the facts from the officer in charge, and after my return home sent a copy with my sworn affidavit to the adjutant-general of Illinois.

I was to be accompanied on my final trip north by Mrs. George, of Fort Wayne, who rendered conspicuous service as an army nurse. Being in a feeble condition, she was anxious to leave, and arose from her bed to superintend the packing of her trunk. I had left her temporarily to make final arrangements for her comfort on the return trip, and was amazed when going back to the house, to find Mrs. George had suddenly, and without warning, expired from heart failure.

The return of her body to her family in Fort Wayne was the last duty I performed as a volunteer surgeon during the civil war.

REMINISCENCES RELATED AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE HOPEWELL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MAY 23, 1881

IT is in very bad taste for any man, who permits himself to be called upon to address an audience, to apologize, but I must say, taking into consideration the occasion and the ability of the men who are around me, I do feel very much embarrassed to lead in these reminiscent addresses.

If I had the strength and ability of the most intellectual men in this audience I could not do justice to the subject on this occasion. To review the work that has been done by those who planted this church, their influence for good here in this community, and in other communities where they have gone forth as individuals or in colonies, is beyond human tongue to tell; and no pen can describe what fifty years of faith and fidelity to the Master's cause has accomplished for time and eternity.

Every man lives a double life; a life that is visible and a life that is invisible. Our neighbors, friends and enemies take cognizance of our acts, which is the visible part of our life, and judge us according to our works; but the invisible, the life within, God only is capable of judging. What is true of individuals is true of churches. Today we have been listening to the history of the visible part of the church from your pastor, when it was organized, who have been your ministers, who have joined the church, who have died in the faith, and what number have been dismissed to other churches. But the invisible history we will never know in this life; the trials of pastors and people; the joys and sorrows of the fathers and mothers in Israel are known only to our Heavenly Father.

Today we will hear nothing on that subject. They, too, passed through the deep waters of affliction and all is recorded in heaven.

I want to speak of some remote influences that were brought to bear on the generation that planted this church. We never expect a good crop unless we have good seed. The glorious harvest you are reaping today is owing to the good seed that was sown by a generation that has gone to its reward. There once lived in Fairfax county, Virginia, an humble mechanic, a wheelwright by occupation. I need not stop to tell the older persons in this congregation the value of that branch of mechanics to society, only to say that a wheelwright was at that time indispensable to every community. In that humble mechanic's home an event took place one hundred and three years ago yesterday which had much to do with this church, as the sequel will show.

There a child was born and his name was Thomas Cleland. At four years of age his father moved to Maryland, and thence to western Pennsylvania. There he built a boat, put into it all his worldly goods and started down the Ohio river, amid all the perils that attended navigation. On that river the banks were infested with hostile Indians, and many a boat's crew was captured, massacred and scalped by the red men of the forest; but an overruling Providence watched over and protected that precious household, and they landed safely at what is now Louisville, Ky. Late in the fall the father left his family and went into the interior of the state to prepare a home for them. After many trials incident to a new country the family settled in a log cabin in the wilderness. This son went to work clearing land and assisting his father in opening a farm. A frontier life in those days, with the dangers of the Indians and beasts of prey that roamed in the for-

est, was well calculated to develop all the physical qualities requisite for daring and endurance, and such was the case with Thomas Cleland. He was small of stature, but a giant in strength and endurance. For such qualities he received the name of "pine knot" and "jack screw." This child of the forest sought an education and desired to preach the gospel, but the way seemed hedged in. His father died when he was at school; this compelled him to return home and look after and care for a dependent family, but God, in His providence, opened up the way, and he entered the ministry at one of the darkest periods of the history of our country. Ministers were few and far between. Paine's "Age of Reason" and French infidelity were permeating our institutions. His ministerial duties called him to visit Cane Run during the revival that swept over Kentucky in 1801 and 1802. Being a man of ardent temperament, great mental and physical force, he caught the fire that was then spreading over the land. He was one of nature's orators. His burning eloquence, fiery zeal and incisive logic, carried conviction to his hearers. To all his converts, he imparted some of his own zeal and those who came into the church, under his ministry, were truly rooted and grounded in the faith.

Now it so happened in the providence of God that the Dutch colony from New York and New Jersey which settled in Kentucky, about the year 1790, and whose children formed the Hopewell settlement, were in close proximity to this man's field of work, and by his influence were brought into the Presbyterian church. They were a Christian people when they came to Kentucky, but not Presbyterian. They were of the Dutch Reformed faith, but being then without a minister of their own, they were drawn first to the man, and then to the church of Thomas Cleland. Rooted and grounded in Presby-

terianism by him, they brought it with them and planted it here in the woods of Johnson county and we, today, behold the matured fruit of that seed, in this church, whose fiftieth anniversary we are assembled to celebrate.

Nor is that all. That same Virginia boy also built up a school of the Prophets, from which a number of young men went forth to preach the Gospel with much of his spirit. I may mention that my father-in-law, who was one of the ministers who organized this church fifty years ago today, Rev. John R. Moreland, was also one of the students of that school. Such, under God, is the connection, in part, of that Virginia boy, born in Fairfax county, one hundred and three years ago yesterday, with this church and the anniversary which we celebrate today.

I was here before you had an organization. I was here when you occupied the old log house, and again when you occupied the frame church, then the largest house of worship in the county. I came here with Dr. Thomas Cleland when he preached the funeral of Daniel Brewer, Sr., one of the elders and pillars of your church.

In looking around, I see but a remnant of the fathers and mothers who, under God, helped plant this church. In yonder graveyard many of them sleep. To this remnant of that noble band of Christian men and women that lifted the standard in this then wilderness we can truly say with the sacred poet:

"A few more years shall roll;
A few more seasons come
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb."

This morning, as I was standing at the church door, looking out on the beautiful landscape before me, I saw you drive up in your carriages, to the church, on the gravel pikes.

I could not but contrast your condition with that of your fathers and mothers fifty years ago, when they lived in log cabins and came up here to worship in the old log house, either on foot or on horseback. Often the father and the larger children came on foot, and the mother on horseback with the infant in her lap, and the smaller children on the same horse with her—she wearing her home-made clothing, and a calico sunbonnet; the whole family dressed in garments spun, woven, cut and made by that faithful and frugal mother.

The road meandered through dense forests, with mud beneath, and trees and brush overhead; on either side there was that which tested both faith and the flesh.

They planted the church and the schoolhouse here, side by side. It showed their wisdom, for religion and education go hand in hand, and are the true foundations upon which to build a community or a nation.

What shall I say to you who are today enjoying the blessings bequeathed to you by the fathers and mothers in Israel, of blessed memory?

Fifty years from today there may be a remnant of this congregation, with a generation unborn, who will meet on this hill, to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of this church. Can as much be said of you, and your labors, as can be truthfully said of your fathers?

Show yourselves to be worthy sons and daughters of your fathers and mothers, and your children will rise up and call you blessed. I can say no more than Moses said to the children of Israel, as recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Exodus. "Go forward," though the Red sea of affliction may be before you. Enemies may press you hard in the rear. "Go forward." Our God is a covenant keeping God. His promise is to us, and our seed after us.

If you, and your children, and your children's children will

keep the faith, generations unborn will worship on this hill. When that great day shall come, the heavens will be rolled up as a scroll, yonder sun shall be blotted out, and the trumpet of the Archangel shall summon the nations of the dead to come forth to judgment. Those fathers, who now sleep in yonder graveyard, will arise to behold still standing here a temple of the Lord.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES

Seventy-fifth Anniversary of Greenwood Presbyterian Church
December 31, 1900

I FEAR that the present generation often fails to do justice to the memories of our pioneer fathers and mothers. Their early opportunities for mental and moral training were limited, compared with those of the present generation, both ministers and laity. Yet they possessed iron wills and moral courage to overcome all obstacles, and secured homes for themselves and their families in the wilderness of Indiana. Of such was the manhood and moral worth of the pioneers of this church. I am a living witness of the conflicts and trials they endured in their efforts to furnish food and raiment for their households.

There was another class of pioneers whose names should be written in history in letters of gold, never to fade. It was the ministers of the gospel who brought to the early settlers and their families the bread of life. They entered the trackless forests of Indiana without money or script, and brought the glad news of the gospel and salvation to perishing sinners. They wended their way from cabin to cabin, and neighborhood to neighborhood, and endured the summer's heat and winter's blast, preaching almost every day in the week. Their zeal and faith were worthy of all praise. Their style of preaching might be objectionable to many of the congregations of today. They never quoted the ancient philosophers, poets or Shakespeare, but made heavy drafts upon the writings of the prophets and the apostles. They always left their congregations wiser in the knowledge of the Bible. The services were held in the cabins of the pioneers or, in good weather, in

the forest. Their earnestness and native eloquence usually held their audiences spellbound for more than an hour and the Master rewarded their labors abundantly.

Such were the life and labors of the Rev. Archibald Reed, who, under God, organized this church in the cabin of John B. Smock, December 31, 1825; just seventy-five years ago today. Mr. Reed came to this state from Kentucky in 1818. He traveled over southern and central Indiana and organized more churches than any other man in our denomination. In reading his life, one is amazed at the amount of his labor, both mental and physical. He departed this life June 14, 1858, at Olney, Ill., thirty-three years after the organization of this church, and forty years after the commencement of his labors in this state.

I will try to give you my memories of the early members of this church, both laity and ministers, beginning with the Sabbath school. It was organized in the cabin of Garrett Brewer, one of the first elders of this church, in May, 1826, and held there every Sabbath until a log house of worship was erected during the summer of 1826. The Sabbath school met regularly in the church, and has been held regularly every Sabbath until the present day. The first superintendent was James Smock, who was the superintendent of the school until his death, which occurred February 9, 1830. Cornelius Smock was elected his successor. It is worthy of note to say here, that Cornelius Smock, the second superintendent, was present at the fiftieth anniversary of this church; also Thos. C. Smock, brother of Cornelius Smock, one of the first teachers of the Sabbath school, and John Brewer, son of Garrett Brewer, one of the first scholars of the school organized at his father's house. John L. Carson was at that time superintendent. After the removal of Cornelius Smock in 1839, John Q. Smock and David Smock were elected as superintendent and assistant su-

perintendent until the spring of 1844, when I was elected superintendent, fifty-six years ago. Robert Todd was elected assistant and William Todd librarian.

I entered the school as a teacher in the summer of 1842 and continued teaching until I became superintendent. The officers were all young men, warm personal friends, and took hold of the school in earnestness and had the co-operation of every teacher and scholar. We had no library, except a few small testaments. I remember well that the librarian would come in every Sabbath morning with the library tied up in his pocket handkerchief, and spread the few books out on the little table that was used on Communion occasions in the old church. The first thing to look after was to increase our library. By the close of the year we had increased the number of books to forty or fifty. In the spring of 1845, the same officers were re-elected with the addition of James Parker as secretary, a new office in the school. At this time, every family in the neighborhood was represented in the school, with the exception of one. Our library had now grown much larger, and our worthy librarian, William Todd, had to use his largest handkerchief and then stuff his pockets full of books.

In the month of May, after the school had been dismissed, the officers and teachers had a consultation, as to what must be done to relieve the librarian of his labors. A committee was appointed, consisting of the officers of the school, to raise means to get a bookcase and table. We soon secured the necessary amount, and Joseph Brenton made the first bookcase for our Sabbath school library. We hunted up all of the old books and purchased some new ones. That year our library was increased to one hundred volumes. The spring of 1846, the school re-elected the same officers. In the month of May, during my attendance at the meeting of the General As-

sembly at Philadelphia, I was the guest of Mr. Clark of that city, and when I took my leave, he gave me $10 to purchase a library for our Sabbath school. On my return home, I purchased from Doctor Weed, of Cincinnati, one hundred volumes of the American Sabbath School Union publications. There were many glad hearts among the children, when each scholar could have a new book to read. We remembered Mr. Clark and thanked him for his liberal donation.

That year we appointed a committee to recruit our school, which visited all the families in the neighborhood, and asked them to send their children to our Sabbath school, as we had a large library and every facility for making our school interesting and instructive. We had a large increase in attendance, reorganized our school and appointed many new teachers, especially young ladies. Among the number was Mrs. Ann Smock, widow of David Smock; Elizabeth Smock, Ann Comingore, Sarah Comingore, Nancy Jane Woods, Mrs. Robert Todd and others.

So far, that was the year of our greatest prosperity. Up to that time we had no Sabbath school hymn books, but had to use the hymn books of the church. We then purchased hymn books published by the American Sabbath School Union. In the spring of 1847 our prospects for a successful year were all we could ask, but, unfortunately for the school, the year proved a disastrous one. A matrimonial fever broke out and was alarmingly contagious, for we lost five of our best women teachers and had but two or three teachers left. Among that number was Mrs. Carson—Aunt Flora, as she was lovingly called by all—who was the widow of John L. Carson, a former elder and superintendent of the Sunday school. Her heart was in the cause and she had rare gifts of expression, was well versed in Scripture and could repeat the entire catechism. In early life she had the pleasure of hearing the celebrated divine, the Rev. George Whitefield. She often spoke of

Greenwood Presbyterian Church, 1853-1898

his earnestness and persuasive powers as a minister of the gospel. Miss Angeline Eckles, Miss Sarah Noble, Miss Mary and Miss Nancy Comingore, and the Misses Henry, and others came forward and took the places of those who had been swept from our midst by the epidemic of weddings.

The years from 1848 to 1852 passed off without any change of unusual interest. Mrs. Cleland, the godly wife of our beloved pastor, had taken a class, and we had enlisted the older persons of the congregation who participated in the school.

The year of 1853 was one long to be remembered by the church and school. We were building a new church, the village had grown, and many new families had come to it. The Methodist church had been organized in 1850, and later organized a Sabbath school in the old Baptist church. The great distance to our school and the bad state of the roads prevented many persons attending, especially the smaller children. The school was not increasing in numbers in proportion to the population. We arranged with our Methodist brethren to hold our school at a different hour from theirs, so that any one wishing could attend both schools. As the summer advanced our school grew in numbers, as many wished to attend it in the old building the last year. The time drew near for us to take our leave of our old church home, and September 10, 1853, we met for the last time in it, that place so dear to many of us.

There was no preaching that day, but a large attendance upon the Sabbath school. At the close of the school there were few who did not shed tears, as we bade farewell to the spot where we had so often heard the glad tidings of salvation. Some of us thought there was not much in a new church, after all. September 17, 1853, found us in our new church with quite an addition to our school in number. This year closed with great prosperity in the school and church.

At the last meeting of the school in the old church, Septem-

ber 10, 1853, I made a roll in the secretary's book of the officers, teachers, scholars and visitors present. At our first meeting in the new church, September 17, 1853, I made a similar roll. What a privilege it would be today to call that roll; but unfortunately for the school and this occasion and future ones, some one who had charge of the library and the secretary's book made waste paper of the records—a most sacrilegious act.

During the years of 1854, '55 and '56 the school and church prospered. After serving continuously for over twelve years as superintendent, I declined re-election, feeling that a change might be of benefit to the school. In 1856 Caleb Beckas was elected my successor. The twelve years I served as superintendent of this school, and five years as superintendent of the school at Southport, I consider the best spent years of my life. I had the hearty co-operation of teachers and scholars in both places. Of all the teachers from 1844 to 1856, during the time I served as superintendent, there are but two living: Miss Rachel Comingore, in northern Indiana, and Mrs. Ann Vorheis, formerly Miss Smock, living in Vinton, Iowa. Possibly there are others, but I do not remember them.

I will now turn to the early ministers of this church. The first one who regularly supplied the pulpit was the Rev. Jeremiah Hill. I knew little about him. He was said to be a man of very fair ability.

The Rev. Wm. W. Woods came here in June, 1829, seventy-one years ago. I often heard him preach and was personally acquainted with him. He was a physician as well as a minister, and a preacher of average ability, a superior organizer, a good mixer, sociable, and kept a hospitable home. His four years of service in this church were of unusual success. There were more than one hundred added to the membership of the church during his ministry. He came from

east Tennessee, and moved from here to Putnamville, and thence to Iowa City, Iowa. His death occurred October 23, 1864, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. At the time of his death he was U. S. Chaplain at Camp Nelson, Kentucky.

His brother-in-law, the Rev. Hilliary Patrick, who was teaching school at that time, succeeded him. He, too, was a very fine organizer. In 1833 I heard him preach in a schoolhouse, standing in the door, with more than half of the audience on the outside of the house. He preached in his shirt sleeves for more than an hour and held the congregation spellbound.

He was eloquent and logical and it was a calamity to this church when he had to leave. The climate impaired his health and he removed to Mississippi. In 1865 he was residing in Tamaroa, Ill. The church flourished under his charge, for he was a man of rare and superior strength.

The Rev. Eliphalet Kent succeeded Mr. Patrick in 1834. Mr. Kent was a native of Vermont. He came west in 1829, and did missionary work in Shelby and Bartholomew counties. His labors were blessed in the organization of several churches in those counties, when he was called to this church, which he served until 1839, when the relationship was dissolved. His ministry was acceptable and profitable to the church. He returned to Shelby county and remained there until the time of his death, which I can not give, but he was over ninety years of age when he died.

The Rev. P. S. Cleland came here from Jeffersonville, Ind., as successor to Mr. Kent. He visited the congregation and preached his first sermon to this church on the 17th day of November, 1839, in the school room of the old church, by candle light. It was my privilege to be one of the audience. I doubt if there is another present today who heard him that night. He received a call and commenced his labors here Sun-

day, December 16, 1839. There are no two preachers alike; each has his own characteristics. Mr. Cleland was a good student and never came before his congregation without being well prepared. He had one trait that I always admired, and that was, when he entered the pulpit, it was with a dignity that made you feel that he had a message from his Master. During the many long years that I sat under his ministry, I never heard him make a remark in the pulpit to amuse the congregation, or that would compromise the dignity of his calling or the sacredness of the occasion. To me those are redeeming qualities in any minister. Our friendship was strong. Our relations were unusual and always that of true friendship and fellowship, that golden chain that never corrodes.

Mrs. Cleland was a superior woman. She lived at a time when women took but little part in church work. If she were living today, when women take such active part in missionary and church work, she would be a leader and make her mark. They sleep side by side in the cemetery at Topeka, Kan., after a useful life in their Master's service. Peace to their memory!

The Rev. Horace Bushnell, Jr., succeeded Mr. Cleland for some two or three years, then the Rev. A. Dunn was called. Both were acceptable, but as I took my letter from this church January, 1861, to Mt. Pleasant church, most of you know more about the successors of Mr. Cleland than I do.

When I joined this church, the following persons were elders, viz.: Garrett Brewer, Garrett Sorter, Samuel Eckles and John R. Smock, all men of mature age and good report. Their fidelity in attending to all the services of the church was worthy of all praise. Messrs. Sorter and Smock lived over six miles from the church, but through rain or shine, heat or cold, they came every Sabbath, unless sickness prevented. Elders Eckles and Brewer lived near the church and were al-

ways in attendance at the services. When old age and deafness overtook Elder Brewer, he would come tottering along to the church, when he was so deaf that he could scarcely hear a word that the preacher would say. I asked him if he could not spend his time more profitably by staying at home and reading his Bible. He answered, "Yes, I might, but the example of remaining at home might induce others to do the same thing." We often hear persons excuse themselves from going to church or Sabbath school by saying they can serve the Lord as acceptably by staying at home and reading the Bible. For more than half a century I have been looking for an able-bodied man or woman who reads the Bible regularly but fails to go to church, and so far I have not found such a person. Those who stay at home to read their Bible on Sabbath never read it, I fear.

There were a few unwritten rules the session adhered to that are worthy of note. When there was a vacancy in the eldership, the minister and elders of the church looked over the congregation for one they thought suitable to fill the office and the congregation always heartily endorsed the selection. When Robert Todd and I were elected elders in May, 1845, we knew that we were going into a company of warm friends where harmony prevailed.

We had some cases in discipline, of those who were very close friends to some members of the session, but we were a unit, and we dealt out justice faithfully and conscientiously, without prejudice or favoritism, as best we could in the fear of God and not man. Discord in a session produces discord in the church; harmony in a session produces harmony in the church. Another rule we followed in those days, was one that every session should observe. When the session was convened for business, we considered it an ecclesiastical court, and sustained the dignity of a court. If the accused or any of the

witnesses used disrespectful language, they were promptly requested to desist, and if they refused, they were promptly suspended for contrariety and conduct unbecoming a gentleman or a Christian. Any session that will permit discord or disrespectful language, and not rebuke it, is unworthy the name of a session and should resign. What would a community think of a court of justice that would allow the judge or jury to be denounced by any party, when the court is in session? Such a court would be looked upon as lacking the dignity of a court.

When I look back over the fifty-five years of continuous service as an elder in the church, I can think of no period in my life more pleasantly spent than the fifteen years, from 1845 to 1861, that I served as an elder in this church, where harmony, brotherly love and confidence reigned. Those were truly happy days, long to be remembered. The brethren with whom I lived in such peace and harmony are all gone to their reward, only Doctor Noble and I remain of that number and we, too, will soon pass to the "Great Beyond."

A few words to the members of the church. The charter members of this church came to this community in 1823, '24 and '25. They came directly from Mercer county, Kentucky, where most of them had been members of Dr. Thos. Cleland's church, the father of the Rev. P. S. Cleland, one of Kentucky's ablest divines. Of the nine original members, there were eight Smocks and one Brewer. The names of Smock and Brewer should be gratefully remembered by this people. They planted the seed, under God, that from time to time has brought such an abundant harvest. Their names should go down with the history of this church, honored and revered.

I would make a suggestion to the members of the church. Never elect officers who are not regular attendants on the means of grace. To be sure you are right as to their attend-

ance, you should always be here yourself, and then you will know that you are correct in your conclusion. It is just as necessary that members, as well as officers, be regular in their attendance. We are struggling in this life to leave something for our children, but the best legacy that we can leave to our families is a Christian home with a God-fearing mother who cares well for her household.

This is the last day of the nineteenth century, the most eventful of all the centuries that have preceded us. More has been accomplished for material, educational and religious advancement than in any five centuries preceding it. Our church at the beginning of this century had less than twenty thousand members; today, including the southern branch, we have a membership of more than one million and a half. Other churches have advanced in equal, or possibly greater ratio.

In the beginning of this century, there were no missionary societies, no publishing houses for the Bible, and no Sabbath school organizations. Now, the Bible and Christian literature are published, and scattered abroad like the leaves of autumn. Twenty years ago there was no organization of the Christian Endeavor Society, an organization which has brought the young people to the front in Christian work. Their motto is "The World for Christ." It is interdenominational; a great recruiting station and drill camp for the church of today and the future, even extending to the islands of the seas. It has accomplished more in the few years it has existed than any other organization the world has ever seen for the cause of Christ and the promotion of Christian activities.

This church has played its part well in the moral and Christian advancement of the age. My last word to you is to be united, let peace and brotherly love reign. Never forget to work for your Master with greater zeal and earnestness than you have in years gone by, and may the Lord bless you, and lead you in the paths of righteousness and peace.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM HENRY WISHARD, DECEMBER 17, 1890

Dr. William N. Wishard: On behalf of my father and mother, who hesitate to speak for themselves, I take the liberty of thanking you who have honored them by your presence on this memorable occasion. It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure and thankfulness that we welcome you today.

It is unnecessary to refer to the many associations that are recalled by the older relatives and friends, or to express the gratitude we all feel for the many blessings that have crowned the fifty years of their journey through life together.

With their keen appreciation of the sacredness of such an event, it has been their wish that some expression be made of the goodness of God, who has so wonderfully led them and graciously guarded their pathway; but their children, wishing to add to the happiness of the event, have, without their knowledge, somewhat enlarged upon their desires and arranged a brief and informal program, which we will now pause to observe.

It is a disappointment that one of father's brothers, the Reverend Samuel E. Wishard, D. D., of Utah, is not with us at this time, but he has sent greetings from his distant home. He has adopted the pleasant fiction of a telephonic message, and I will ask his daughter, Mrs. David L. Whittier, to read his letter.

Letter from Dr. Samuel E. Wishard

T-r-r-a-t, t-r-r-a-t, t-r-r-a-t! Hello, central!

Give me Indianapolis: What for? Well, that's none of your business. T-r-r-a-t, t-r-r-a-t, t-r-r-a-t! Hello! Hello!

William Henry Wishard
From an oil portrait, 1841

Is that you, Indianapolis? You're a little slow in the get-up. Why didn't you answer sooner? It is cold here on the Rockies waiting for a response from the Hoosier capital. What do I want? I want 89 Huron Street in your city. There is a wedding there this afternoon, golden and sunshine. It has been going on for fifty years, and from the auroral display in the eastern heavens for the last few evenings, it will undoubtedly culminate this afternoon.

Hello, again! Can't you get the attention of the youngsters at 89 Huron Street? All right, I'll wait a little longer.

Is this the right number? Hail! from the backbone of the continent! How are you? Are the bride and groom presentable? Please give them our warm salutations, from ten degrees below zero, and tell them I want to speak to them at the phone.

And is that yourselves, my good brother and sister? Let me look you over for a moment by the hearing of the ear. I do not want to have a fraud practiced upon me at this distance. Yes, it's all right—no trick of Jacob's voice and Esau's hands.

We are disappointed in not being able to share the festivities of this occasion with you, and in personal presence offer our congratulations to the modest bride and groom; but as railroad travel has come to be slow and prosy, and as that Illinois aerial ship has not yet been launched, we at the sundown end of the Wishard line must content ourselves with a chat through the telephone.

Fifty years and several thousand miles have built a long bridge over the chasm between the happy day of your marriage and this happier day of your golden wedding, but memory is long and time is short—a fact which you realize today as never before.

Let me turn back the pages and recall the events that

brought a new sister into our family circle as they impressed me fifty years ago. Her coming was like adding a new star to the familiar ones that move in the heavens above us. The coming of that particular star into our domestic heaven was an event of no small importance, involving reconstruction of our family astronomy. There were signs and wonders in the old Hoosier home for days before the star appeared. The fire blazed higher on the old wide hearthstone. Poultry, pigs and pumpkins were slaughtered. The entire culinary department of the establishment took on serious and portentous movements. Father was unusually critical, then hilarious. Mother, always sweet and sedate, was still more so. There were strange and ominous comings and goings of excited young ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood. We youngsters of the home, who had heard whispers of coming events, were slightly dazed under the weight of the news that our elder brother had become sufficiently adventurous to resolve on matrimony. We never had conceived the idea that our parents had once loved and wedded; at least, I had not. In my unsophisticated imagination they had always been husband and wife, father and mother. Hence a wedding, true and real, was in our estimation a wonder freighted with possible revolution, disruption and other dire consequences. Yet, with all possible dangers, we considered the event rather desirable. It would be a new era, at least.

The event did take place. It was in December, as you may possibly recall—a cold month in which to be born, as John and myself can testify, and a cold month in which to wed.

Being just fifteen years old the day following the wedding, I was competent to judge of December weather in general, and of that December in particular.

The day came and the thermometer went, that is, went down, but everything else warmed up in the old home. When

my young eyes beheld the bride, and my ears heard the music of her voice, I wondered if we might not all marry her. When she laid her hand upon my head and called my name, the new jeans pants and jacket that adorned my person passed through a fearful crisis. Every seam and button was put to the utmost tension. The fact is, no wedding ever interested me so much, except one, of which some one else may speak when the next golden wedding takes place in our tribe.

Though somewhat numerous ourselves, there was plenty of room in our circle for the new sister. There were more than five hundred acres of land around the Wishard home, and the old hive, from which the family had swarmed three years before, was standing empty on the upper end of the farm. We were all glad to have the new sister so near us while her young husband was careering over two counties on his fleet horse, armed with his formidable pill bags.* I may say in parenthesis that many who suffered with divers diseases in those days survived despite the presence of the young doctor in the neighborhood.

The months passed on with this new home on "the old plantation." Then came your firstborn, opening his eyes in the same cabin in which these eyes of mine first beheld the light sixty-five years ago tomorrow. He stayed not, but passed over to the land where the light is never dim. The sweet child that came to comfort you next grew to be a loving prattler, a knowing one and wise beyond her years was she, filling a large place in all our hearts. When I was turning my back on the old home, setting my face towards college, and had said good-by to the best mother that ever brought light into a home, my heart came into my throat and my eyes overflowed. It was then your dear child looked at me in compassion and said: "Uncle Sam, what's the matter with your eyes?" Of course, I was unable to answer the profound question. She

* An imprint of which appears on cover.

soon followed her brother through the gates of pearl, and two other young lives lent to cheer your home and hearts for a little while passed on, following each other beyond the reach of our vision until, almost in the middle of life, you were left childless.

But what shall I say of your family today, with these stalwarts about you? You are today the possessors of three boys and two girls—or, putting it longitudinally, forty rods (or less) of sons and daughters. Jacob's twelve sons and one daughter could not measure with your blessings. They are not only long enough, but broad enough, in the best sense. So you have a goodly company on the other shore and are rich in your treasures on this side.

> "Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are to the margin come."

We trust those on this side may long abide to help right up this old crooked world.

This telephonic chat would be incomplete without a word about your home, which has been a house of shelter for all your kin and most of the world in addition.

I heard of a gentleman in Kentucky who had to sell out and leave the country to escape being eaten out by his friends. I know a man, formerly of Greenwood, then of Southport, but more recently of Indianapolis, whose name shall not be hinted at, who would have made money by following the example of the Kentuckian. Not being given to money making, however, he has remained among his own people and has suffered the consequences.

For myself, I am debtor to that home. It was there I spent an autumn and winter while attending school before going to college. Thither I turned many times for rest and comfort after our ways had parted. In the fifty years since that hos-

pitable fire was kindled on your hearthstone I have many times been warmed and refreshed by it, and shall not give up the habit so long as you keep the fires lighted. If you have kept open house for two counties and the scattered tribes of Wishard, you have the promise "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth." You have obeyed the injunction, "Cast thy bread upon the waters." It will return to you again, both in this life and in that which is to come.

From these lofty heights on the backbone of the continent wife and children join me in congratulations to the happy bride and groom and to all your family who have been privileged above many in the celebration of your golden wedding.

I need not charge the sons and daughters to deal kindly with father and mother. Gray hairs and cautious steps already admonish them that their beloved ones are journeying towards the end of life, and in a few years this home must give place to others.

Let me invite you all and your assembled guests to the next golden wedding of our clan. The time is set for sixteen years from next February. Some of you will not be there; perhaps the event itself may be adjourned. If so, we may at least look forward to that royal wedding in the King's palace, where,

> "With crowns bedecked, and palms,
> And with wedding garments on,
> At the marriage of the Lamb,
> The saints shall all sit down."

With loving affection and kindly remembrance,

Your brother,

SAMUEL E. WISHARD.

DR. WILLIAM N. WISHARD: We have with us a friend who was present at the silver wedding twenty-five years ago today and who has known the bride and groom for many

years. I am sure we will all be glad to hear from Mr. Dickerson.

THE REVEREND HENRY L. DICKERSON: Solomon says, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and specially golden. A few of us, wishing to combine our scanty means so as to reconcile the meagerness of our purses with the fullness of our hearts, put our heads and pockets together and now present them in the form of golden candlesticks, which I hold in my hand as my text. We have placed in them something that will remind you perhaps of the light of other days, when tallow dips were a luxury even among the wealthy; and it will remind you, too, of fifty years ago, of the love that was kindled in your hearts by the Divine Spirit. We wish also by means of this to be able to express our sincere and hearty congratulations that you have been enabled to walk so long in the line of matrimonial light and matrimonial joys and have come to this day without a strain or strife. It is a fine thing to be able in our hearts to rejoice with you.

We wish also, doctor, to express our admiration for the courage and perseverance and faith that enabled you to live so long and to battle so bravely. Now they couldn't very well make these candlesticks of a different size, and so in the line of charity we wished them to express our belief that you have mutually borne the burden and heat, though some of us who are acquainted with the Wishard stock from away back have an idea that Harriet's candlestick ought to be at least twice as large as William's, and worth twice as much, because we admire the courage of a woman who can live fifty years with a Wishard boy and still seem so full of life, and so ready to fight it out to the end.

We wish to express our belief that you have kept two big bears in the family, bear and forbear; mutually have you

borne the burdens, and we rejoice in the fact that God has enabled you to come this far without blemish or without spot in your career. God be thanked for two lives that can go so long and shine as brightly as these. One more thought only between this happy hour and the one in which you tread the golden shore and see the light of the golden candlesticks close to the marriage seat of the Lamb. You may have darker hours; you may enter the valley of the shadow of death before us all; but we wish by these simple tokens of our regard to express the belief and the conviction that the hand of the Lord will always lighten your path and make your last days the happiest of all.

Let us forget the things that are behind, and reach for the things that are before, and as you pass that valley, not far apart, we know that there is a union in a better land.

That God may bless you abundantly in all the richest blessings of the blest is the wish not only of those who have met you on your beautiful journey but of all the friends who greet you today.

DR. WILLIAM N. WISHARD: It would be an unusual thing indeed on such an occasion as this if it were possible for the pastor to be present who performed the marriage ceremony fifty years ago, but he has passed away. My father and mother have had but three pastors besides the present one, Doctor Hunter. They were the Reverend P. S. Cleland, who officiated at the wedding, the Reverend Horace Bushnell, Jr., and the Reverend Charles H. Raymond. I will ask Doctor Hunter to speak as his heart prompts him to and then close with prayer.

THE REVEREND R. V. HUNTER, D. D.: I have the feeling that the present pastor is a sort of supernumerary. It would add a great deal to the interest of the occasion if the pastors who ministered so long to this couple could be present, but

that is impossible. There is one thought that has been in my mind since this anniversary has been talked of. These friends have lived so long together, and so beautifully during this half century, what may we not expect in the next life? The New Testament teaches that our relations in the next world will not be just what they are here, yet I can't help but feel that heaven will not be all that we could wish if those who have been our helpers and our companions in this life should be missing on the other shore. We are all happy to know that there is no danger of that in this case. I believe that Doctor Wishard is sure to be among the redeemed. I say that now, before he dies, because if I should be present I shall say it after, and I believe that Mrs. Wishard is just as sure of the eternal reward as the doctor.

It was an interesting point touched upon in this remarkable letter we have listened to, that there is an interest on the other shore for this couple as they stand on the border land today. It does not matter which way they look, there is something touching and something interesting for them. They have seen much of life and I believe have had the privilege of doing more of what has been delegated to each individual, by human effort, than most people. They have had the opportunity of doing something for themselves; they have had a splendid opportunity, as was suggested, for doing something for their fellow men, meeting the world at large. And they have had opportunity of doing something for the glory of God. They can look back over lives well spent. As they look forward there are larger hopes for them. There is something more beautiful in a forward look than a backward look.

On an interesting occasion like this, it is said that the person who speaks most interestingly and effectively is the individual that speaks from experience. I have not had the long experience Doctor and Mrs. Wishard have had and can not speak from that standpoint, but I know we all have a full

HARRIET NEWELL WISHARD
From an oil portrait, 1841

appreciation of the example they have been. What truthful lives! What fruitful lives! Their love burns no dimmer today than it has burned from its beginning and I am sure they can join with the poet in the sentiment of these lines:

Oh, lay thy hand in mine, dear,
We're growing old;
But time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy love on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree;
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And song birds flown
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

These verses express a language that might be fitly spoken by either of these dear friends this afternoon.

I can not do more than join with Mr. Dickerson in what he has said in congratulating you on reaching this event, which so few are privileged to do. I can but remind you that you have been specially favored of heaven, and I know your hearts are filled with gratitude.

Not many have such a privilege as is granted to us who are present today. It is a rich time and I rejoice that we have

had the privilege of being with you. May God bless and keep you, and we all share the wish that your latter days may be your happiest days.

Prayer by the Reverend R. V. Hunter, D. D.:

Oh, Thou God, who hath ordained the marriage relation, and Thou Christ, who hath made it a joy by Thy presence and Thy Holy Spirit, the source of all true blessedness, it is to Thee that we would come today, and it is Thy blessing that we would crave. We thank Thee that Thou hast made the rough places of life smooth for the passing over by these friends whose golden wedding anniversary we celebrate this afternoon. We thank Thee for the lives which they have been enabled to lead amongst us, and for the good which they have done. We thank Thee for the tribute which they have made to the world's betterment, and the better condition of our race. We thank Thee for all that they have done in their lives, for the example which they have left.

Now, Father, wilt Thou bless them; whatever of years remain to them, may they be golden years. Oh, God, be with them in their home. Be with them in their individual experience. Be with them, we pray Thee, at the last moment, whenever that may be, and if it is Thy will, may it be a long way off. Oh, God, grant them many years yet if it is Thy will. We thank Thee for their family. We thank Thee for the beautiful ties which we see existing here, for the love and respect. We know these children rise up and call their parents blessed. Oh, Lord, may they ever be proud of their parents, and may each one of these children lead such lives that the parents will be proud of them.

Lord, our God, wilt Thou take them into Thine own care. Do for them as Thou see'est they need. Be Thou their guard and guide. Keep their eyes from tears, their feet from falling and their souls from death; and bless us all now and forevermore, we ask in the name of Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

MY MOTHER'S ANCESTRY

MY grandfather, John Robertson Moreland, was only a few months old when his father was killed in Pennsylvania by the Indians when crossing the Monongahela river in a canoe, but the savages were not able to get possession of the body and complete their brutal act of scalping their victim until after they shot the vigilant, watchful dog, Pharaoh, who fought over his master's body until he, too, fell a prey to their murderous instincts.

When eighteen years of age, Grandfather Moreland went as an assistant to an uncle who was taking a flatboat load of provisions to New Orleans, then the great commercial center of the south. One morning they awakened to find their boat frozen fast where they had anchored for the night. It was at Hanging Rock, Ohio, that they were thus detained two weeks. Realizing the proximity of Indians, they were constantly on the lookout for them. Soon one appeared whose presence alarmed them, but, receiving peace offerings of provisions, he left without exciting any fear of an immediate attack. He returned a few times for further contributions and one morning came early and remained late. Feeling danger awaited them, the men on the boat at one time were aroused to a high point of anxiety, when suddenly there emerged from the thicket their dark-skinned intruder, who, jumping up and down, clapping his hands, vociferously shouted "papoose! papoose!" and as quickly disappeared. The occupants of the boat had an undisturbed but wakeful night, not knowing what peril might befall them. Early the next morning the Indian returned joyous, but less hilarious, and invited the traveling merchants to a feast in celebration of the two little papooses that had joined his tribe the night before.

Suspecting intrigue on the part of the red men, the company hesitated to accept the courtesy; neither dared they to offend, and after deliberate counsel they started toward the camp. The first sight that met their eager gaze was a huge turkey hanging before a big fire, roasting in true camp style. Sitting on a log near by was the squaw, and standing against a tree, close by her side, were two boards, or papoose frames, that had strapped to them, Indian fashion, her infants not twenty-four hours old.

With the prospect of a turkey feast, the doubting guests at once had their fears allayed, but alas! their gastronomic anticipations were soon to vanish! At one side of the camp a dog skin was hanging, and by means of supports formed a receptacle. From that mysterious vessel the Indian, who was directing the festivities, drew forth a liberal quantity of grease with which he proceeded to baste the turkey. That movement on his part was not calculated to make the tempting fowl so toothsome as it had looked to be, but the visitors could not provoke displeasure by retreating at the climax of the open-air banquet that was to celebrate the arrival of the two little savages. With at least some outward demonstration of satisfaction they partook of the native viands as liberally as the unappetizing situation permitted.

A change in temperature made it possible for the party to continue on their journey southward in a day or two without any attack by the Indians, greatly to their surprise and relief. It was easy floating down stream with a flatboat, but the same method of transportation availed nothing for the return trip. That was four years before Robert Fulton gave his first demonstration of steam as a propelling power, the knowledge of which did not reach the west for a long time afterward. Therefore, when the business was completed that had taken these young men under the direction of their uncle so far from

their native state, they had to journey homeward on foot, which proved a hard experience for Grandfather Moreland, who was stricken with measles. He was kindly welcomed and cared for in a cabin home by a motherly woman who amply illustrated the hospitable spirit of the widely-scattered pioneers who received strangers and entertained them with no thought but that of generosity, kindness and brotherly love. When able to resume his overland trip, he decided he would stop in Kentucky and visit the family of Mark McGohon, whose wife, Elizabeth, was a sister of his mother, Jennie Dunn Moreland.

The flatboat was the successor of the Indian canoe as a mode of travel when the rivers and canals supplied the thoroughfares and before roadways had been opened that would admit of the transportation of goods by wagon. In "A History of Travel in America," Dunbar says, "The flatboat was the standard vehicle for traveling families and was a creation of the Ohio river valley." It varied in size according to the needs of the one constructing it and part was enclosed like a house, heavily barricaded for protection against Indians. The owners sometimes stocked their boats with goods that they sold along the way, thus defraying their expenses down the Ohio river as they were emigrating westward.

The flatboat played a conspicuous part in the activities of the early western population and afforded a business career for many when such opportunities were scarce, as the railroad and modern methods of transportation have since done for countless numbers. Grandfather Wishard's eldest brother, William Wishard, made fifteen trips to New Orleans on flat boats with produce. Usually the owners of the boats sold them at New Orleans, at a market created for that purpose, and walked home.

The celebrated Audubon sailed down the Ohio river from

Pittsburg with his bride in 1808. The wedding voyage was made in a flatboat of the ark variety, which conveyed the goods with which he established himself in business in Louisville.

A wave of religious awakening was sweeping over Kentucky in 1803, the year Grandfather Moreland first visited it, which left its impress and later was transplanted by many who crossed the Ohio river, and became one of the potent agencies in laying the splendid moral and religious foundations that have built for righteousness in Indiana. The preaching of Doctor Lyle, a minister of great power at Cane Run church, near Harrodsburg, so aroused Grandfather Moreland to the claims and opportunities of a life consecrated to Christian service that he there dedicated himself to the ministry. However, he went to Pennsylvania for a short time, returning to Kentucky to prepare for his life work. He became a student in the academy that was the forerunner of Center College, Danville, Ky., later going to Transylvania University, Lexington. Through the courtesy of Mrs. C. F. Norton, librarian of the university, I was granted access to old reports that are now on file in the archives of that institution. When the main building of the college group burned in 1829 all records were destroyed, but a small bundle of reports made to the board of trustees by Doctor Blythe, the president, who afterward became president of Hanover College, Hanover, Ind., was rescued and the charred edges bear witness to the narrow escape they had from the destroying flames. The report was headed, "A list of the students who are studying under the care of the scientific professor. The students whose names are marked with an asterisk also recite to the professor of languages." An asterisk appears before the name of John R. Moreland. His name appeared on the report made by Doctor Blythe for the winter session of 1810-11, and on another report made by

the president October 1, 1811, thus showing that he was a student for two winters, if not longer, in that historic seat of learning that played so conspicuous a part in the early educational life of Kentucky. Lexington was then the leading cultural center of all the territory west of the Alleghanies. Associated with Doctor Blythe on the faculty was Doctor Bishop, who became the first president of Miami University.

After leaving Transylvania University, Grandfather Moreland followed the custom that then obtained with the majority of young men in the west who wished to enter any of the professions, namely, that of placing themselves under the personal tutorage of preceptors, men equipped by education and training, and who owned libraries that would enable them to direct the studies of their students.

As a theological seminary was not within reasonable access, he went to the home of Doctor Thomas Cleland, near Harrodsburg, a man whose name will live in the history of the Presbyterian church in Kentucky and surrounding states as one of the great preachers and theologians of its early development. To be a student under a man so strong in faith, and so powerful in the pulpit, was an opportunity appreciated and valued by the young man who was admitted as a member of the Cleland household, where it was not an unusual thing to find three or four students of theology at one time. In his autobiography Doctor Cleland mentions John R. Moreland as one of the fifteen young men who received instruction from him while members of his household, some remaining with him as long as two years, others a shorter time.

Providence church, of which Doctor Cleland was pastor for over fifty years, received its name as "a testimonial of gratitude to God for an extraordinary deliverance of some of the settlers from an Indian ambuscade." The loyalty and devotion of the pioneers of Kentucky who emigrated from Pennsylvania and

New Jersey were evidenced in the erection of churches. As soon as their homes were established they turned to the building of the house of God. It is related in the history of the Old Mud Meeting House, near Harrodsburg, erected in 1800, that one of the members, Henry Comingore, traveled to New Jersey on horseback, a ride of six weeks each way, to solicit funds for the building. Securing the money needed, he brought it home in his saddlebags, a brave act on his part as well as a high testimony to the honesty of the early settlers he encountered on the journey.

Doctor Cleland's fame was not confined to the state in which he labored, for he had a large share in establishing the church in southern Indiana. The first record of a Presbyterian minister preaching in Indiana is given in the autobiography of Doctor Cleland, published in 1859. Referring to that experience he said, "Transylvania Presbytery had no definite limits in a southern direction; it also included Indiana on the north. In the spring of 1805 I was directed to visit Vincennes and the adjoining regions. It was an uninhabited route I had to go; a small wilderness trace, with only one residence on the way, in the most destitute part of the way, to entertain me during the night. Here my poor animal was tied to a tree, fed with the grain packed in a wallet from Louisville, and myself stretched on the puncheon floor of a small cabin for the night's rest. All passed off, however, without any detriment or discomfort. The next evening made up for all previous privations. I was welcomed and agreeably entertained at the governor's palace during my stay in Vincennes. The late William Henry Harrison, then a young man, with a Presbyterian wife, was governor of the Indiana Territory, as it then was. He had recently held a treaty with a certain tribe of Indians, who assembled at Vincennes.

"The first sermon I preached—and it was the first ever

preached in the place, at least by a Presbyterian minister—was in the council house, but a short time before occupied by the sons of the forest. I preached also in a settlement twenty miles up the Wabash, where were a few Presbyterian families, chiefly from Shelby county, Kentucky."

It has been said by another historian that "Mrs. Harrison rocked the cradle of the Presbyterian church in Indiana."

The limited facilities for travel in those days ofttimes caused a rapid shifting of plans, as was illustrated by my mother's parents, whose wedding was hastened in order that the one man above all others whom the bridegroom desired to officiate could be present for that purpose. A change of appointments for Doctor Cleland, who frequently traveled long distances in answer to invitations that came to him to preach, took him through the neighborhood of the coming bride not long before the day designated for the marriage. The circuit upon which he had started forbade his return in time for the day named, but his former student was not in any mood for delaying the consummation of his happiness, and the busy pastor, who chanced to be in the neighborhood filling a Sunday engagement, could not tarry beyond that day. Hastening to the home of his betrothed, the prospective bridegroom found her busy preparing dinner and laid before her the circumstances.

It is not hard to imagine how great must have been the satisfaction of the impetuous young suitor when he found the future "mistress of the manse" ready to acquiesce in his desire for an immediate ceremony. Relatives were quickly assembled and in a short time Doctor Cleland was pursuing his journey, leaving behind him a smiling couple who sacrificed form and conventionality rather than delay the event.

My grandmother, Rachel McGohon Stagg, was a widow with three children, Elizabeth, James and John, before she reached her twenty-first birthday. When sixteen years of age

she donned the white cap of the prevailing style, which was then the badge of matrimony with every matron, and an emblem of wedlock she never discarded. It was the custom of the times for girls to marry at a very early age. Her marriage to John R. Moreland occurred June 5, 1814, soon after he had entered upon a pastorate that continued twelve years for the churches of Cynthiana and Mt. Pleasant, Ky.

During that period the following children were born: Nancy Logan, Mary Ann, Harriet Newell and Luther McCalla, the latter dying in infancy. The youngest child, William Latta, was born at Paris, Ky., where his father was supplying the pulpit for the pastor whose ill health caused him to retire for a year's rest. For a while after his ordination by the West Lexington Presbytery, Grandfather Moreland did missionary work in Mississippi and the western part of Tennessee, and that his activities along that line were not lessened in succeeding years is indicated in many ways.

In the published history of the First Presbyterian church of Frankfort, Ky., reference is made to the organization of the Presbyterian church of Lawrenceburg, Ky. A devout man who had settled in the community realized the need of religious influence and "arranged for a four-days' meeting, beginning May 30, 1828. The ministers present were Dr. Thomas Cleland, Reverends Smith, Forsythe and Moreland, with the session of the Upper Benson church in the neighborhood. With Mr. Moreland as moderator, the session received upon examination and profession of faith a number of persons. A deep impression was made upon the large audiences in attendance, which continued and deepened until twenty-five persons were received upon confession. At a meeting of the session a few days later twelve more persons were added." Thus the spirit of leadership was ever forging the preacher into new fields of activity.

While he was serving as pastor of the Woodford church,

near Versailles, Ky., a call came from the First Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, which had been organized in 1823. Professor Ebenezer Sharpe, one of his teachers in Transylvania University, and Mr. John Brown, both of whom had been elders in the church at Paris, were members of the First church session, and when the young congregation needed a pilot to steer the orthodox bark to safe waters, these old friends turned to their former pastor. Professor Sharpe occupied the chair of languages in Transylvania University from 1810 to 1818, going from there to Paris, and thence to Indianapolis, where he opened one of the first private schools of the town.

The minutes of the session of the First Presbyterian church during its formative period are still preserved and make interesting reading for those who venerate its early struggles to firmly establish itself on a basis of evangelical faith.

Evidences are not wanting to show that Doctor Cleland's student was loyal to the truth as he had unfolded it to him. After Grandfather Moreland's untimely death in 1832, the result of an accident, the friends who knew how boldly and valiantly he had stood "fast in the faith," and defended and upheld the truth and doctrines as they had been revealed to him, requested that his family have carved on the stone that marked his grave, the inscription, "The friend of God." Like Abraham of old, he was "friend forever." The injury which caused his death was due to the falling of a large gate post which he was helping to remove from a wagon and which slipped, striking him so violently that he survived only a short time.

The Presbyterian churches of Indianapolis may, today, be reaping in no small degree the results of the wise leadership and the fruits of the good seed sown by that devoted and unwavering disciple of the Lord in the days when the parent

church was being tested by teachings that might have carried it adrift had it not been safely steered and anchored on firm foundations by the loyalty to inspired truth by its pastor and members.

Doctor Moore made careful research of the early history of the Presbyterian churches throughout the Synod of Indiana, as well as the Indianapolis Presbytery, and bears frequent testimony to the important part taken by Grandfather Moreland in promoting the kingdom of God through the channels of Presbyterianism. The call from the First church was extended to him October 27, 1828, and he arrived in Indianapolis with his family December 9, the same year.

The First church of Indianapolis was one of thirteen that constituted the Presbytery of Crawfordsville at its organization in October, 1829, that church having previously been within the jurisdiction of the Wabash Presbytery, which at its foundation had only five ministers identified with it. At the meeting of Crawfordsville Presbytery, held in Indianapolis March 25, 1830, Grandfather Moreland was installed pastor of the entertaining church. The Rev. James Thompson preached the installation sermon; Rev. Samuel Baldridge presided and gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. S. H. McNutt gave the charge to the congregation.

At the meeting of the Synod of Indiana, held in Madison, October, 1830, the Presbytery of Indianapolis was organized, with six ministers as members. Among the resolutions pertaining to that new body is the following: "Resolved, That said Presbytery of Indianapolis be directed to hold its first meeting at Greensburg on the first Thursday in April next at twelve o'clock M., and that the Rev. John R. Moreland be appointed to open the Presbytery with a sermon and preside until a moderator be chosen." Doctor Moore further records that "the membership of the church at Indianapolis had been

increased from thirty at the time Mr. Moreland came to it, to one hundred by 1830, forty having been received upon examination." The following testimony of his work has been left in Greene's "History of the First Church": "By the blessings of God upon his energetic labors in and out of the pulpit the church was revived and strengthened. It was during his ministry that James Blake and James M. Ray, co-workers in the vineyard for so many years, united with the church by a public profession of faith." The population of Indianapolis in 1830 numbered less than 1,000 and Marion county 7,192.

Grandfather Moreland was born in 1785 and, according to the minutes of the General Assembly, began his ministerial work in 1813 when twenty-eight years of age.

His work in Indiana began before he was called to the pastorate in Indianapolis. Some years previous to that time families he had known in Bourbon county, Kentucky, emigrated to Sand Creek, Decatur county, and wishing to organize a church sent a request for him to visit their neighborhood, which he did in 1823, and the Kingston church stands today as a witness to his energy and progressive spirit. The published report of the seventy-fifth anniversary of that church, celebrated in 1898, gives an account of its organization, following a sermon by the visiting clergyman, and adds: "Rev. John R. Moreland, who organized the church, was a well-known minister in Kentucky and is still dimly remembered by some of the older people as afterward visiting and preaching to the church."

The minutes of the Indianapolis Presbytery also tell of the share he had in ministering to the new church at Franklin, and in the organization of the Hopewell church, located a few miles west of Franklin, a country church that has a history equaled by few churches anywhere, in city or town.

In the historical address given by the pastor at the fiftieth an-

niversary of the Hopewell church, in speaking of the action of the Presbytery which authorized its organization, following a request signed by members of the Franklin church, he stated: "This request was granted and Messrs. Monfort and Moreland appointed a committee to organize the church as requested." The description the pastor gave on that occasion of the first log church in which that congregation worshiped, shows the structure to be typical of the crude but unique architecture of the frontier communities. "The building," he wrote, "served the double purpose of church and schoolhouse, being built of hewed logs twenty by thirty feet long, and was probably much the best house in the neighborhood at the time it was built. The pulpit of this first house was, according to the style of that day, a square frame boarded up with clapboards, some four or five feet up from the floor. This was entered by a stairway of several steps. This pulpit was so high, and the ceiling so low, that the preacher's head, when standing up, if a tall man, was in quite close proximity to the ceiling, if indeed it did not get in the way of it. The front of this pulpit was so high that a small man had to stand on a box to enable him to deliver his message over it, and a tall man, Rev. John R. Moreland, getting on this box by mistake, in the heat of an earnest exhortation, is remembered to have found his head sensibly in the way of the ceiling. High pulpits enclosed breast high, all around, was the order of the day."

Grandfather Moreland responded to calls for stated preaching appointments at different places in Marion county and as a result of his efforts the nucleus of a congregation was formed at Acton. Later it was organized into what is now the Southport church.

The last time the name of the indefatigable, untiring preacher who had "kept the faith" and proved true to his ministerial vows appears on the official records of the courts of

the church he so loyally served, is in the minutes of the Indiana Synod, October 19, 1832, when the following item appears: "The Synod then solemnly paused to record the death of one of its members, the Rev. John R. Moreland, who was taken from this world of trial and suffering on the 18th inst.;" the godly man of whom a parishoner, Judge Mills, of Kentucky, the father of Rev. Thornton A. Mills, said, "He came nearer being an apostolic preacher than any I ever heard; he preached fearlessly, but not vindictively, and his appeals to unrepentant sinners were fervent." The number of boys who bore his name in the different places he preached silently testified to the love and admiration of parents for their pastor. Only a short time previous to his death he had resigned from his pastorate in Indianapolis in order to give his entire time to evangelistic work. He belonged to that class of pioneer preachers who have been described as coming into the unbroken forest with the axe in one hand and the Bible in the other.

Among the family heirlooms, hallowed by the associations of those cherished days, is a letter dated June 7, 1830, written by Grandfather Moreland when he was in Philadelphia representing the Indianapolis Presbytery as a commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church. It was addressed to his wife, and is a quaint and pleasing description of his observations and experiences in that city to which he had traveled all the way by horseback, requiring six weeks time, returning the same way. "I have seen the great railroad and the Baltimore and Delaware canal," he wrote, "but I must leave the task of describing these works of wonder until I see you. I trust, however chimerical it may seem now, that the railroad will reach Indianapolis in less than twenty years. In speaking of railroads, there is no danger of extravagance; for the half has never been told. I want very much to see all the

members of the church. I love the order, unity and peace of our little church, and would not exchange it for any I have seen in this polite and elegant city."

Fascinating must have been the stories of that wonderful trip to the ears of the seven children who gathered around the father to hear of all he had seen, for he was no less devoted to the children who came to him by his marriage than he was to his own. In one of the closing sentences of the letter he added, "My heart truly rejoiced when I read that my dear little Bettie had got well." That same "dear little Bettie," his stepdaughter, though at that time a married woman, was to him still his little girl. In after years, when writing about him, she said, "Fatherless children never found a better father than he was to us; there was never any difference made by him in favor of his own children."

He touchingly expressed his confidence and implicit trust in his wife, when in his will he stated, "I do give and bequeath all of which I am the legal or equitable owner, whether the same be real or personal estate, to my faithful, prudent and excellent wife Rachel, in full property without condition or limitation forever, after my lawful debts shall have been paid." This document, which was drawn and signed October 6, 1832, twelve days before his earthly labors were finished, had a codicil added October 9, which read, "It is my will that no advertisement of any property be made in the public paper or any letter of administration be taken to administer on my estate. My beloved wife is to be sole trustee and manager of my estate without accountability to the courts of our country."

In his historical sketch of the Presbyterian church of Franklin, Judge Banta, when referring to Grandfather Moreland's participation in the organization of that church, described him as "tall and commanding in his person, affectionate, social, enthusiastic and eloquent."

It is interesting to note in connection with this brief reference to some of the beginnings of Presbyterianism in Indiana, as told by Doctor Moore, that in 1814 the Rev. Samuel J. Mills and the Rev. Daniel Smith, Presbyterian ministers from New England, visited the southern part of the state while making "a journey through the states and territories, preaching and organizing Bible and benevolent societies." While on their way to New Orleans they visited St. Louis, and there "preached the first sermons ever heard from ministers of their denomination in that French village."

The Rev. Samuel J. Mills was one of the band of five earnest students whose zeal for foreign missions caused them to seek the shadow of a large haystack for prayer and conference, and whose names have been immortalized on the Haystack Monument that commemorates the spot where they thus assembled in 1806 at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

It was at the suggestion of Mr. Mills that the American Bible Society was organized, as well as the Colonization Society, and his passion for propagating the gospel eventuated in his going to Africa as one of the two first missionaries sent out by the latter society. The impetus given to the cause of missions in Indiana and contiguous territory, not yet preempted by churches, in the days the Presbyterians were pushing ahead, gaining a foothold by the aid of one who helped to kindle the first missionary fires that have spread until they are now burning in every country on the globe, is one of the many influences, far removed though it may now seem, that proved efficacious in giving the Presbyterian church, as well as other denominations, an entering wedge in the days when religious advantages were few.

A REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE

A CHARMING bit of romance, that had its setting during the revolutionary war, deserves a place in this family chronicle. Rachel Moreland's parents had gone from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, as had so many of the early settlers of the latter state, following that period in which her father, Mark McGohon, Jr., and his father fought for independence. Mark McGohon, Sr., had come to America from Ireland, preceding the international hostilities, to seek a new home for his family which he had left in the old country. Before he had established himself sufficiently to warrant his return for his wife and children, trouble was brewing between the mother country and the colonies, and Mark dared not risk the danger of making good his promise to return for them lest he might find it difficult to come back to the home of his adoption.

Accordingly he sent for his family, entrusting a letter of explicit directions to his wife to the care of the captain of the sailing vessel upon which he had secured passage for her and his son and two daughters. Following the vocation of a shipbuilder, he worked cheerfully on with a light heart, hopefully watching for the arrival of those he longed to see and for whom he labored. There was no stated schedule of voyages for sailing vessels, though at best it required several months to make the trip.

After waiting due length of time and the ship did not arrive in port he grew anxious; a year passed but no tidings of the ship or his loved ones came to comfort the disappointed husband.

Concluding that the vessel was lost, depressed and heartbroken by sorrow, the lonely man, unable to find solace amid his surroundings, decided to enlist in the army that was then

being formed to defend the rights of the colonists. He proved a loyal soldier and served until the close of the war, always grieving over the irreparable loss of his family. It was at Fort Pitt, where the remnants of several regiments had been ordered to assemble, not long before they were discharged from service, that Mark, Sr., had the unspeakable pleasure of being reunited to his son. While strolling around the headquarters of one of the regiments one day, he heard the roll call and paused to listen.

When the name of Mark McGohon was spoken his attention was instantly riveted to that spot. Could it be that his son was the one who had responded to that name? He knew of no kindred in the old country bearing the same Christian name, and a great hope filled him with confidence to believe that perhaps, after all, he was yet to meet his own child face to face. He waited with all the patience he could command until it was permitted him to seek out the one upon whom his heart and mind were then centered above all others. In response to his request to see him, he was confronted by a young man who still bore evidence of an injury he had received in battle and was limping as he approached the stranger. Fearing to reveal his identity too soon, he inquired of Mark, Jr., the place of his birth and when he came to America. Looking at him with an intensity born of recognition, the son exclaimed, "My father, oh! my father! have I found you at last?" The surprise and joy of both can only be imagined; neither was able in later years to describe the scene as it affected him, and as it was related to children and grandchildren, who no less enjoyed repeating the story to their children. More than eight years had passed since Mark, Sr., bade his family good-by and sailed forth to establish a home in the new country. Time and the exposures of army life had made their impress upon both and the little son from whom the father had been sep-

arated so long before was now a man with his own history of adventures.

The happy meeting was turned into one of sorrow for Mark, Sr., as he listened to the sad story of the fate of his wife and daughters. His inability to go for the family was a grievous disappointment to the wife, though she had received her husband's letters and carefully followed his instructions. The captain of the ship deferred sailing because of the growing enmity between Great Britain and the colonies, and when fully embarked the mother and her progeny met another disappointment, for the commanding officer had changed the place of landing. Before the voyage was half completed the anxious mother had sickened and died; in a few hours the younger daughter, a child of five years, had succumbed to disease, and both were buried at sea.

The brave-hearted boy of fourteen proved a manly protector for the sister, five years his junior, but the captain of the sailing vessel was false to the man who had trusted him with so precious a cargo. He permitted the children to land without turning over to them the letters of direction which their mother carried with her, as well as the money which Mark, Jr., was confident she possessed, but was too ill to give to him. Expecting their father to greet them, the children eagerly scanned the faces of those who were standing at the wharf when they landed. Not seeing him, they started in search of the one they knew must somewhere be waiting for them. Weary and worn by their fruitless efforts, the little girl began crying, when a sympathetic passerby inquired the reason of her distress. Mark made full explanations to him and concluded by saying, "Father promised to meet us here in New York, but I have not found him," to which the kind-hearted gentleman replied, "My boy, this is not New York; it is Philadelphia, many miles from New York. Come with me." Suiting the

action to the word, he took them with him to his own home, where his wife received them with the same kindly impulses her husband had shown. Their inviting, well-appointed home, occupied by themselves and servants, for they had no children of their own, gave evidence of the comforts of life which they enjoyed. They proved to be loving, benevolent friends and continued the search for the father, who by that time was seeking a change, despondent and forlorn over his inability to get any information about his family. The new home was indeed a haven of rest to the disheartened, homesick children, but the little girl was not long spared to enjoy it, for in less than a year she had gone to join the mother and sister whose bodies had been committed to the deep sea.

Mark, Jr., was permitted to enlist as a soldier in the continental army when only sixteen years old. After he had been in the service for more than three years, his regiment was ordered to move to a point farther west in Pennsylvania and encamped there for a long time. Near the soldiers' tents dwelt a farmer, Andrew Dunn, whose milk house, cooled by a spring, was always open and its contents at the disposal of the defenders of liberty. It is not hard to believe that the daughters of the household found special delight in making that milk house a spotless object of attraction to the young men who were detailed to go for milk to supply the camp, and family history records that Mark was a faithful messenger. The second daughter of the household, Elizabeth, was always ready to serve him with the best the tempting spring house offered. At last the order came for the regiment to move still farther west, and with a saddened heart Mark went on his daily errand. He told Elizabeth of his love for her and that the next day he would have to go with his regiment; but that he could not leave without begging her promise to become his wife. The gallant young soldier went marching off with his regi-

ment, cheered by the acceptance of the girl he had won, but spurred, if possible, to greater devotion to the cause of independence, for Elizabeth had attached one condition to her promise: he must return to her with an honorable discharge from the army. That he made good that requirement is shown by the following notations on his pension papers, now on file in the pension department in Washington: "Honorably discharged from Captain Van Swearingen's company at Fort Pitt, October, 1779, by Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Bayard." In 1775 he served eight months in a company of rangers, enlisted at Hannastown, Pa., in Captain Van Swearingen's company, Colonel McCoy's Eighth Pennsylvania regiment; for three years on the Continental Establishment. He also served under Colonel Broadhead and was part of the time under General Wayne and part under General McIntosh. He engaged in the battles of Boundbrook, Brandywine and Germantown and was one who escaped massacre at Paoli. In 1786 he served in an expedition under General Clark and in 1790 in an expedition against the Miamis under General Harmar. General Harmar was appointed commander-in-chief of the United States army in 1789. In September, 1790, he led more than one thousand volunteers from Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, into the Indian country in northern Indiana around the headwaters of the Maumee (or Miami, the former being the French pronunciation) to overpower the Indians, who, incited by British officials who wished to control the fur trade, were still making war on the frontier settlements. Under the lead of Little Turtle, fifteen hundred warriors defeated General Harmer and his men, but four years later were overpowered by General Wayne. In 1786 General George Rogers Clark led his third expedition against the Indians in Kentucky, and that is doubtless the one in which Mark participated.

After being mustered out of service, and with the evidence

of an honorable record, Mark started for the site of the old spring house about which had clustered his dreams of happiness. There were no stage coaches or other means of transportation in those days, and rather than wait until he could provide himself with a horse he walked, a journey of several days, only to find that the Dunn family had moved. Ascertaining their new location, he retraced his steps westward and found Elizabeth true to her promise. Mark never entirely recovered from the lameness caused by an injury he received in battle.

At that time little was known of the country west and southwest of Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg. A few daring explorers had returned with thrilling accounts of the marvelous country they had discovered on either side of the Ohio river, and a year after his marriage Mark decided he would try his fortune in that land which had been pictured by those who had seen it as a veritable Eden. Finding a neighbor who shared his fearless spirit, Mark had his assistance in the building of a keelboat large enough to accommodate the party that floated down the Ohio river, landing above the falls where Louisville now stands. They were equipped with horses and pack saddles, the latter an essential addition to a pioneer moving outfit. It was not easy for Elizabeth to start on such a perilous undertaking and go so far from her parents and family of four sisters and two brothers. To comfort her, and no doubt gratify his own desire for adventure, William, her younger brother, joined the party.

There were good reasons why Elizabeth was apprehensive, for not only had she been an eye-witness to the barbarity and cruelty of the savage Indians about her father's home, but her childish sympathy and emotions had been stirred by the harrowing recitals of the massacring of her mother's parents and brother a few months

after Lydia Mitchell's marriage to Andrew Dunn. In its early history western Pennsylvania was one of the battle-grounds of pioneers and Indians. Elizabeth knew her husband's utter lack of fear, and though he had passed through many battles, he still retained the desire that animated all who had suffered at the hands of the Indians to subdue them. She knew Mark's boldness would lead him into dangerous paths, so leaving behind them a more comfortable civilization they forged to the frontier, but "pioneering was in their blood and in their traditions." Early in his life in Ireland Mark had heard the lure of the west.

After leaving the boat, which had safely landed them on the Kentucky shore, the intrepid young explorers forged their way into the interior of the state, but soon found that the location they had chosen was too near for safety to the Indian trail that led from the north into the territory south of them. The Indians were treacherous and unwilling that their hunting grounds should be invaded by white men. Mark and one of his companions started out to explore the region farther south and found a settlement at Fort Harrod, now Harrodsburg, Ky. Living in the fort were three or four families, one of them being the family of Colonel Harrod, for whom the former town is named. James Harrod is known in history as "the first man to build a log cabin in Kentucky." In 1773 General Thompson from Pennsylvania descended the Ohio river, surveying the rich lands of Kentucky adjacent to Licking river. A year later other surveyors followed, going farther into the interior. Up to that time there were no families in Kentucky, but in that year James Harrod built a cabin. He led a party of Monongahelans to that locality. Daniel Boone occupied the fort in the spring of 1774 and later Harrod was in charge.

It was fifteen miles to the nearest settlement and the occu-

RELICS OF MARK MCGOHON, JR.

Candle stick and moulds, cup, spoon, grease lamp, honey dish and sword he carried during Revolutionary War. Taken from Pennsylvania to Kentucky when he moved to the latter state.

pants of Fort Harrod were exultant at the prospect of having their small number augmented by the arrival of the vigorous young colonists from Pennsylvania, which received a jubilant welcome upon its arrival. Subject to attacks by the Indians, it meant much to the occupants of the small fort to have an additional squad of men to protect their possessions, which at best were not numerous. The Indians were a terror to them, for they were not only seeking for scalps, but they destroyed crops, stole horses and provisions and at one time so completely robbed the settlement of meal and flour that for three months the little band of brave settlers was without bread.

Tidings of their exigencies reached Elizabeth's old home, and her father despatched flour to them by young men who were going down the river, where Mark met them and eagerly hastened to the fort with the long-desired supplies. Buffalo hams and venison were boiled and when cold the lean meat was sliced and used as a substitute for bread; when warm they were served as meat. Elizabeth's first baking furnished a treat to all the fort inhabitants, and the flour which was distributed to each family made the only bread they had until the next crop of corn was ready to grate.

With the opening of spring the young farmers selected land near together to safeguard their lives and property. The depredations of the Indians had largely ceased during the winter and spring, and the inhabitants of the frontier were encouraged and growing less solicitous. One June morning they awoke to find the savages had invaded their precincts and taken five of the seven horses, which had been left out during the night to graze, that belonged to the fort population. Traces of the Indians were easily found, and followed by a detachment of men, who lost no time in starting, taking with them the two remaining horses and a good supply of ammunition to defend themselves in case

of an attack by the savages. After a hurried march the men reached the Ohio river opposite where New Albany, Ind., now stands. On a stretch of level land at the foot of the hills the Indians had stopped to prepare a meal. They could plainly be seen grouped about the fire, the horses near by, and great was their glee when they spied their pursuers, to whom they made many signs indicative of their contempt.

The men quietly waited for a couple of hours until they saw the Indians were preparing to move on. Elizabeth had brought with her to Kentucky a beautiful white horse, one of the parting gifts from her father when she left her girlhood home. Not to be outwitted by the wily foes of the forest, Mark sought an advantageous position on the limb of a large tree which had fallen near the bank, and in a loud voice cried out "Cope Nell, cope Nell," cope being an abbreviated word meaning "come up," and one that has long been used in corralling horses. The horse instantly recognized the call by raising her head in an attitude of listening. Again Mark cried out, "Cope Nell, cope Nell," and locating her master's voice, she dashed into the water, followed by the other horses, and all were safely landed on the Kentucky side. A sand bar extending far out into the river made it easy for the horses to ford the river for a considerable distance, thus shortening the length they had to swim. The Indians endeavored to retain their booty, but to no avail; the horses were all beyond control after Nell broke away. By many signs and contortions the Indians gave the victors to understand they would have revenge. Occasionally it was necessary for the families near Fort Harrod to flee to it for protection, but after that triumph they were not annoyed as frequently as were those in adjacent forts.

The Indians had doubtless learned that the Fort Harrod men were not easily intimidated; at least there was less occasion for anxiety until the war of 1812 brought immunity from

danger to the growing community. Mark McGohon died in 1848 at the ripe age of ninety-three years. His wife died in 1822 and their family of seven daughters and three sons lived to adult age. Mark, Sr., never came west, but married again and lived in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, where he died. The annals of the McGohon family are not traced farther back than the departure of Mark, Sr., from Ulster, but the fact that he was uncompromising in his adherence to Protestantism indicates, as does his name, that he was of Scottish descent.

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